



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

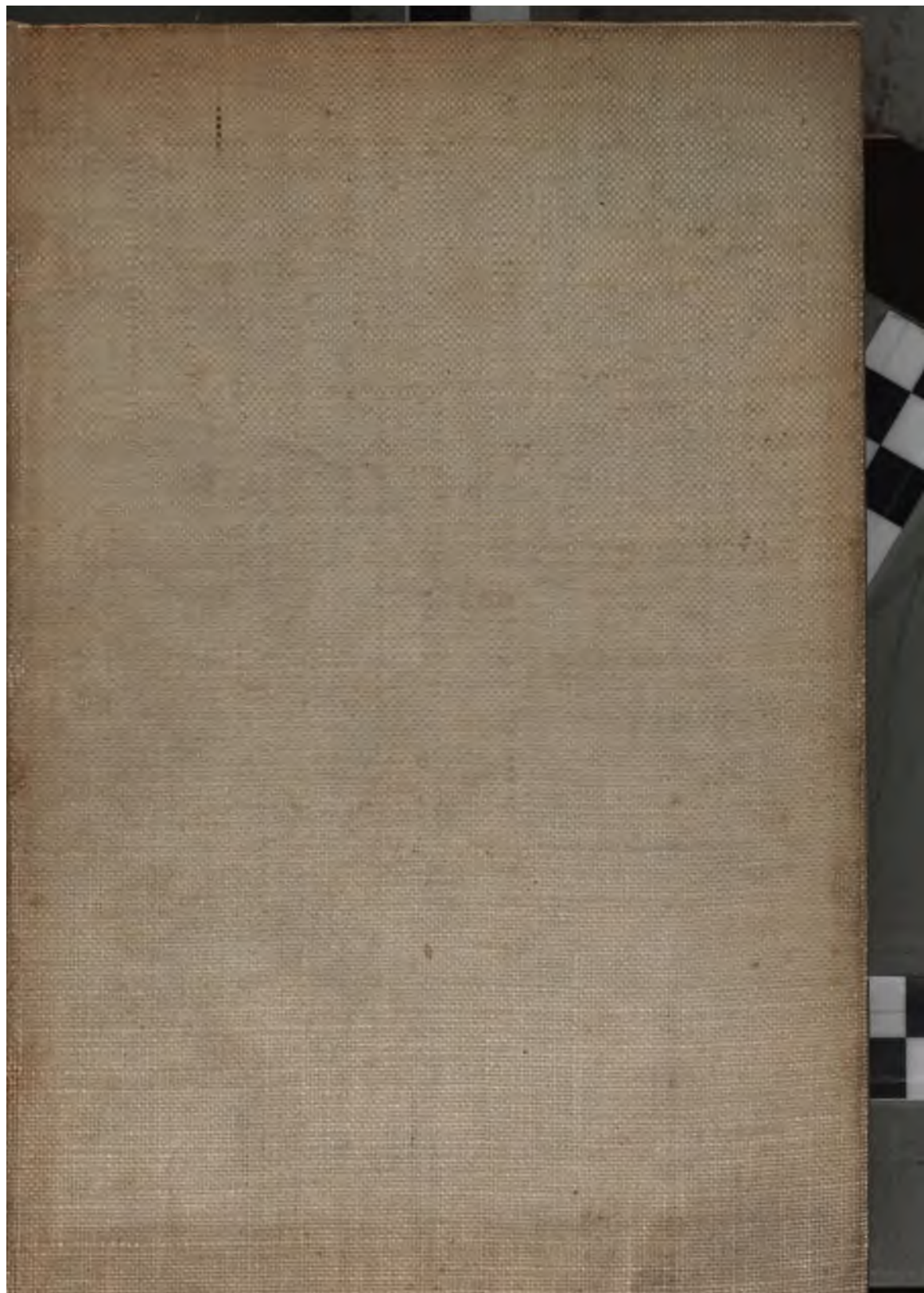
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









SPENDTHRIFTS,
AND
OTHER SOCIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.







MADAME DE L'ESBROUFFE FLIRTING WITH A DRAMATIC GENIUS.

SPENDTHRIFTS,

AND

OTHER SOCIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "SIDE LIGHTS ON ENGLISH SOCIETY," "HIGH LIFE IN FRANCE
UNDER THE REPUBLIC," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH 150 ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON :

VIZETELLY & CO., 42, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1887.

LONDON :

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

CONTENTS.

SPENDTHRIFTS.

	PAGE
I. PREFATORY	9
II. THE GAMBLETONS	13
III. LORD CHARLES INNYNGES	18
IV. LORD LUKE POER	23
V. LORD ROTTENHAM	28
VI. LORD BARKER	32
VII. THE MARQUIS OF MALPLAQUET	37
VIII. THE LORDS LUMBER	44
IX. SIR CALLING EARLEY	53
X. TOMMY DABBLE	56
XI. DICKY DUFF	60

HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN (M.P.'s).

I. PRELIMINARY	67
II. ERUDITE MEMBERS	74
III. CROTCHETTY MEMBERS	86
IV. FREE-LANCES	112
V. THE IRISH CONTINGENT	121
VI. VERY NOBLE M.P.'s	134
VII. MONEY BAGS	148
VIII. BEERY M.P.'s	156
IX. WORKING MEN M.P.'s	160
X. PARTY LEADERS	164
XI. A SEATLESS MEMBER	174

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

	PAGE
I. AN EX-BEAUTY	181
II. MISS JENNY	192
III. MADEMOISELLE SYLVIE	204
IV. MISS ROSE	215
V. MADAME DE L'ESBROUFFE-TOURBILLON	229

ROUGHS OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE.

I. HOW ROUGHS ARE MADE	245
II. THE NOBLEMAN ROUGH	249
III. THE FOREIGN GARRISON ROUGH	261
IV. THE CLERICAL ROUGH	273
V. THE LEGAL ROUGH	277
VI. MEDICAL ROUGHS	287
VII. THE ROUGH FLIRT	292
VIII. THE WIFE-BEATING ROUGH	301
IX. VANDAL ROUGHS	308
X. THE TOURIST ROUGH	314
XI. THE NAUTICAL ROUGH	319
XII. THE PROFESSIONAL BRUISER	325
XIII. THE LOW-CLASS ROUGH	332
XIV. WOMEN ROUGHS	343



I.

PREFATORY.



N "The Caxtons" mention is made of a gay young man—a clergyman's son—who had so little care for the value of money that his father had one day caught him "chucking at sparrows with half-crowns." Of course the half-crowns were not any that the youth had earned himself. Of half-crowns laboriously gained young men like middle-aged ones are chary; and really when one talks of the merry open-

handedness of youth, what after all does it mean ? It is another name for thoughtlessness of the most unfeeling kind. There would be something curious in the sight of a young man having nobody dependent upon him, chucking at sparrows with half-crowns which he had won with great toil—but when was any such sight as this ever witnessed ?

One may surmise that the young man who made so free with a needy father's half-crowns had possessions of some kind of his own to which he himself attached value. Suppose him to be a first-rate cricketer, and that he had won a presentation bat with a long score ; what would he have said had he seen his father in a gay, thoughtless fit use this precious bat to break coals with ? Let us speak resignedly rather than with admiration of that light-heartedness which can make a young man guard jealously a toy which is his own, and throw to the winds money which belongs to his parents, sisters or friends. Every Spendthrift has in him somewhat of the stuff of a criminal.

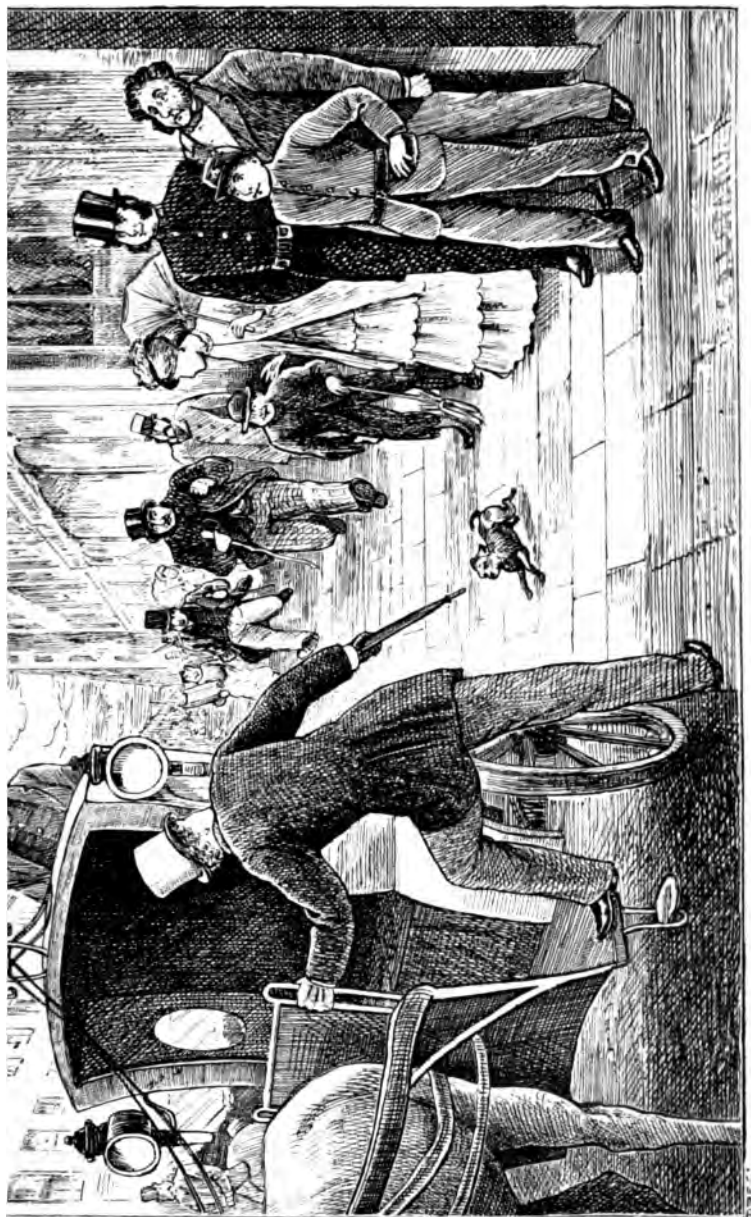
I have known numbers of these Spendthrifts, and most of them were very good company, so long as their money lasted. Not at other times though. The Spendthrift with empty pockets is not much more companionable than a dinnerless dog. The dog whines and howls ; the Spendthrift whines and tells lies. They are all the same in that respect. Such principles as they have leak out of their souls at the same time as the change for their last sovereign melts between

their fingers. A man could never be a Spendthrift if he told the truth, for a candid avowal of his manner of spending money would soon lead to his supply of that commodity being stopped. The most confiding of tailors would refuse credit to a gay youth who openly stated that he contracted debts without any means or intention of paying.

Nevertheless there is no lack of Spendthrifts who squander their own substance—young men who have inherited large properties before having cut all their wisdom teeth. So bent are some of them on a rapid race along the road to ruin, that there have been instances of these infatuated youths having had a money-lender to reside with them from whom they might draw supplies of ready cash at any moment, so long as they had a particle of available security to offer in return. Spendthrifts who waste their own substance are scarcely more honest than the others, for every man who succeeds to property inherits with it a number of clearly defined obligations which he can only fulfil by retaining control over the sources of his wealth. Very rich men who impoverish themselves are also dishonest in this, that they well know their friends will not let them go to the workhouse. Nobody has yet seen a peer in receipt of parochial charity, although noble lords without number have only been saved from that humiliation by the kindness of friends whom their lordships had flouted and perhaps despised in happier days. A self-impoverished

peer is of all men the one who deserves least compassion, and who as a rule obtains most. If the silly creature cannot in his old age get his claret and grouse for dinner, wear new gloves, and have a few sovereigns always available to pay for cab fares and little amusements, people sillier than himself exclaim that the world has dealt hardly with him ; whereas, of a truth, it is his lordship who dealt hardly by the world in allowing it to become chargeable with his maintenance.





LORD CHARLES GAMBLETON CHASED BY BAILIFFS IN PICCADILLY.

II.

THE GAMBLETONS.

ONE morning, the weather being dry and clear, an exciting man-chase was witnessed in Piccadilly. A well-dressed youth was seen flying as for his life in the direction of Jermyn Street followed by two elderly men with hook-noses. This was in the days when imprisonment for large debts (it still exists for small ones) had not yet been abolished. The well-dressed youth took to a hansom, and the driver did his very best to hurry him out of reach of his pursuers ; but there was so much hallooing on the part of the crowd, who thought a thief or murderer was being chased, that the cab was stopped, and amidst a dense and excited throng of spectators, Lord Charles Gambleton was conveyed by his two hook-nosed captors to Whitecross Street.

He was the brother of a Duke, this Lord Charles, and of no ordinary Duke. He came of quite kingly stock. His mother was allied to several royal and imperial houses ; his sister was married to the heir of a reigning Prince ; his brother was the owner of vast wealth, of estates in several counties, and of an island as large as some foreign principalities. But this brother

was a silly Spendthrift, and Lord Charles followed in his footsteps.

Their father had been a loose fish, and that was some excuse for them. His Grace, after a long supper in festive company, tumbled down the staircase of a foreign restaurant and was picked up dead. The two brothers were then boys. The younger was sent to a public school and thence into the Guards; the other was brought up at home and then went to Oxford, where the snobbish flattery of his associates, and the indolent toleration of dean, tutors, and dons generally, allowed him to drive rapidly over the first stages on the road to ruin.

The Duke of Gambleton could not get ruined, though—he was so monstrously rich. He did his best however to waste his substance; one would have thought, to watch his conduct, that he had really made a bet with some devil, to beggar himself in spite of all difficulties; and it surprised one to be obliged to form such a judgment of him for he did not look like either a sot or a fool. He was a well-built, auburn haired, blue eyed youngster with the freshest complexion. He was extremely good natured and civil, had a ready smile and a winning voice. Women liked him at first sight without knowing who he was; and men liked him too, both before and after a close acquaintanceship. His appearance and bearing were too remarkable to allow of his being taken in a crowd for any ordinary young man. He used to slouch

about Oxford in a felt hat and a tweed suit ; and sometimes he would go to the Cattle Show in London no better dressed, with a staring blue shirt on, no gloves, his hands in his pockets, and his hat on the side of his head. Yet he looked "somebody" and cabmen, doorkeepers, and others instinctively saluted him. He was neither generous nor stingy. Considering the huge sums which he expended on his own pleasures, it was strange to see him display a certain canny closefistedness with his shillings when he was paying cabmen or rewarding petty services : yet nobody could say that he was actually mean.

He was unquestionably not so with women. Continually on the move between London and Paris, he was on intimate terms with the leading actresses in both capitals, and did much to keep their jewel boxes replenished. He was profuse, moreover, in the matter of dinners and suppers. He liked conviviality and hard drinking. Though he was seldom helplessly drunk, he often tiddled himself into a rollicking state during which he loved to reel out into the streets and fight with the police or other passers by. He was once conveyed to the lock-up for an exploit of this kind ; but the superintendent on duty, hearing the name of his prisoner, grew frightened, and let him go after apologies. That is to say it was the superintendent who apologized, not the Duke.

While thus enjoying himself by night, his Grace was losing his money by the thousands at all the

principal race-meetings, and his brother, Lord Charles, striving to imitate his example with a smaller purse, was getting into one scrape after another, till at last he had to sell his commission. It was soon after this that the two hook-nosed men chevied him in Piccadilly. The Duke of Gambleton was never hunted, but a day came when he had to sell all his unentailed estates, and then to convoke a meeting of his creditors and "make an arrangement" with them. The extent of his liabilities and of his wealth may be judged from the fact that these creditors, taking the administration of his Grace's revenues into their hands for a time, agreed to allow him £140,000 a year. It was thought that the Duke would not long be able to shift on this slender allowance, and that a complete smash and bankruptcy would speedily be announced; but in this public expectation was disappointed. From having been cheated so often by trainers, jockeys, sharpers, and welshers, his Grace grew to be so very knowing in his dealings on the turf, that people began to feel that he knew rather more than it was seemly for a Duke to know. At all events, for a time at least, he retrieved his tottering fortunes, and thereby offered an almost unique example in this respect to other horse-racing Spendthrifts. Before long, however, continual losses on the turf, necessitated fresh sacrifices on the Duke's part; and while we write, the current rumour is that the marvellous contents of his grand northern palace, its artistic *chef-d'œuvres*, its treasures beyond

price are inevitably doomed to be dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer.

While the Duke was engaged in righting his own affairs he would do nothing whatever for his dear brother Charley. The chord of family sentiment did not vibrate strongly in his Grace. He loved nobody in particular, and took as narrow a view as possible of his duties towards mankind. He would have thrown a thousand pound note at any moment into the lap of an actress who pleased him, but he would not have given a thousand farthings to relieve a starving man, unless he, the Duke, happened to be half tipsy when the request was made to him. It should be mentioned in his praise that he entertained, and still entertains, some well justified doubts as to his capacity for legislation, so that he has never gone through the comedy of taking his seat in the House of Lords.



III.

LORD CHARLES INNYNGES.

CHARLEY GAMBLETON, whom his graceful brother allowed to go to the dogs, had a companion in misfortune, who likewise had to moan over the callousness of a ducal brother. Charley Innynges was one of the handsomest young men in London ; but his tailor remarked pityingly of him, that nobody ever saw his face often without having cause to regret it. "Talk of beggars," said this tailor, "why I don't believe the Charity Organization Society have got on their books a more thorough-paced cadger than Lord Charles Innynges."

The tailor was sore about an unpaid bill when he said this, but his remark was true notwithstanding ; Lord Charles having run through his patrimony before he was twenty-three, had begun by "sponging" upon his brother, who, after paying his debts, since swore never to do so again and experienced no difficulty in keeping his oath. But Charley cared little, for he had reserves of sisters, aunts and cousins to fall back upon, and all these in turns had to minister to his needs. He was so good-looking and such a liar, he told such

pathetic stories to explain his embarrassments and promised amendment with such deep apparent feeling, that there was no withstanding his supplications. So his sisters, aunts and cousins first handed over to him their superfluous coin, and then denied themselves necessities to give him more.

The sisters did not deny themselves long, for they soon had reason to suspect that their handsome and affectionate brother would cheerfully bring them to ruin if they did not take care ; but the aunts and cousins were not so quick in acquiring this comforting certainty. Charley in the most business-like way used to give them promissory notes which the poor creatures regarded as honourable security. They locked them up in their desks and made quite sure that dear Charley would redeem them for cash some day when one of his great schemes for making a fortune should have succeeded.

For Lord Charles Innynges was a young man of many schemes, and that is what helped to make him so very interesting to his elderly maiden aunts and female cousins. He was always going to join some "capital fellows," who were long-headed men as well, in starting "a paying thing"—a new Electric Light company, a swell proprietary club, a colossal hotel, or another Society newspaper. He would take out his gold pencil-case and draw his aunts a plan, or estimates of the new paying thing quite deftly. When Lord Charles wanted money he did not mind spending

several days at a stretch with any one of his old aunts whom he suspected of having lately drawn her dividends, and he would make himself exceedingly pleasant. But he never ended his visit without extracting a certain amount of hard cash. He would, without the slightest compunction, have coaxed from the poorest of these old ladies her last £5 note had she even been at



the point of starvation to indulge himself with a champagne supper.

When his kinswomen had literally no money to give him, having in fact incurred debts they were unable to discharge for his sake, he would suggest to them that he would not mind accepting jewelry as a substitute. When jewelry was lent him after faithful promise that he would merely pawn it and send the ticket to the owner of the jewels, Lord Charles, after visiting the pawnbroker, would sell the tickets for the highest sums possible to youngsters fresh from school and college and simple to a degree with regard to such transactions. This accomplished, he would propose a game of cards or a bet and try to win the tickets back, in which case he would sell them to some one else, and write to his aunts that he had accidentally lost them. Such were a few of the artifices of this amiable young man.

But though Lord Charles collected money in every direction by much the same tricks as steady rogues and vagabonds resort to, he could never keep money long in hand. It flew from his fingers like sparks off a grindstone, and he was always in debt. His belongings had been seized so often under writs of execution from the county court, that he was at length obliged to keep his regimentals at a tailor's, and to dress there when he had to go on duty. This proceeding, however, though convenient in itself, failed to meet with the approbation of Lord Charles's Colonel;

so, one day, the scapegrace was informed, very much to his astonishment, that he really must contrive to make an arrangement with the people to whom he owed money, or that he must send in his papers.

Lord Charles good-naturedly answered that he was ready to make any arrangement that did not involve the payment of money ; but his Colonel, who had no appreciation of humour, took this pleasantry in ill part, and compelled his lordship to throw up his commission. Society, which is always kind to Dukes' sons, was very indignant against the Colonel ; and the dismissal, which would have brought irretrievable disgrace upon a man of lowlier station than Lord Charles, actually proved a boon to this titled good-for-nought by rendering him interesting in the eyes of the world. Few people knew, or wanted to know, that this deucedly ill-used young man had been living for years by swindling his poorest female relations.

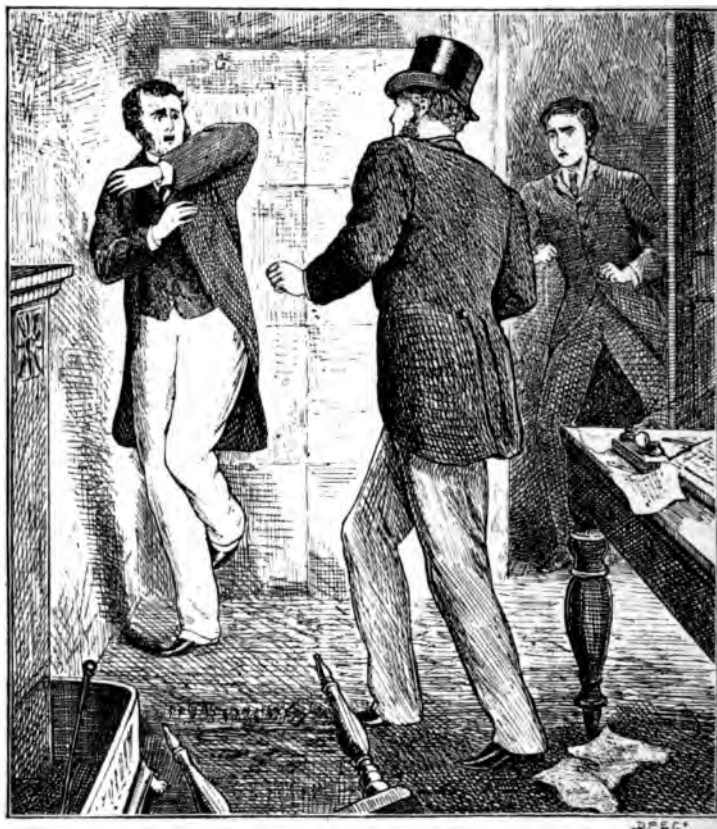
Thrown upon his resources like a lean wolf in winter time, having wrung from friends and relations the last drops of silver and gold that were to be obtained by lying and fawning, Lord Charles be-thought him of turning speculator. This happy inspiration brought him into close intimacy and partnership with another young patrician, of antecedents almost as distinguished as his own, and who is equally worthy of being introduced to the notice of the reader.

IV.

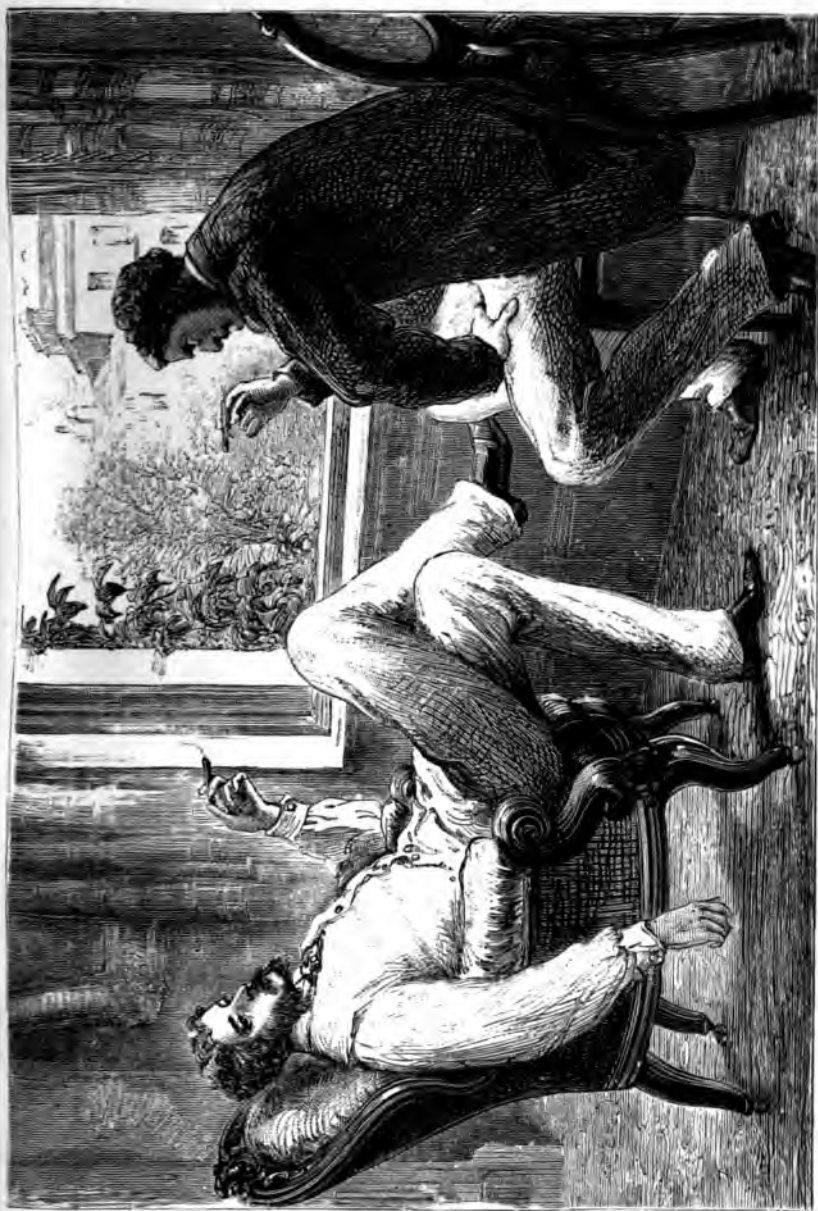
LORD LUKE POER.

LORD LUKE was the brother of a Marquis, and he was quite as great a romancer and Spendthrift as Lord Charles Innynge, but less handsome, and not so clever at getting on with old women. Lord Luke was a tough and rowdy churl. He had once got into a scrape for thrashing a solicitor of whom he had borrowed money. A bill having fallen due, and the solicitor declining to renew it, Lord Luke went to his office and pummelled him all over the place. Had the situation been reversed—that is, had the solicitor called on Lord Luke and mauled him for refusing to lend money, six months' imprisonment at least would have been meted out to him by impartial justice. But justice did nothing to Lord Luke beyond remonstrating paternally with him ; and Society of course sided with his lordship, saying that he had displayed the traditional pluck of his family throughout the whole affair.

Well, Lord Luke and Lord Charles being without a penny in the world, had many anxious cogitations over their morning cigars as to the best mode of raising the wind. Eventually they resolved to found



a new sort of club, the taking feature of which was that it was to be open to ladies as well as gentlemen. The idea was to secure a suburban mansion, with lovely grounds for pigeon-shooting, lawn-tennis and polo ; it was decided, too, to have a racecourse, and all sorts of other attractions. A fine estate near London happened to be in the market just then. The two



SCHEMING A NEW CLUB.

Lords, who had not a penny between them, as above said, called upon the solicitor who was acting as agent, and offered to purchase the estate. They negotiated the affair with such amazing coolness that the solicitor concluded that they were truly commissioned (as they declared themselves to be), by a group of wealthy noblemen to effect a purchase. The bargain was struck conditionally, on the payment of £2,000 deposit-money within a week; and this sum our two adventurers raised without difficulty on exhibiting a draft of the agreement they had signed with the lawyer.

The man who lent them the money was an untitled snob of Hebrew extraction, who was very anxious to push his way among the aristocracy, and who jumped at the idea of becoming one of the directors of the new club, for which the most brilliant destinies were prophesied. The list of prospective members which the two Lords showed to the Jew included two-thirds of the Peerage, though at the actual moment when they exhibited this list, Lords Luke and Charles had not taken a soul into their confidence. Having got their deposit-money, however, they quickly enlisted all the members they wanted. The idea of the new club seemed a most taking one; and when the two speculators had secured a few



hundred lords, ladies, honourables, baronets, and younger sons in the Guards, to form the nucleus of their list, they found no difficulty in recruiting five or six hundred other people from among the plutocracy.

Lords L. and C. then sought out a very rich but vulgar Christian of the same stamp as the Jew who had lent them the £2,000, and generously offered to sell him the proprietorship of the club for £20,000 — that is to say, the Christian in question was to be free to purchase the estate (which cost £50,000), paying for it out of his own pocket, while the £20,000 was to be by way of a *douceur* for their two lordships in consideration of their ceding to the vulgar Christian aforesaid the goodwill of the undertaking. The two Lords moreover stipulated that they were to be employed in the club at fixed salaries of £1,200 each, the one as manager, the other as handicapper and chief steward of the racecourse. The delighted Christian accepted these favourable conditions with alacrity. He was an idle man with too much money, who found himself suddenly transported to a position of great social distinction. To be the proprietor of the newest, most fashionable club of the day, with a couple of Lords as his assistants, and ever so many other Lords on his managing committee, more than fulfilled all the poor man's dreams of earthly bliss. He had never, indeed, dreamed that in this life so much glory would ever have fallen to his lot.

Lord Luke and Lord Charles deserved all that they got out of their lucky venture. It was a bold move that procured them £10,000 apiece and a good salary ; and it only remains for one to add that Lord Charles, finding himself comfortably established, became cured of his extravagance, and carefully forbore to fool any of his money away by paying the aunts and cousins whom he had ruined in the days of his distress.



V.

LORD ROTTENHAM.

Is there among living sinners—of those who are not legally speaking criminal—one more disreputable than the Earl of Rottenham? He is a well-known figure in town—a battered old turf gambler and card-player—a clever old boy in his way, for he was once deft at writing Society-verses which jingled not untunefully. He comes of good stock and inherited a good estate. There was no reason why he should not have indulged his taste for horse-racing within reasonable bounds, for at one time he could well afford to keep a stud and run his horses honestly. But he knew far less about horseflesh than his own grooms, and that was the ruin of him. Lord Rottenham's cleverness was of the kind which shines in drawing-rooms and at dinner-tables; but could not help him to discern a screw from a thoroughbred or to make up a betting-book according to any rule of arithmetical probabilities.

That Lord Rottenham should have invariably backed his own screws no doubt proves that he had a certain amount of turf-honesty, which is a peculiar thing in its

way and not to be confounded with the honesty which is said to be the best policy. A larger supply of the latter quality might possibly have kept Lord Rottenham from encumbering his estates and getting deeply into debt to Jews in order to back the screws aforesaid. Unless he were a born fool—a title to which he has never publicly laid claim in extenuation of his extravagances—he must have seen from the first that his system of laying large sums of money on horses simply because they were mounted by jockeys wearing his colours must in the end prove disastrous ; and if he had had a spark of that chivalrous feeling, which is popularly though erroneously ascribed to the nobility as a body, he must have seen that by ruining himself he was doing an incalculable amount of mischief to a number of people who were interested in his keeping steady.

To his farmers, tenants, servants, and country neighbours in the first place :—is there anything more lamentable for such hangers-on of a great nobleman than the sight of an estate being brought to ruin ? Absenteeism is a necessary consequence of extravagance under that beautiful law of entail which rules us ; the young Spendthrift dares not show himself on his lands. The Hall which ought to be a centre of hospitality, of almsgiving, of benevolent influences radiating in a hundred directions, is shut up. The tradesmen in the neighbouring town suffer. Local charities from which the customary donations are

withheld also suffer. Rents on the estate are collected by a grasping agent whose orders are to get all the cash he can, and to show no mercy to those in distress. Improvements recognized as necessary in farms and cottages are not executed. Farmers grumble and lose all pride and pleasure in their holdings; labourers, sunk in the depths of poverty and neglect, become degraded, half-barbarous creatures. The young men poaching to keep themselves from starvation soon get into gaol and gradually turn into habitual criminals; the girls brought up amid squalor and hunger run away from their wretched homes soon after they have entered into their teens, and earn their living as they can in the streets of great cities. These are the various forms of misery and ruin which men like Lord Rottenham bring upon their estates under a system which precludes their creditors from seizing their lands and selling them to better landlords.

Then there is the evil example which a Spendthrift peer sets to those who have been wont to look up to his family. In Lord Rottenham's special case this evil example wrought its most striking effects in the Spendthrift's own son, Lord Ribstone, who turned out a graceless young scamp. He could feel no respect for his father; everything he heard about the old gentleman would only excite his contempt; and what he saw of him did not help to mend matters, for Lord Rottenham had a cock-a-whoop way of carrying his head as if he were the gayest buck alive; and he had

also a fondness for preaching prosy sermons in the domestic circle about worldly wisdom. He did not tell his heir, Ribstone, to be a good boy, he urged him to be a sharp one ; but a sermon derives much of its weight from the preacher, and as Lord Ribstone felt only disdain for his progenitor, he determined to be a fool out of sheer contrariness as it were. After running through the little property left him by his mother, he was made bankrupt, enlisted, left the army, went wife-hunting in America, but failed to find even in that queer country a rich girl willing to become his partner. Finally, Lord Ribstone died abroad of premature exhaustion brought on by his wild life. His father, Lord Rottenham, still lives, and occasionally contributes some feeble verses to the newspapers.



VI.

LORD BARKER.

LORD CHUCKLEMEADOW, a nobleman in very good odour at Court and a prudent square-toed man with a dozen children, had an eldest son, Lord Barker, whom he could never induce to go straight. This pleasing young man had a face not unlike a bull-pup's. There was a permanent scowl on it. In talking, Lord Barker always seemed to growl in an undertone. The subject on which he most frequently growled was his father's parsimony, for while Lord B. was at Christ Church Lord Chucklemeadow only allowed him £300 a year, and afterwards when Lord B. went into the Life Guards this sum was raised no higher than £500. Of course Lord Barker spent his allowance as pocket-money and ran up bills for both necessities and luxuries.

The Dean of Christ Church, who must have known the lad's circumstances and could easily have checked him at the outset of his extravagant courses at College, apparently felt that it was no business of his to interfere. This eminent churchman and collegiate dignitary never does interfere. The youngsters who are sup-

posed to be under his charge may go gaily to perdition for all he cares. So Lord Barker left Oxford in debt to the tune of about £4,000, half of which sum was owing to money-lenders.

Lord Chucklemeadow was not rich, and to part with money was at all times grievous to him. It made him swear. He swore abundantly at Lord Barker, and



even shook him with his big, strong hands (for he was a powerful man) till the bull-pup features of the lordling grew crimson, and a series of snarls which he emitted suggested that he was going to bite. However, Lord B. was paid out of his first scrape in order that he might enter the Army with a clean slate, and he had no sooner donned his uniform than he began afresh.

His favourite little way of parting with his father's coin was cards. He was a peculiarly flat young man and had been nicknamed "Sole." He would gamble anywhere with anybody and for anything. Once being quite cleaned out he played five games of *écarté* with the Duke of Gambleton on the following conditions: the Duke staked £200 and Lord Barker staked a forfeit, which means that if his lordship lost he was to do some preposterous thing or other at the Duke's bidding. His lordship did lose, and the Duke required that he should run stark naked down St. James's Street at 3 o'clock in the morning. Lord Barker demurred to this indelicate proceeding, but the Duke was not to be baulked of his whim, and he promised to give his friend one hundred pounds if without any further nonsense he would perform the feat he had indicated.

Lord B. did what was required of him like a trump. He was conveyed in a brougham to the top of St. James's Street and started off running with all his might. The Duke had undertaken that the brougham

should drive down along with him so as to pick him up at the lower end of the street, but on second thoughts his Grace, who was screaming with laughter, thought it would be better fun to allow Lord Barker to shift for himself. The consequence was that his lordship was collared by a policeman as he stood breathless under a lamp-post waving his hand frantically to hail a passing cabman. Needless to say, however, that when Lord B.'s social position was explained to the officials at the station he was at once released after obtaining the loan of some clothes from an obliging constable.

The escapade which would have cost a costermonger pretty dear, was treated as a good joke since it had been perpetrated by the heir of an hereditary legislator, and as there are few people abroad at 3 o'clock in the morning, the affair would never have got bruited about had not the Duke of Gambleton, in the mirthfulness of his heart, announced far and wide that "Sole" was ready to walk naked in broad daylight down Pall Mall for £1,000. Some of "Sole's" set thought him rather a shrewd and plucky fellow for making money in this novel kind of way.

"Sole" was made bankrupt at last, had to sell out of the Life Guards, and fled to America. There he was luckier than Lord Ribstone, for he found a very pretty wife with a fine "pile" of money, and he returned to England looking quite as smug and methodistical as his father. He condescended to pay his debts, not

so much because he had any definite principle about the payment of debts being a proper thing as because he liked a quiet life, and could hardly have enjoyed this happiness if he had not made peace with his creditors. Besides, as a bankrupt, Lord Barker could not have taken his seat in the House of Lords ; and he wants to make laws for us when his father dies. He is as flat as ever, and still answers to the sobriquet of "Sole" ; but there is no reason why he should not get on very well in the Upper House.



VII.

THE MARQUIS OF MALPLAQUET.

YOUNG Malplaquet, son of the Duke of Ramillies, was the most incorrigible of idlers and the completest young pickle while at Eton. The birch had merely a transitory effect on his hard skin. He came up to be whipped again and again, but stripes could not correct him of a single one of his many bad habits. He was a good-looking boy and seemed clever; but nothing would induce him to exert his intellectual powers. He had to be expelled at last. Though a small boy, he had got mixed up in a coterie of big boys—sons of bankers and merchants who, for the sake of getting invitations to Ramillies Castle, toadied him in the most fulsome fashion, insomuch that the boy derived from Eton none of the benefits which are to be gained by conceited young noblemen when properly fagged and made to find their own level.

When Malplaquet had been expelled from school, he was sent to a private tutor's, and the Duke of Ramillies purposely chose a very strict disciplinarian, whom he earnestly exhorted not to spare the cane if it should be necessary for the Marquis's correction. But the first

time that the cane was used to chasten young Malplaquet, he acted like a young gorilla. He first snatched the implement from the tutor's hands, and laid it with energy about that reverend gentleman's calves, knuckles, and ears, making the man of learning howl as never Protestant priest howled since the days of Bloody Mary. He next rushed into the tutor's drawing-room, and began to fling all the portable furniture—clocks, ornaments, and miscellaneous nicknacks—out of the window. When he had quieted his nerves by this amusement, he slipped out by a back door, took train, and travelled home. The Duke of Ramillies moaned at sight of him, and the Duchess, on hearing how he had treated the strict tutor, boxed his ears soundly; but their Graces decided after anxious consultation that the next tutor selected for Malplaquet must certainly be a mild man.

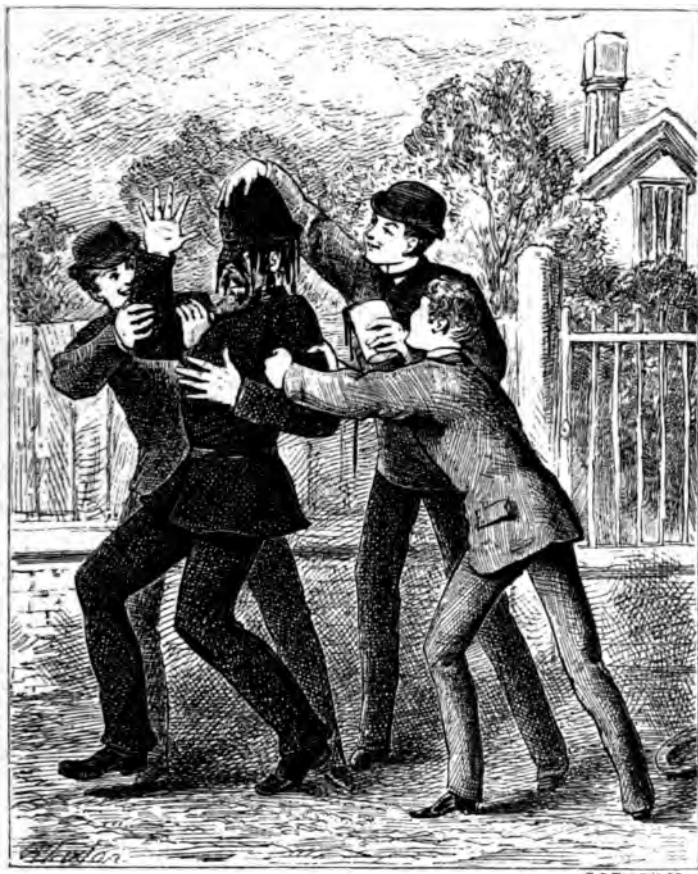
So he was, and the Marquis got on fairly well under him. No serious pretence was made of educating his lordship, who passed most of his time in the back yards of quiet publichouses, watching his terriers kill rats, or setting cocks to fight. Sometimes the Marquis varied these diversions by stealthily creeping into some Nonconformist place of worship and flinging oranges at the astonished preacher. For a freak of this kind he was once cheived for half-a-mile on a rainy Sunday night by all the more active members of an indignant congregation. But he was fleeter than his pursuers,



YOUNG MALPLAQUET MAKING HIS RESPECTED TUTOR DANCE.



and escaped. On another occasion, when out with two fellow-pupils, he bought a jar of treacle, captured a policeman in a small alley, poured the treacle into



his helmet, clapped the helmet on to his head, and left him vociferating at the indignity practised upon him. Another time he squirted ink from the window of an

hotel on to a number of pompous people who were marching in a free masonic procession, but no harm came to him from it because of his title. To be assaulted by a Marquis is the next best thing to being friends with one.

The reports of Malplaquet's doings reaching his father, caused that excellent nobleman to sigh. The Duke of Malplaquet was the most pious of men : nevertheless he himself in youth had been so very wild that, recollecting this fact, he must sometimes have hoped that his heir would take pattern by him and reform some day all on a sudden. But the reformation was a long time coming. When the Marquis of Malplaquet was eighteen he was put into the Horse Guards, and in this gallant corps his exuberant propensities found a wider scope than ever. Among the fastest, most reckless young men in England, he contrived to make himself conspicuous by his extraordinary follies. Many thought him mad, and certainly his passion for getting up rows in public places, fighting policemen, molesting women, bonneting peaceful citizens and so on, bordered on mania.

If the Marquis went to the theatre, his brain was busy throughout the performance imagining some trick by which he might annoy the public or the actors. Many of his practical jokes were cruel, others dangerous and most silly. He once raised an alarm of fire in a crowded church, to have the pleasure of seeing the people scamper out in a panic. Another time travel-

ling in an express train, he sounded the alarm bell, brought the train to a standstill, and when the affrighted guard hurried to his carriage, thinking there must be murder or something akin to it, Lord Malplaquet quietly asked him for a light for his cigar.

Of course the Marquis was encouraged in these little freaks by the ineffable servility of all persons with whom he came into contact. Had he but once been summoned before a magistrate and punished like an ordinary brawler, he would no doubt have calmed down : but who would have dared to prosecute the future Duke of Ramillies ? Even Malplaquet's Colonel was nervous about scolding him ; and when people came to complain to him about his subaltern's misconduct, he either bullied them into silence or coaxed them into good humour, according to their positions and moods. As for policemen, if they were thrashed and mocked at by the lively young Lord, they grinned and bore it, knowing that it would be of no use for them to appeal for redress to their superiors.

At last Lord Malplaquet was married. His father paid his debts, which were enormous, and hoped that the time had now come when his turbulent heir would turn over a new leaf. But a year after his marriage, my Lord figured in a noisy divorce case, in which the wife of an Earl was the respondent. It now seemed to be all up with Malplaquet. His injured wife left him ; his father forbade him to set foot within Ramillies

Castle, and even a portion of Society showed him the cold shoulder. If he had brought shame upon a commoner's hearth, people would have readily enough condoned the offence, but to lead astray an Earl's wife appeared of course something far too dreadful to be overlooked.

Having fallen into some kind of disgrace, Lord Malplaquet abandoned himself to meditation; and, contrary to all expectation, this produced good results—though not the kind of results which his father would have desired. The Duke of Ramillies was a high Tory: his son suddenly developed Radical propensities. He contributed articles to a Liberal review on the land question, and very thoughtful articles they were. His scandalized father seeing him attack the laws of entail and primogeniture, wrote to protest, and afterwards summoned the Marquis to Ramillies Castle, to give him a piece of his mind. The Marquis came, but his father was surprised to find in him not a harum-scarum, devil-may-care Spendthrift as of yore, but a lean reflective prig, with long hair, and a countenance which looked as if it had been starched. The Marquis no longer laughed. Like those converted Methodists who talk of having received a "call" from heaven, he spoke through his nose about having had his understanding suddenly enlightened to the beauties of democracy, and to the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone. The Duke being a pious man could not speak out the whole of his mind, as perhaps he would have liked to

do: so he drily told his heir that if Radicalism could keep him out of harm's way, heaven must be praised for it.

With this benison the Marquis of Malplaquet departed, and he is now being talked of as one of the rising hopes of the Liberal party. The fact that he is a Marquis is naturally considered by his admirers to outweigh all the shortcomings of his early life. As soon as he chose to lift up his voice in favour of Liberal views, he was hailed as a new prophet. Neither did anybody presume to ask what might have been his private motives in deserting the political faith of his father under circumstances which were calculated to give the latter exquisite pain. There are certain proprieties in life which are observed even among sweeps, and if an elderly sweep, having frequently paid his son's debts and pulled him out of numerous scrapes, were to see the graceless young dog suddenly turn upon him and hold his opinions up to ridicule, it is not so sure that the public would regard the young sweep as a particularly fine fellow.

VIII.

THE LORDS LUMBER.

YET another lot of Lords—and such a lot! All of one family, all Spendthrifts and dolts, all disgraced, and all of considerable weight in the world nevertheless.

Lords Thomas, Archer, and Adelbert Lumber were of the Duke of Tynebury's family. Lord Thomas was the late Duke's uncle, Lords Archer and Adelbert were his brothers. The late Duke of Tynebury was himself a ruined Spendthrift, who died separated from his wife and living upon his wits; but as he is dead no more need be said of him.

Lord Thomas lived at Boulogne and Dieppe—not actually in retirement, for he sported his lordship pretty openly in order to acquire glory among his fellow exiles; but he was known to be under a cloud, and there was every reason why he should have concealed his identity had he felt any decent shame for the many tricks which he had played upon his creditors. He was a tall, gaunt looking nobleman, with mild eyes and great personal dignity. He could stand as much abuse as a furious tailor liked to lavish upon him,

without a single muscle of his face betraying that he felt hurt. He had run through a large fortune ; he



had borrowed money from every friend he had in the world—always with perfect dignity—he had drawn cheques upon banks where he had no effects, and he had bolted with the proceeds, leaving his friends to make one

last effort to prevent a warrant being issued against him.

Lord Thomas was a thorough nobleman. He would pocket a five-pound note borrowed under false pretences with admirable grace; and he never repaid it. It was against his principles to pay anybody. Had he once admitted the principle that he was bound to pay, there is no knowing to what such an admission might have pledged him. There was a hazy idea in his mind that, belonging to a superior order of creation, he had done his tradesmen great honour by dealing with them, and that to give them money would have been to pay them twice over. He held his head so erect that it was evident he had a clear conscience. He even presumed at Boulogne to set up as a *censor morum*, and to decide what persons in that city of refuge should be received into the selectest Society which the colony of bankrupts and runaway swindlers could boast of. Once a subscription was started there to bury a poor English doctor, who had become bankrupt through acting as surety for one of Lord Thomas's nephews. Lord Thomas was pleased to ignore this fact, and on being asked to contribute towards the funeral expenses, he said languidly:—"I believe there was some disreputable story connected with the man. I don't know whether I should be establishing a good precedent in evincing my interest in such a fellow."

Lord Archer Lumber had much of his uncle Thomas's

coolness. He too had run through a fortune, and left the bills of all his tradesmen unpaid. He had turned many a curious penny by buying cheap wines and selling them at the highest prices, on the assurance that they had come out of his late father's cellars. When he had been so often detected in this little trick that it would no longer pay, he took to the stage as a profession, calling himself indeed an amateur actor, and stating that he devoted to charitable objects the money charged for admission to his performances. He acted however on the principle that charity begins at home. In process of time Lord Archer Lumber got mixed up with some rascals who used to dress themselves in women's clothes, and outraged propriety in various ways. These scamps being arrested and prosecuted, it came out that Lord Archer was implicated in their offence, and it was judged expedient that he should disappear from the world.

The family solicitor hinted broadly to his lordship that matters would be much facilitated if he were to commit suicide; but Lord Archer explained that he knew so little about ropes, poisons, and pistols, that he would prefer some other solution of the difficulty if it were quite convenient. Accordingly a couple of obliging doctors were procured who certified that Lord Archer had died after a brief illness, and a coffin full of bricks in lieu of his noble remains was duly buried with the accustomed religious service. Lord Archer then went to America under the name of Mr. Simpson, and an

annuity of £500 was assured him on condition of his never recrossing the Atlantic. In process of time, however, his lordship, hearing of a heritage of which he would have had his share had he been legally alive, ventured to come to England and ask for this money. The reception which he met with rather startled him. His own brothers and the family solicitor refused to recognize him ; they treated him as an impostor, and threatened that if he showed his face again he would be clapped into a lunatic asylum.

Alarmed at this disagreeable threat the unhappy Lord Archer returned to the United States, and on arriving there found a letter stating that, as he had broken the conditions on which he received his allowance, that allowance would for the future be diminished by £100 a year, and that if he ever came to England again it would be discontinued altogether. Lord Archer is said to be still living in America under the name of Simpson, and it is not impossible that when he dies he may leave a volume of Memoirs behind him relating the whole story of how he was buried by proxy.

When his lordship was well out of the way, his known habit of dressing himself up in women's clothes inspired a middle-aged spinster with the idea of personating this peccant scion of the ducal house of Tynebury who was reported to have again returned from his enforced exile. In her assumed character she succeeded in swindling not merely simple-minded provincial dupes, but astute money-lenders as well, out of

considerable sums, which they professed to have charitably contributed from feelings of sympathy for the support of an unfortunate nobleman "in seclusion and disgrace." But the truth is they parted with their ready cash in the belief that the depraved scapegrace had succeeded to considerable estates, and were duped by fictitious documents which purported to charge the borrowed money together with interest at the customary cent. per cent. rate on the bogus estates in question.

Lord Adelbert Lumber, Archer's younger brother, started in life as a midshipman, and being thus virtually free at fourteen contrived to get a good way along the road to ruin at a much earlier age than is commonly the case. He was a mean little dog who used to borrow money of his messmates under promise of getting them invited to Lumber Hall; and he would sell photographs of a very pretty sister he had, with her signature to them, for a guinea apiece. He did still better; for having once invited some middies to a ball at Lumber Hall, he made an arrangement with his pretty sister, who was very fond of him, that for this once she would only dance with the men whom he introduced, and he proceeded quietly to sell the privilege of dancing with her at half-a-crown per dance.

These little expedients show that his lordship was kept rather short of money by his family, and such

indeed was the case, for he was entitled to a handsome competency when he became of age, and his guardians imagined that they would be training him in frugal ways by allowing him but little to live upon whilst he was a minor. Before coming of age, however, Lord Adelbert had managed not only to ruin himself, but to disgrace himself completely. It takes a great deal to get a Duke's son cashiered from the Navy by sentence of court martial, but Lord Adelbert underwent this fate. His conduct during the whole period he was in the service had been so utterly bad that the Queen, although inclined to forgive him, was advised that this could not possibly be. To some persons the sentence on Lord Adelbert seemed unnecessarily severe, considering that he was only charged with having broken his leave ; but graver charges were purposely suppressed at the court martial. The authorities, in fact, took the gentlest means they could for kicking his lordship out of the Navy.

Lord Adelbert soon after his majority became an *habitué* of the Bankruptcy Court. He seemed to be always "coming up for examination" and never passing. His name grew to be a familiar item in the law reports. The judge in Bankruptcy devoted long hours to his affairs, and emitted many wise axioms about them in a horrified tone. On one occasion, after it had become manifest that Lord Adelbert owed £30,000, and was prepared to pay no more than £25 a year towards satisfying his creditors, the judge asked :

“How on earth can you pay off £30,000 with £25 a year: have you ever studied arithmetic, Lord Adelbert?”



“I suppose £25 a year will be better than nothing,” drawled Lord Adelbert, evading the direct issue.

“No; because there will be a difficulty about distributing this paltry sum among so many, whereas, if there had been nothing, we should have had no such difficulty,” said the judge.

“Well, take it then that I have nothing,” responded Lord Adelbert. “I’ll keep the £25 a year for my dog.”

Lord Adelbert seems to have made money again somehow. He offered himself as manager to the proprietor of a large hotel, and the proprietor was so pleased with the account which he gave of himself that he took him into partnership, and by-and-by enlisted his co-

operation in founding a proprietary club, which was a gambling hell in disguise. Lord Adelbert also acted for a time as jackal to an eminent firm of money-lenders, whom he used to keep supplied with the names and addresses of fast young men in distress. He considerably helped by this means to get many of his old naval friends into the meshes of cent. per cent.



IX.

SIR CALLING EARLEY.



SIR CALLING EARLEY, though not a peer, was of more ancient and honourable pedigree than many peers; and he was an embodiment of all the vices of his order with none of its virtues. As a Spendthrift he had few equals. It was not only that he would pay the most fantastic sums for the immediate gratification of any whim difficult of fulfilment, but he would draw upon his imagination for novel methods of getting rid of money. Coin seemed to burn holes in his pockets. He would make

the most absurd bets, which it was impossible he could win; and would throw handfuls of sovereigns out of a window to be scrambled for by street boys. By such methods he so quickly got rid of a large fortune, that his succession to his estates and his ruin were generally remembered by his lawyers as having taken place at almost corresponding dates.

Sir Calling then tried matrimony by way of recouping himself. Unfortunately a man cannot marry often. Sir Calling married a girl with money, spent her fortune, deserted her and married again; but he could push his experiments in this money-making direction no farther, for he was prosecuted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. He had powerful friends who procured his release after a few weeks on the ground that his health suffered from captivity, and he was no sooner out of prison than he began to pass fictitious cheques. He was locked up again, and his friends found some difficulty in wresting him from the clutches of his prosecutors; but they succeeded at last and shipped Sir Calling to France. Here he started on a new course of swindling; but, from ignorance of French laws and customs, had only time to incur debts to the amount of a couple of thousand pounds when he was put upon his trial before a Parisian tribunal and, spite of the energetic pleading of the able counsel retained to defend him, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His friends, however, were on the watch for him when he came out of gaol, and to rid themselves



of any further trouble on his account succeeded, with the assistance of the French authorities, in getting him conveyed to a private madhouse where, it is believed, he still lingers.

The career of this distinguished young man would hardly have been worth citing but for the fact that like many others he owed his ruin originally to the pastors and masters set over him. These divines found that they could reconcile it to their consciences to let a youngster, notoriously weak-willed and weak-witted, run into every species of extravagance without checking him, and the consequence is that, after having commenced his manhood in prison, he is likely to see the end of it among madmen.

X.

TOMMY DABBLE.

WHAT becomes of the spendthrifts who are not peers nor peers' sons, nor baronets ? For all Lords and sons of Lords there are so many possibilities of redemption, that cases of utter smash are rare among them. However low the titled scapegrace may fall, he generally seems to sink into a kind of life which, if not sumptuous, is at all events comfortable. He can afford to have a good bed and a good dinner, with an occasional bottle of wine and a cigar. His very landlady, taking pity upon the forlorn condition of such a fine gentleman, whose title does honour to her lodging-house, will be moderate in her charges and pleasant in her attendance.

Not so with the Spendthrift who has no title, or titled parents. This kind of person may come to a very miserable fate, and the consciousness of this helps to keep many a Spendthrift from going absolutely to extremes. Some young fellows, however, thrown among wealthy Spendthrifts in the army or at college, lose all power of self-control under the influence of evil example, and, after a brief mad course, which can

only be compared to that of a runaway horse downhill, they disappear over a precipice, as it were, and are never heard of more by the mass of their old associates.

Not long ago, an Oxford Don, travelling in Switzerland for his annual holiday, was waited upon in an hotel at Geneva by a portly waiter who spoke very



good English. The Don had a long memory for faces, and glancing at the waiter, he thought he recognized in him a quondam commoner of Christ Church :—

“ Why, surely,” exclaimed he, “ You are Dabble ? ”

“ Yes, I am Dabble,” answered the other laughing, but reddening a little. “ You are the first person who has recognized me, though.”

“ And how long have you been at this trade ? ” inquired the Don.

“ About five years, and I considered myself uncommonly lucky when I became a waiter, for I had been a “ boots ” before. I am married now, and expect to be head waiter soon.”

“ And your wife, is she English ? ”

“ No : I married one of the chambermaids of this hotel, and it was she who got me my situation. A capital little woman she is ! ”

Tommy Dabble was a sensible fellow. He had accommodated himself to circumstances. Having fallen from a high estate he had taken up with a lower one, and brought all his energies to bear upon achieving success in that lower walk. It is not everybody who can do this. Some, having tumbled from on high, are as helpless as birds in the water. They cannot divest themselves of the pride of birth or station, nor of the wretched habits which brought them to ruin. They were worthless gentlemen : they make execrable waiters, porters, cabmen, or stone-breakers, as the case may be.

Tommy Dabble had once been the best dressed man at Christ Church, and an arrant tuft-hunter, so that in slipping eventually into a menial station he only followed out the destiny which nature must have intended for him. At Oxford he dearly loved Lords, and appeared to think that it was impossible to pay too high a price for the delights of their society. He had just this much principle though, that he would not turn swindler for their sakes. When he had lost his last sovereign to them in bets and at cards ; when he had wrecked all his prospects of a career through idling in their company, he made himself scarce, and was not heard of again till a former tutor discovered him at Geneva as above-mentioned.

Tommy confessed that he was on the whole better pleased with his new position than with his old one ; but he attributed this to the fact that he had "dropped the gentleman" altogether. "If a man wants to get on in a new walk," said he, "he must try to forget all he was before, as his new associates won't stand it. Even employers don't like having dealings with broken down gentlemen, and that's why so few of the latter can find suitable situations. As to money-making," added poor Tom, "the pleasure of earning a pound a week beats that of spending five hundred a week all to nothing, and I wish most young men could learn as much without having to pay such a heavy price as I did for the lesson."

XI.

DICKY DUFF.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM DUFF, —th Hussars, was another Spendthrift who flashed very brightly in the London world for a time. He is now in Australia doing nothing in particular, and indeed has been following that occupation for some years. After his great cropper over the Derby of 1875, when he found he really could not pay up but must run, Dicky Duff was presented by his friends with £200 and an Australian outfit. A fortnight after he had landed at Sydney his money was all gone, and he was looking out for a genteel situation with not much work to be done. In the course of his enquiries he ascertained that, contrariwise to what is the case

in England where the inmates of gaols are generally illiterate persons, those in the Australian prisons were for the most part men of education. Dick got acquainted with a warder who took him to visit the Sydney House of Correction, and he found there quite a glorious assortment of ex-officers, clergymen, lawyers, and bank clerks who had come to Australia to make their fortunes, and had landed themselves in gaol by attempting to obtain money by means not generally recognized as lawful. Almost all these gentlemen in becoming criminals had turned habitual drunkards as well. They formed on the whole, quite a curious museum.

Dicky laid to heart the lesson taught by the sight of them—all the more so as wherever he went he found “gentlemen” so called going to the wall in the competition with men of baser mould, but possessed of readier wits and harder hands. Not but that plenty of gentlemen did get on very well in Australia; but they were men who might have done equally well in England. They were not ruined Spendthrifts. Of this unhappy class many had come out thinking that they had only to stoop to pick up money in their new country; and, declining to debase themselves with what they called menial work, they soon had no option but to starve or steal. Some, however, chose the third alternative of begging, a profession which it appears can be followed in Australia with a certain dignity. Hospitality is so bounteous there, that a stranger

arriving at a lonely station is always made welcome if he has a good story to tell, and especially if he comes from England. Thus it happens that scores of ex-Spendthrifts manage to lead quite delectable lives by wandering from station to station, and paying for their board and lodging by recitals of their chequered experiences in the old country.

Dicky Duff the hussar might have done this, for he had plenty to say for himself, and a lively way of saying it; but he had brought out a dose of self-respect along with his outfit, and this disposed him at once to see if he really could not win his bread by honestly trying.

The story of how he struggled would be well worth writing in full; but to summarize it, Dick became turn by turn ostler, carter, shepherd, butcher, tavern waiter, check-taker at the door of a theatre, postman, and navvy. He earned bread enough, and good bread too, but he could not stick to one occupation. This is often an inherent vice and cause of failure in the Spendthrift. He must have the excitement of novelty to make life enjoyable, and having no taste for work, he hopes to make toil less tedious by changing it frequently. Dicky Duff will probably not end his days in gaol, but he is as likely as not to die some day in the bush, neglected, houseless, and unknown.

His fate, and that of others like him, points no moral that is not as old as the hills :

Wilful waste, the proverbs say,
Was always found the shortest way
To turn a guinea to a groat,
And make you some day want a coat.
With trifles such as fools may scorn
The goddess Plenty fills her horn,
And he who fain would thrive on earth
Must never waste a farthing's worth.

But how often has this not been said, and what is the use of saying it? Extravagance is a mania like any other; and there will always be maniacs. The utmost we can do is to refrain from giving them our admiration, even when they go about capped with coronets.



HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN (M.P.s).



IN THE LOBBY.—“KEEP BEYOND THE LINE.”

I.

PRELIMINARY.

ALTHOUGH the House of Commons is nominally the most popular of the Three Estates, it hardly enjoys the respect conceded to the other two. It is not in any sense a popular assembly. It does not represent the “people,” and is not liked by them : indeed, since the people have been allowed to express their opinions as to its proceedings without fear of being whipped, derision has—one regrets to state—largely prevailed in their remarks. Time was when the members of the

Lower House formed as corrupt a gang of rogues as had ever been collected under one roof: at a later epoch the House became an assembly in which two or three dozen men of genius leavened a lump of aristocratic and plutocratic stolidity, and from that period dates its claim to be called the pleasantest club in the country.

It remains that now, despite a strong admixture of men "who smell of gold," the House has not become vulgarized, for the reason that *nouveaux riches* in these days are of a finer metal than the snobs who were their prototypes in former eras. The House has, it is said, no such roughs and downright scoundrels as were to be met there in the days when constituencies were openly bought in the market. It does not boast retired prize-fighters, card-sharpers, habitual drunkards, turf black-legs, or military rowdies; and if the term of "Honourable Gentleman" may raise a smile as applied to some of those who grace its benches, it must be remembered, according to its apologists, that all of these law-givers bear characters which have passed through the pretty severe ordeal of investigation to which the public press subjects candidates nowadays. The dishonourable men who creep into the House of Commons have mostly had the tact to keep their misdeeds hidden; whatever may be their secret proclivities, they come upon the hustings in the correct garb of Pharisees, and often with an odour of true saintliness about them.

The prevailing characteristic of the House of Commons in its latter-day development is, say the critics, "Mediocrity,"—mediocrity in talent, patriotism, conduct, and even character, for the idiosyncrasies of M.P.s stand pretty much on a common level of hum-drum respectability—nothing worse and nothing more.

Members, we are told, no longer aspire to be eloquent, but sensible; consequently debates are carried on in a heavy tone, and with sentiments surprisingly like those of housewives cheapening small wares. Seeking to be square-headed, speakers become priggish; in eschewing outbursts of emotion, which have come to be derided as clap-trap, they fall into cynicism. By common account the Liberal party have set the example of laughing when the words "British interests" or "national honour" are mentioned in a tone of concern; the Conservatives revenge themselves by sneering at the "fustian" of Radical argumentation.

"It would have been esteemed treason fifty years ago," exclaims a crusty True Blue, "to speak of Great Britain's mission in the world as certain statesmen who have held cabinet office do not fear to do now:" on the other hand, a statesman who was to hold forth in such proud feeling and patriotic language as the two Pitts, Burke, and Canning used would be voted a mad person, too rash to sit in high places. "Our grandfathers, and theirs before them," proceeds the T. B., "were not afraid to say how high and far they

would have the British flag fly ; they were not ashamed to be enthusiastic, chivalrous, and enterprising even to wildness : to be sure it has been said for them that they were often drunk."

Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?

May an impartial writer suggest that as we are naturally a broad-beamed and shy race, it may well be that the exuberant parliamentary eloquence of the 18th century was not a little the outgrowth of foreign vineyards? Sheridan declared that his best speech was made after running out to drink a quart bowlful of Madeira ; Fox and the younger Pitt often came down to the House in a state of vinous exhilaration such as one has never noticed in Mr. Gladstone ; and doubtless in those times when three-bottle toppers abounded on the benches where English squires sat, it was an easy thing enough to get bellicose motions and supplies voted. However that may be, if it was the bottle that rendered the statesmen of the last century so warlike, one is forced to admit that it was the bottle that made England what it is ; and we must hold this explanation to be not less afflicting to our sober selves than to our tipsy ancestors (if so be they were as tipsy as that), for it says little for a nation that it should only find valour in its cups.

Provincials impressed by the dignity of our boasted Third Estate, and desirous of familiarising themselves with the elect of the nation in their talking hours and

working moments, can ordinarily only do so by means of a member's order to the Strangers' Gallery, which, as the latter holds no more than sixty persons, simply



means the possible chance of a place. At half-past three, sharp, the doors of the corridor, where the order-holders have to assemble, are closed ; the orders are collected from all present, and after being shaken

up in a big glass bowl are drawn forth one by one by the House of Commons' inspector of police, who at the same time shouts out the names they bear. The sixty



lucky ones are then marched off to the inner lobby of the House, whence the Strangers' Gallery is reached, whilst the more hopefully inclined amongst those remaining patiently await the chance of the gallery thinning through the uninteresting nature of the debate.

It is our good fortune to escape any such ordeal as this, thanks to the intervention of a political friend who secures us a place in the Speaker's Gallery. It is from this coign of vantage that we are enabled to improve our acquaintance with some of the more



STRANGERS IN PARLIAMENT: THE BALLOT BOWL.



THE UNLUCKY ONES.

notable types of Honourable Gentlemen composing the
present Commons House of Parliament.



IN THE STRANGERS' GALLERY : TRIAL OF ENDURANCE.

II.

ERUDITE MEMBERS.

AMONGST the faces and voices which arrest our attention, while the long string of questions that are every evening put to the occupants of the Treasury benches are being snappishly answered or skilfully fenced with, are the face and voice of Mr. Forceit, a professor who has talked himself into a place on the benches in question, and who represents culture pushed to the point which makes a man doubt whether



QUESTION TIME.



OCCUPANTS OF THE TREASURY BENCH.

his own identity can be proved. Mr. Forceit comes from Cambridge, and presides over a department of some importance. The possession of office has always a remarkable effect upon the holder, and this is strikingly apparent in the case of Forceit. Between the autocrat of St. Martin's-le-Grand and the former member for Hindostan there is just the difference that must exist between a man who deems it prudent to say but half what he thinks, lest his utterances should rise in judgment against him on some future day of glory, and the man who, having nothing to fear in the way of responsibility, allows all that passes through his mind to escape.

Forceit being unable to see through his blue spectacles the wry grimaces his listeners were making, had the habit of plodding tenaciously on, in that aggressive tone he was remarkable for, through his interminable speeches, often mistaking for acquiescence or confuted bewilderment a silence which, may be, was only vouchsafed as a token of sympathy for his visual infirmity. Since his appointment to the post which ambitious Johnny Banners was fain to content himself with before him, Forceit has certainly shown extraordinary capacity for work, and has proved himself an able administrator. Spite of the charms of office, there is little doubt, though, that he clings in secret to his old loves. He is at heart a disestablisher, a disendower of churches and corporations, a friend of non-religious education, an enemy of the clergy, and a scoffer at all



dogma except Mr. Darwin's. If he were a Frenchman he would be a professed atheist; as it is, he only

bridles his tongue with reluctance, and a deep secret contempt for those who still cling to faiths which he, in his superior wisdom, well knows to be only exploded superstitions. The ideal of Forceit would be a State with neither priests, soldiers nor lords, but professors everywhere. And certainly the able way in which he manages his own department is some excuse for this belief of his.

Another Erudite Member on whom office has exercised a soothing influence, though by no means to the same extent, is Spoutney, a breezy man of culture, who early constituted himself an instructor of the House, characterising its members in general as so many nobodies.

Being a trifle less learned, clever and pervious to snubs than Forceit, he has made himself about as popular as the hedgehog when he got into the hole where the toads were. One needs to see to realize the beautiful expression of belief in self which lights up Spoutney's features as he rises, convinced that he alone rightly comprehends the scope of the measure under discussion. No matter what may be the subject of debate, he knows more about it than anybody else. Has not he written furlongs of articles in the leading journals, and is he not a man of universal attainments, and a perky, fluent and shrewd fellow to boot ?

As a well-bred person tumbling into a crowded room and stamping on people's toes to make way for

himself, so was Spoutney on his progress to fame and office. He went in for being an *esprit fort*, guided by reason's pure light; and the tone of his speeches was as of a prophet hallooing to a number of fellow creatures in a fog. The Tory squires and brewers, who sit in rows five deep, yawned unpolitely at Spoutney, and viewed him with an abhorrence one would be sorry to share; but the icily pedantic Spoutney was somehow as much disliked on his own side of the House, where he created confusion by jibbing at the guidance of party "whips" and leaders. Guidance forsooth! why Spoutney was naturally persuaded that there were no such guides as himself, and he claimed to give advice in high quarters as to every bit of legislation that was introduced.

Not content with making all this noise inside the House, he used to cultivate the gifts which heaven has showered on him, by never being quiet outside of it. He wrote long letters to the newspapers, lifted up his euphonious voice at public meetings, opened Mechanics' Institutes, and made the souls of the mechanics soft and sad by lecturing them on thrift, beer, popular cookery, and the methods of sewing on shirt buttons. As Spoutney aspires to govern the State some day, his former assertion of œcumenical knowledge had perhaps no other object than to prove his fitness for no matter what post might be first offered him. All this seeming erudition was most likely the result of *pro-facto* cramming out of books of reference, the contents

of which had been distilled for him by some hard-working and frugally-fed private secretary. Primed with frothy science as with new wine, it was Spoutney's habit to go down to the House, uncork himself like a bottle, and let everything run out of him so completely, that if you questioned him a week afterwards on the topic about which he seemed so knowing, he rewarded you with a blank stare, and strode off, shrugging his shoulders.

Since Spoutney has been gratified with the sweets of office he has carried his cavalier manner to excess. On one occasion he almost dumbfounded the House by declining to receive a deputation, as he had been urged to do by an honourable member, on the broad ground that he objected to deputations altogether. There was a positive yell at this cool, complacent statement, for every member knows that the taking up of deputations is one of the duties most rigorously exacted by constituents, and the great Mr. Paradyse had to come forward in person to allay the storm thus roused by his rash and inexperienced subordinate. For all this, Spoutney has a large head encumbered with a lumber of permanent knowledge, as much as would stock a *bric-à-brac* shop, and he likes to exhibit these wares in private circles as in public, agitating the minds of his kinsfolk and acquaintances, causing all the children he knows to look affrighted at the sight of him. The man who enjoys a friendly evening cigar with Spoutney has his sleep disturbed by a night-mare.

Not all Erudite M.P.s are bores, however, for in Sir Vernon Larker we have a type of the scholarly politician, as dogmatic as Forceit, and as restless, possibly, as Spoutney, but amusing nevertheless ; while in Sir John Bank-Holiday, the archæologist and financier, we may salute an M.P. whose attachment to all that is worth keeping in the past does not hinder him from making very smart suggestions for present progress. Sir John Bank-Holiday is both too rich and studious to care for place, and thinks more of the public good than of his own advancement. He has the rarely sought merit of preferring practical to sensational legislation ; he has protested against "brilliant" budgets by which the system of taxation is periodically unsettled for party purposes ; he originated an act for giving bank clerks a breath of fresh air four times a year ; he tried to set up a legislative protection for crumbling monuments which Vandals deface, and he would have been pleased to get us the privilege of crossing our bank-notes like cheques.

It is not contended that all Sir John's proposals would be good to adopt, there are times when he seems to be preaching a little too much *pro domo sua*, that is for his bank, and those of his city friends ; but it is safe to say, that if there were a score of other members animated by his quiet public-spiritedness, the scope of legislation would be much changed for the better. Sir John is nothing if not rational. His really deep science, the standing he enjoys among

savants (he knows all about Troy and the dodo, as well as his favourite industrial community of ants), the opportunities he has so largely used of conversing with foreigners who have ruled continental roasts, all



make him an authority who is ever sure to catch the Speaker's eye and the ear of the House, whilst his personal amiability and modesty prevent him from giving to his interesting speeches the style of lectures.

He is an example to Spoutney and the others, whose combined wits, though doubtless great, might be found

to weigh against his in the proportion of a shrivelled kernel to a golden nugget ; and any man of letters is bound to speak well of him, for he shows that the true philosopher is not a pedant, and the keen reformer not necessarily a ranter. Many Radical members would do well to ponder these things, and bear in mind that Sir John Bank-Holiday has done more for the people than they ever did or will do. To begin with, he often puts his hand into his pocket and draws it out anything but empty ; whilst other self-styled philanthropists only dig their hands into their trousers by way of striking a graceful attitude in debate ; at other times they have a care to keep their pockets buttoned, like their prototype who addressed the "needy knife-grinder."

We have mentioned Sir Vernon Larker as being scholarly, and at the same time amusing. Amusing he most certainly is, and a pretty gentleman too—vain without needless offensiveness, and egotistical without that grasping greed which overshoots its mark. Society first spoiled him by too much praise, and then damped him for taking that praise *trop au sérieux*. There was a time when Sir Vernon was talked of in clubs at the hour of curaçoa as a possible party-leader ; it was said that he was fit to lead the Liberals if he tried, then that he could lead the Conservatives if he pleased : even his admirers spoke of him as a brilliant *condottiere*, who had only to make

his choice between two parties anxious to array themselves under his orders. Sir Vernon must have enjoyed nights of sweet sleep while these things were being said of him ; but, it so happens that they were things untrue, and alas, when the good knight looked round to see where were the soldiers who wanted to be led by him, he could discover only an army of shadows.

Sir Vernon is at once too conscientious and too talkative to play any but second parts ; in other words, being a Conservative in feeling he scrupled to avow himself one, lest he should seem to have become a renegade from interested motives : whilst, on the other hand, he cannot restrain his tongue from telling his own party in how many points he differs from them. Sir Vernon's speeches are like clever dulcet *solis* on a flute which please refined connoisseurs, such as yourself, discriminating reader ; but the blast of a trumpet is required to rouse the masses, and the knight is no performer on this brazen instrument, save when he blows off a pleasant flourish now and then in his own praise.

Of such scholarly, judicious, mellifluous reasoners as Sir Vernon good judges can however be made, as English judges go, and our ornate knight ought to have ended his career as a Chief Justice—winning renown for subtleties bordering on paradox, and for long-winded summings-up, rich *olla podridas* of all things historical, scientific, and social, eminently

calculated to inflate the minds of a jury without instructing them overmuch. The prisoners too might have relied upon being more impressively sentenced by him than by any judge since the days of Minos.



WALKING OVER TO THE HOUSE FROM THE HOME OFFICE.

Instead of this he figures as Home Secretary, and enjoys the reputation of being the most epigrammatic holder of that post known to the present generation.

Towering above the ministerial benches if not like Agamemnon, at any rate like some bulky, firm-standing Ajax, he is as eager as ever was one of these old Greek heroes for the fray. Only, as like most epigrammatists, he would prefer sacrificing a friend to missing a point, his blows sometimes work havoc in his own ranks. During the recess he is apt to relieve his feelings in more epigrams addressed to puzzled bucolics of the shires.



III.

CROTCHETTY MEMBERS.

FROM the Speaker's Gallery let us descend for a moment into the tea-room and watch a batch of one-ideaed members priming constituents with muffins and being stuffed by them in return with notions for some of those private bills which are introduced periodically, only to be blown away—worse luck—amid gusts of groans or laughter. Prominent amongst the crotchetty crew is a lean, unimpassioned, goat-faced gentleman of the quaker persuasion bent upon redressing the wrongs of women. Friend Jacob—who has grown up like a thin reed under the shade of his oak-like brother, Free Trade Friend John—looks not unlike a spinster himself and would scarcely be selected as a representative champion by the blooming masses of womanhood. In all probability one of the first results of the introduction of female suffrage would be the ousting of him from his seat in favour of some broad-chested, well-whiskered fellow who knows his way better to fair hearts than Friend Jacob does

consequently the labours of the latter are thoroughly disinterested.



FRIEND JACOB AND FRIEND JOHN.

One can never listen to Friend Jacob without feeling that he has certainly not been coached about feminine grievances by pretty girls or buxom matrons. He asserts woman's weakness with an assurance which they themselves would hardly endorse ; he talks of their stifled aspirations, as if the whole petticoated sex had been sighing since creation for the right

of voting, nor does it ever seem to occur to his luminous mind that if this were truly so, men would long ago have been forced, for the sake of domestic quiet, to concede the coveted suffrage.

Friend Jacob has other crotchets besides the Rights of Women ; indeed there is not a sentimental question floating through the air but he catches hold of it and makes it his own much as a sly schoolboy does a butterfly. He wants us neither to hang our murderers nor flog our garroters, nor molest the Russian as he strides towards our Indian frontier ; he wants us to consign the care of our Empire to Providence, to do away with the Established Church which shocks Dissenters, and with the House of Lords which offends the egalitarian susceptibilities of Radicals. For a similar reason he objects to adulteration laws which are hurtful to the feelings of the pious and well-conducted mercantile classes.

Friend Jacob's meagre lips dribble a kind of rhetoric, which is like tepid water sweetened. His philanthropy is so gushing that it bubbles away over facts like a torrent over rocks, and hides them from his view so that he never scruples to demand, as possibilities, things which it is unhappily in the power of no statesman or party to ensure him. Perhaps Friend Jacob is not altogether exempt from the sin of vanity, and delights to win applause by promising his supporters all that his fertile imagination can suggest as worth having. By these means he betters himself at the

expense of steadier folk who timidly promise no more than twice or thrice as much as they are ever likely to be able to grant. Friend Jacob has made himself as good a berth inside philanthropy as the rat did inside the cheese, and won't come out of it for it affords him a living, and a good living too.

Jacob has a bosom friend for crotchet-mongering in the person of honest Peter Snip who, albeit, not a quaker, argues as quakers do, and has moreover taken up a special line of his own in carping at the cost of maintaining the Royal Family. Let a grant be requested in favour of a youthful prince or princess about to be settled in life, and honest Peter comes forward with a protest, not a loud protest, mind you, but an unctuous, semi-deprecatory reminder that it is unkind to pour so much gold into the silken laps of princesses, when there are so many good working men pining away for want of a crust.

Honest Peter's constituents read the reports of his speeches, but they cannot hear the tone of them ; so that when he shows himself in their midst they hail him with acclamation like a hero who has been shaking a proletarian fist in the face of tyranny. Peter is quite long-headed enough to appreciate the benefits of thus playing the Gracchus and when far away from the Speaker's solemn eye, and the impatient turmoil of a loyal House, he will hold forth in a mighty bombastic fashion about the frippery of thrones and courts,

the extravagance of princes' stables, and of princesses' under linen. He would betake himself to the copper in his scullery, and hide there for a week if his seditious language was taken in earnest, and the police were sent after him.



A mild contemner of authority, Peter pokes his fun at princes with a blessed sense of living in a country where he has no reprisals to fear; and while condoling with his listeners on being poor, down-trodden slaves, he proves continually, by the disaffected style of his

remarks, how much solid freedom he and they really enjoy all round. Honest Peter is a milk-and-water revolutionist, whose purpose it serves to appeal to the dormant elements of disloyalty that pervade dense populations; but what an evil day it would be for him if his down-trodden friends ever pushed his theories to their logical conclusions by taking up arms! One can fancy good Peter's face if some rabble deputation forced a sword into his hands and summoned him to lead them against a brigade of guards. The circumstance that one of his most cherished crotchets—the abolition of flogging in the army—had at length become law, would not avail him much, and his discomfort would certainly be increased by the recollection of the animosity he has aroused in the military breast by his support of the “shrieking sisterhood,” in their onslaughts upon certain government regulations in garrison towns.

Amongst the objects of Snip's special detestation are the “great unpaid” and the game laws, and Peter's tender soul is deeply grieved by the fact that garroters are still subject to the punishment of the lash. Another source of lament with him is that payment of Members of Parliament by their constituencies seems to be put off to the Greek Kalends.

The “Shaker's Friend,” and “Red Charley,” the once Republican baronet, are twin crotchet-mongers, whose dominant ideas have become greatly subdued

since the pair successfully worked their way into office. They have this much in common: both are patricians, well-off, well-read, well-mannered, and both affect to take a genuine interest in the revolutionary tag-rag and bobtail. The first-named amiable crotchet-monger, who, it will be remembered, housed a sect of dancing maniacs on his estate, is fond of extending the hand of fellowship to all foreign refugees who have fled from their own countries to avoid being either hung or shot. The second used to dissert in print respecting the desirability of paying off the Royal Family with a good round sum and sending it about its business.

It would not be fair to question the perfect sincerity of these two aristocrats, who, like Seneca, might both write the praises of poverty on a golden table; yet it did look a little queer to see the Shaker's Friend contest a county seat on Republican principles, relying all the while on the Tory influence of his brother, an earl. This big brother, who was then a Cabinet Minister, has been of incalculable use to the Shaker's Friend in enabling him to dispose in a cheap and expeditious manner of importunate plebeian allies by affording them facilities for emigration. The instant the Shaker's Friend descried in a plebeian admirer—refugee or what not—a quiet tendency to drain his purse, he hinted at the beauties of Australia or South Africa, nor did he hesitate, when it lay in his power, to obtain some small government

office in those pleasant regions for an applicant who could not be got rid of in any other way.

It was Red Charley's practice to make refugees comfortable in England through the medium of charitable committees, who provided them with situations



without regard to their fitness for them, but only with regard to the badness of their antecedents. The worse a refugee's character so much the greater was his claim to protection in Red Charley's eyes. Numbers of those delightful fellows of the Commune who

murdered, burned, plundered, and then ran away, secured an excellent new start in life through Red Charley's recommendations of them. Indeed, so successful did they prove, that he has never found it necessary to give one of his interesting *protégés* a berth in his own household—which has no doubt been a source of deep regret to him.

Though Red Charley once terribly startled Royalty, and more especially Royalty's satellites and parasites, by advocating the formation of a Republic, he has considerably toned down, like many another patriot, since he has come to feed out of the Government manger. He has written some solid books, travelled over a large extent of territory, and achieved a fair amount of independent legislative work, prominent among which is the extension of the hours of polling for the benefit of the working classes. He is believed to be haunted by a deep unshakeable conviction that, as he speaks French fluently, and has a winter residence on the shores of the Mediterranean, he is peculiarly fitted for the post of Foreign Secretary. As an understrapper he has succeeded in irritating questioners belonging to all parties in the House, while exciting their admiration at his readiness in the arts of evasion.

It was the fashion to credit Charley and his younger brother with almost every journalistic venture of democratic tendency that saw the light in Fleet Street, although they occupied but subordinate rank

among the newspaper proprietors in the House. There is Mr. John Falter, for instance, who owns the *Thunderer*, and Mr. Samuel Mawworm, principal proprietor of the *Daily Snooze*, his co-partners in that neatly-trimmed organ of Liberal opinion being Mr. Bradawl's freethinking colleague, whose strong individuality of character is intensified by the light of *Truth*, and Mr. Hoppinghigh, Israelite and banker. There is also Mr. Batavius Rope of the *Saturnine Review*, and Jo of Newcastle, owner of the most important local organ north of the Humber. It is the feeble stay afforded by the halfpenny *Squeaker* that preserves the weak-kneed Pharasaism of Mr. Assmore Bedwards from collapse and extinction. As the elect of Sally's-bury cannot get the ear of the House, he vents his opinions in the columns of his journal to the manifest advantage of his colleagues, who thereby escape his wordy disquisitions on the immorality of the opium traffic and the iniquity of compulsory vaccination.

But the most curious of the men who combine politics and newsmongering at St. Stephen's is the elder of the notable pair of Americo-Englishmen, Chickweed Partlett. Partlett has some strong crotchets in his head which he cannot get the House to listen to, and therefore runs a paper for the satisfactory exposition of his views. Mere news being a matter of secondary importance in Partlett's eyes, he



was apt to delay the publication of his paper from twelve to thirty-six hours every week in order that he might finish some trenchant leader on one of his favourite topics, until at length exasperated news-vendors declined any further dealings with him or his organ.

In the House Partlett's greatest exploit was coming down one afternoon crammed to the muzzle with despatches and statistics, with the firm and avowed intention of "chawing up" Mr. Paradyse on that little matter of the Eastern Question. A corps of stenographers, specially retained, sat in readiness to take down his utterances in full, for the benefit not only of his London paper, but of the local rag published in the one-horse borough that returned him to Parliament. Partlett uncorked himself and spouted vigorously and venomously for a couple of hours. Then Mr. Paradyse arose in his wrath and sat to work to demolish the whole of Partlett's statements *seriatim*, proving that his depatches were garbled and his statistics erroneous. When this castigation was completed Partlett slunk out of the House like a dog with its caudal appendage ignominiously stowed away, and sent word to the gallery that the notes of his speech need not be written out for publication. Partlett's younger brother shines with a reflected light in Society as the husband of the wealthy Baroness Toots.

A man may serve the people in many ways, and it is surely a good way to tell them that they shall not drink. This addition of an eleventh commandment to the Decalogue is one which an excellent gentleman, known as "Temperance Willie," has been attempting hitherto with more energy than success. He is not a Brother Ebenezer, though his health is enthusiastically



drunk in toast and water at the meetings of every Ebenezer lodge in the kingdom. He is rather of jolly

mood, and endeavours to prove that it is not so much iniquitous, as absurd, to let the people drink according to their thirst. He is for empowering a majority of the rate-payers in a parish, to close public houses altogether, but obviously this would be only a first step, for, with the example of the Maine Liquor Law before him, Temperance Willie cannot think that drunkenness would die out because persons were compelled to fuddle themselves at home instead of in public. Therefore, the second step would be to allow a majority of residents in Pall Mall to shut up the clubs, a majority of the passengers on board a ship to prohibit the steward's criminal liquor traffic, finally, a majority in a man's family to vote that he should drink nothing stronger at table than lemonade. Let us hope the day will come when these measures shall be enacted for the common good; meanwhile, one must respectfully call attention to what seems to be a slight flaw in Temperance Willie's arguments on the demoralizing tendencies of the bottle.

Like most other tee-totallers, T. W. is a Radical, and as such, spoke loudly in favour of the Russian in his campaign against Turkish misrule. Now, the Turk never drinks at all, whereas the liquor tipped by Russians yields the excise thirty-four millions sterling a year, that is, a sum equal to about half the Russian revenue! Let us consider how Temperance Willie would like to see such a state of things implanted in England—he who already declares us unfit to govern

India so long as we wallow in our national sin of inebriety! O politics! how much more potent than spirituous and malt liquors in confusing a good man's intellect in that ambition to keep one's seat as an M. P. Temperance Willie should try a total abstinence from the ambition aforesaid, and when he dares to be a little more consistent, he will perhaps gather moral courage enough to become a trifle more reserved in his humorous sallies against those who grieve at drunkenness as much as he does without seeing their way to stop it by the heroic methods of compulsion which he preaches.

An English Radical must serve many masters, for, if he would please methodist friends who would derive legislation from the Bible, how shall he satisfy the Republicans who will hear of no Bible at all? How shall he keep his balance on the Sunday question, anent which the working classes demand open museums, and music in the parks, while the whole tribe of petty shopkeepers ban the least tooting of a horn on the Lord's day as a profanation? How shall he demand an extension of the suffrage when his whole experience as a philosopher warns him that the tendency of all democracies is reactionary and despotic, or the separation of Church and State, when he knows full well that the most priest-ridden communities are those where the clergy is unchecked by state control?

If the chief aim of Radicalism is merely to destroy all that exists, then one might understand how an inveterate enemy of the human species should incline to that faith ; but if in Radicalism there be the higher motive of making men as free and happy as they can be in this world of rains, rheumatisms, colorado beetles and imperfect sewage deoderization, why then one marvels that such a thoughtful individual as Mr.



Jo Caucusline of Birmingham for instance, should not foreswear the worship of mob fetishes and turn to other gods.

Jo of Birmingham is an avowed Republican ; and yet no ; he was so once, but now he is President of the Board of Trade, and aspires to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, so that of late he has been cautiously tuning himself up to a loyal pitch. When first he advocated his Republican faith in a series of magazine articles, Jo made no small stir in Birmingham, whose mayor he was ; but the Royal Family had their eyes on him, and lost no time in delegating the Heir-Apparent and his lovable Princess to pay a state visit to the emporium of sham jewelry and fire-arms, thereby compelling intractable Jo to do them the honours. During three mortal days poor Jo had to parade in a costume odious to every true Republican—to wit, kersemere breeches, ruffles, a furred gown and a gold chain. He had to walk smirking in this toggerly with the Princess on his arm, while Mrs. Jo hung on that of the Prince, to the amusement of a mixture of aldermen and equerries smiling demurely behind. But what was worse, Brummagen Jo had to propose the Queen's health at a public banquet, and receive the Heir-Apparent's thanks for the courteous manner in which he acquitted himself of this trying duty.

From this date a marked change was observable for a time in Jo's sentiments, and if rumour speaks truly Mrs. Jo had not a little to do with it. A demagogue is not without honour, save in his own household under the eyes of the wife of his bosom ; and Mrs. Jo, having enjoyed a three days' view of Royalty, will not

hear of the egalitarian doctrine that princes are of no more account than other men. Moreover, Brummagen Jo has five hungry brothers, who, regarding him as providentially sent to establish the fortunes of the family, exhorted him in private not to make an owl of himself by sacrificing his prospects and theirs to a beggarly question of principle. If Jo had continued



openly to set his face against kings, how could he ever have hoped to become, as he now is, a Cabinet Minister.

It has been the constant policy of British Sovereigns

during the present century never to close the door of political repentance unto a man of talent; so Jo, who has talent enough and to spare, will probably live to become one of the bulwarks of the throne which he erst set at nought. Nay, faithful to his egalitarian convictions (somewhat modified to suit his altered station), he will in all likelihood consent to be created a peer, if only to prove that a Republican has as much right to sit in the Upper House as any other man. Meanwhile, he has tried his hand as an originator of legislation by introducing into this country the American "caucus," and by proposing to vest the liquor traffic in the hands of town-councils—pursuant to a system in vogue at Gothenburg, where town-councillors are more drunken than elsewhere, if we may believe common report.

Crotchet-mongers are both many and diverse in the House, insomuch that several Honourable Gentlemen who would repudiate the term as applicable to themselves, are deserving of it simply because they pursue a laudable object with the sort of resolution one admires in a sportsman, chasing but one hare at a time. The crotchet-monger is almost invariably a borough member, who could not retain his seat unless he showed his constituents that he was working after something. He dare not indulge in the dignified ease of his county colleagues, however much he may sigh for it; if he sit for a small borough, he is frequently afraid to

profess that broad and sweeping radicalism which is expected of those who represent large cities ; and in fact he is compelled to strive after originality by shooting ahead of his party in the demand for something small which he is not likely immediately to get.

Sometimes, after years of speech-making, the crotch-



monger is so lucky that the Government adopts his "happy thought," appoints him to a minor cabinet office, dubs him baronet or baron, and allows him to claim his share of merit for having placed an useful measure on the statute book. This is the apotheosis of the crotch-monger. If his name be Jones, he has

the gratification of hearing his bill made memorable for ever as "Jones's Act;" and not unfrequently the erection of a bronze statue in the market place of the town which sent him to Parliament lends a posthumous consecration to his labours.

More often, however, the crotchet-monger does not live to garner in the harvest he has sown, or else he lives to see it garnered by others, which is much worse. Pitiable, indeed, is the case of the politician, who, having failed to secure his re-election to Parliament, sees, during his exclusion, his long-cherished measure adopted and triumphantly passed by some new interloper, who gets all the credit. This is surely enough to make a man's hair fall off in bunches. Let us hope, however, that there is no truth in the wide-spread belief that there are some reformers who would rather never see their bills carried at all, than carried by others than themselves.

Sometimes a member who has no personal bent towards crotchet-mongering is commanded to take up a crotchet, by the party-whip, acting in that member's own interest, or in that of the party itself. This may happen when the party-leaders want to get a measure on the *tapis* without yet pledging themselves to it. In this case the member chosen to try the wind is always a grave and weighty person, whose utterances command respect. The party-leaders compliment him on his public spiritedness in having brought forward the measure in question; but they affect to criticise it,

and while rendering justice to every separate clause, reject the whole for the reason that the country is not yet ripe for it.

Then follows a little farce often played with commendable solemnity. The honourable member objects to his bill being shelved, and talks of dividing the House on it; he makes an appeal to the feelings of Honourable Gentlemen opposite; if there be responsive calls, then some member of the Government rises to deprecate hasty action, promising, however, that the measure shall have the careful consideration of the Cabinet during the recess. Hereupon, at a wink from the "whip," the member consents to withdraw it, not without expressing his profound distrust of ministerial promises, if he be on the opposition side, and his unlimited confidence in them, if it be his own party that occupies the Treasury Bench.

Akin in some respects to Jo of Birmingham, but in reality forged of tougher metal, is Jo of Newcastle, distinguished by his intense hatred of pot hats and the Russian government. In his youth the northern Jo sat at the feet of Mazzini, and imbibed theoretical Republicanism of the wildest character from the lips of that arch-conspirator. Older grown he became the banker of half the Revolutionary committees on the Continent, and the providence of countless starving refugees. So far as monetary aid is concerned he has never hesitated to do his best towards the overthrowing

of monarchy in every country in Europe, save his own. The Poles received his especial sympathies, and the bulk of his loose cash, and he even went to the extent of equipping a privateer steamer for them, which might have rivalled the *Alabama*, if the indiscretion of the scratch crew sent out in her had not revealed her ultimate destination, and led to her seizure by the authorities in a Spanish port. The Russophobia with which he was thus early inoculated has never ceased to leaven the current of his existence, and to the amazement of many sympathizing Radicals, the Russo-Turkish war saw him come prominently to the front as the hottest of red-hot jingoes, instead of as the champion of oppressed Bulgaria.

In outward appearance a rough Tynesider, and speaking with the strongest Northumbrian burr, Jo of Newcastle is nevertheless exceedingly well read, and is capable of real orations in which sound common sense and vivid imagination are blended together in a manner that enforces attention on all his hearers, however opposed their views may be to his. This sound common sense has earned him the respect, not only of his political allies, but of every member of the House who can appreciate a well-meaning man with the courage of his own opinions. His few detractors, however, will insist that the best proof he gives of his common sense is, that whilst advocating the wildest Republicanism in theory, and urging its practical exemplification on the Continent, he at the same time

roundly asserts his unshaken adherence to the British monarchy, and lives up to this doctrine. His opinion



A ROUGH TYNE-SIDER.

is, that the British gander and the Continental goose require different sauces.

One of the more notable members elected to the present Parliament, and known to all as the "Sailor's Friend," surrendered his seat in a philanthropic mood to an ousted member of the Government, but failed in securing re-election, although this was thought to be certain, at the hands of some sympathizing constituency. When in the House he deserved better treatment from his colleagues than to be groaned at and derided by them, for his little *idée fixe* simply consists in preventing seamen from being sent out to be drowned by honest shipowners, who have insured their vessels for five or six times their value. This grey-headed, spectacled gentleman once pathetically exclaimed that he wished Dickens were still alive to write a novel on his behalf—a confession that implied a mournful sense of his own unfitness to agitate against a monstrous grievance in such a way as to secure redress.

It is, in truth, not enough to be earnest in a cause; a man must have craft, and a two-edged tongue which he can flourish like a sword and dash into all the weak parts of his opponents' armour. The Sailor's Friend is no orator. He stammers and mouths, he reads long extracts from reports and blue books, he makes excruciating appeals to the sentiments of his hearers, he has even been known to weep and stamp on the floor of the House with distraught gestures; and all the time his antagonists are watching—aye, watching him, with hawk-like glances, waiting for any slip he

may make, and ready to take advantage of it to thwart him and turn him into contumely. There is no man who ought to have received more support from the eloquent than the sailor's unrhetical friend, and none who has received less ; the fact being that there are some mighty rich men engaged in the coffin-ship business, and that their influence is of more use to either party than that of the uninteresting folks whom they are the means of sending under water. At least, such is the satisfactory explanation generally given of the matter.



A LATE DEBATE : IN THE LADIES' GALLERY, WAITING FOR PAPA.

IV.

FREE-LANCES.

THE tedium of parliamentary debates is occasionally enlivened by the sallies of members who dare to speak unconventionally. The only pity is that there should be so few of these ; but hum-drumness having extended to the press, lively members have to put up with a good deal of preaching. The favourite method is to accuse them of bad taste ; as if good taste consisted in speaking on all occasions in perfect tune with the party-leaders.

Conservatives make better Free-Lances than Liberals, for they have more shams to tilt against. There is scarcely a progressive "fad " against which a Liberal dare honestly exercise his wit ; and, though to be sure, a facetious Radical might get plenty of fun out of some mouldy institutions which we persist in holding sacred, yet it somehow happens that reforming tendencies are apt to make a man weighty and morose. Besides, every M.P. who attacks an institution evokes a chorus of howls, whereas he who stands up for it and pluckily impugns the motives of the

assailant with chaff and satire draws the laughter which encourages humour.

Let it be added here that, in judging the performances of parliamentary wags, newspapers are always uncandid, and often vulgarly insolent. To quote a scrap of a member's speech—omitting the context and taking no account of the tone in which the words were uttered—and then to marvel that the House should have found anything to laugh about, is wilfully to ignore the fact that mirth needs no transcendent wit to move it. It would be a dull thing for mankind were it otherwise.

Mr. Pickle, descendant of the famous Peregrine Pickle, Esq., was wont to be a great mover of harmless mirth in the House when, in the racy language of a hundred years ago, he used to flail at the Liberal leaders. When he touched up the great Mr. Paradyse (Premier and whilom post-card writer), the sanctimonious features of that statesman became puckered up into a look of pious horror and agony, as if somebody were taking the liberty of switching his calves. Mr. Pickle has no more respect for him than a boy for a beadle. He said just the things Mr. Paradyse would rather not hear said ; he punished him on tender places ; he brought him up to his legs stuttering and trembling with rage. There are moments when Mr. Paradyse actually gasps for invectives wherewith to silence his tormentor. On the

morning after such exhibitions the newspapers all teem with the usual commonplaces about the bad taste of so badgering the righteous politician; but, meanwhile, the House has enjoyed a good laugh, and

there is scarcely a member on either side of the chair but who privately wishes more strength to Mr. Pickle's elbow.



Mr. Sapling, a good-looking, blithe-tempered sportsman, is another Free-Lance of the Pickle sort, but there is more demureness in his irony. Where Pickle slashes Sapling fillips. One might fancy he was using one of his trusty hunting whips with a fine silk lash, a grievous implement for sensitive skins. Sometimes he gives a loud crack, but more often he inflicts

deft weals, which make the above-mentioned Paradyse (his favourite victim) writhe and howl. Mr. Sapling

being monstrously rich, the friend of a Crown-Prince, and the connection by marriage of one of the most powerful of ducal houses, might, if he pleased, sit still in his place and secure re-elections to his life's end ; but he is too good a sportsman not to hate humbug. The outpourings of Mr. Paradyse about odious Turks and seraphic Russians filled him with a British contempt which must find its vent ; and luckily, he, like Pickle, cares little for the lessons in good taste proffered him by newspaper scribes. He should crack his whip more often than he does however. The sort of powder-puff warfare carried on between the two front benches breaks no skins and serves no purpose but to raise a cloud of dust, in which all things become obscured. Amid such *débonnaire* strife the vigorous plying of a lash, wielded by a robust arm, makes Right Honourable Gentlemen skip in disgust and bestir themselves.

The most famous of Free-Lances in our time, Mr. Oldbuck of Sheffield, known as Tear'em in his younger days, passed away a few years since. He was a radical, but the good grit in him would not suffer him to be a party puppet. The Sheffield working men were favoured with a piece of his mind on one or two occasions, and liked it so little, that they once threw him out of Parliament, but after five years it seems to have occurred to them that a man who would not stoop to flatter, might possibly be a better friend than

one whose lips distilled constant treacle, and so, to their credit, they restored him to his old place.

Mr. Oldbuck was so far advanced in life that he could speak with the authoritativeness for which Nestor, King of the Pyleans, was remarkable, but he differed from this wise, though long-winded potentate in seldom making his speeches long enough. King Nestor used to commence an oration at sunrise, and when sunset came he had not yet concluded his remarks. Mr. Oldbuck took his hearers by surprise in that he finished his say, just as they were beginning to wish that he would go on to any length. He had the face of honesty, and his words rang above the platitudes of official debatings with the clear sound of silver-trumpet truth. When we read of old-time monarchs gathering into their counsels the elders of the people, men of prudence and good repute, we somehow take Mr. Oldbuck for an ideal type of these elders, a man whose advice a ruler would be the better for following and the worse for not attending to.

Latterly a strange phenomenon has been witnessed amongst a certain set of Free-Lances. They actually set up a party of their own. It was intended to be a bright and shining little constellation, but it rather resembled a fortuitous concourse of comets, its members being most erratic in their orbits, terribly nebulous at times, and entirely lacking in what a Frenchman calls solidarity. The avowed aim of the party was to carry

on a privateer warfare against Liberalism in general, and Mr. Paradyse in particular. Hence Lord Randal Woodstock, of whom more anon, was naturally one of its members, for leaders it had none. The party indeed offered one of the most striking examples of liberty and equality, it is hardly safe to add fraternity, ever seen out of a history of the French Revolution.

With Lord Randal was associated Mr. Ghost, a gaunt and garrulous Tory lawyer, who used formerly to "nobble" the press in the interest of the Carlton Club, but who got disgusted with a post in which he only reaped dissatisfaction from his employers, and



barely veiled contempt from those whom he sought to influence, instead of, as he had fondly dreamed, unlimited sway on both sides. His worst enemy could not deny him the merits of toughness of hide and tenacity of purpose, combined with a copious flow of argumentativeness of a most irritating character. To them as a third came Mr. Alfred Vapour, a very ordinary Conservative, suddenly smitten with a mad disgust of the things that were, and a wild idea of regenerating them, he hardly knew how. These three

were joined by Sir Humdrum Lambe, mild in aspect and manners, though very decided in his views, which he enunciates in laboured style, as to the proper way in which a "spirited foreign policy" should be worked for the benefit of the chosen people.



At one time there hovered on the outskirts of this party, seemingly hesitating whether to join it, the Anglo-German Baron de Squirms, who cannot, in his own mind separate diplomacy from the Stock Exchange, and regards

it as the first duty of a Foreign Minister to rig the market for the benefit of the favoured few (by preference of the "chosen race"), permitted to "stand in" with him. In person and manner, the Baron is the embodiment of the "sounding brass" immortalized in the literature of his ancestry. Some spiteful colleague is credited with having made him the subject of a cruel parody of Byron's best known Hebrew melody. For the benefit of the Baron's admirers we quote the concluding stanzas of this uncomplimentary production—

* * * *

"Mouthing, ill-mannered, he is quite
Houndsditch in Pimlico disguise.

“One ray the more, one bray the less,
Had given him something of the grace
That helped another Jew to bless
Cold Christians in ‘another place’;
Had led him to at least express
Some of the smartness of his race.

“But oh, that cheek, that brazen brow,
So cool, so straight, yet eloquent,
The nasal din, all, all but show
His Greenwich money was well spent;
A mind that holds no ‘pieces’ low,
And all that get them innocent.”

The O’Horroo of the Glens is another Free-Lance whose independence is all the more noteworthy as he is an Irishman and a Catholic. Independence, dignity, a gentlemanlike uprightness, and a nationally British spirit—at once loyal to the Empire as a whole, and fondly attached to the Irish part of it—these are not the usual characteristics of Ireland’s representatives. The O’Horroo has never pandered to mob nonsense, priests’ intrigues, Home Rule, Fenianism, or other forms of overt or latent rebellion; and yet he loves Ireland as tenderly as Tom Moore and as wisely as Grattan. He is one of the few private members who are truly eloquent. He speaks without stuttering and without brogue, in clean, well clipped sentences, polished with genuine Irish humour. Of handsome presence, he stands up with a twinkle in his eye, and when he speaks there are none who can gainsay his shrewdness or his honesty. He is a chivalrous orator, with something of a soldierly dash in his senti-

ments ; and the only wonder is that, being so perfect a patriot and gentleman, he should not long ago have been ousted from his seat by one of the rowdy representative Irishmen, whose names follow.



IN THE LOBBY : FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

V.

THE IRISH CONTINGENT.

WHAT a nice gang of wild boys Barnwell, Pigger, O'Funnel, Drillem, Mealy, O'Mulligan, Finikin, McCartaway, O'Killaree and their fellows form, and how proud of them their country must be! They are all for Home Rule, which with the majority means separation from England, and several among them have even been martyrs in the cause of Fenianism. They are the elect of priests, Land Leaguers, Ribbonmen, Fenians and Moonlighters, and their general mission in Parliament is to obstruct all business and spit at the Union Jack. If any of them wish to behave with ordinary propriety, they are coerced into an opposite course by their more demonstrative colleagues, while such among them as are not bound hand and foot to the Land League are controlled by their constituents, who keep them regularly supplied with telegrams dictating the course they must take on such and such questions, and covertly threatening them with electoral defeat in case of non-compliance with their behests.

A tolerable number of these blatant patriots are the merest dolls in the hands of crop-headed priests, and have to jump as these holy men order. In exchange for the support which the clergy give them—standing upon the altar steps and coercing the electors with threats of eternal unpleasantness—they must consent to look upon the priests as their liege lords ; and these priests being guided by their bishops, who in their turn obey a primate who is the slave of Rome, it follows that no inconsiderable fraction of the Irish Contingent in the British Parliament work subject to the direction of an old Italian gentleman who flourishes at the Vatican with the title of Pope.

Pigger and Barnwell—the former a swine merchant, the latter a squireen who drops his h's—early set themselves up so to abuse the forms of the House as to prevent all bills whatever from being passed. Interposing every impediment which the said forms admitted of, they very nearly succeeded in bringing legislation to a complete deadlock. Both knew right well that they could only carry on this game, thanks to the tolerance of the English members whom they affect to despise, consequently their antics proved nothing in favour of their own valour. They certainly managed to make a good deal of political capital out of their noisy doings, and that sufficed them. They proved what was known to Englishmen long ago—though the Irish themselves denied it—that to please the sons of Erin an M. P. must be no finikin gentleman, shy of making



FIGGER, M.P., SPEAKING AGAINST TIME.



THE LEADER OF THE IRISH IRRECONCILABLES.

an oaf of himself, but a downright num-skull rebel impervious to reason and all decent feeling.

It was not until these obstructive tactics of their's had been persevered in session after session—wearying the patience of the House and of the Speaker, and exhausting the strength and energies of poor fussy Dr. Leo Flayfair, Chairman of Committees, as the rays of



morning penetrated into the legislative chamber—that Mr. Speaker, by an arbitrary exercise of authority, interposed the first real check to our Home Rulers' proceedings. Disregarding their clap-trap shouts of "privilege," he took upon himself, "on his own responsibility and sense of duty to the House," as he

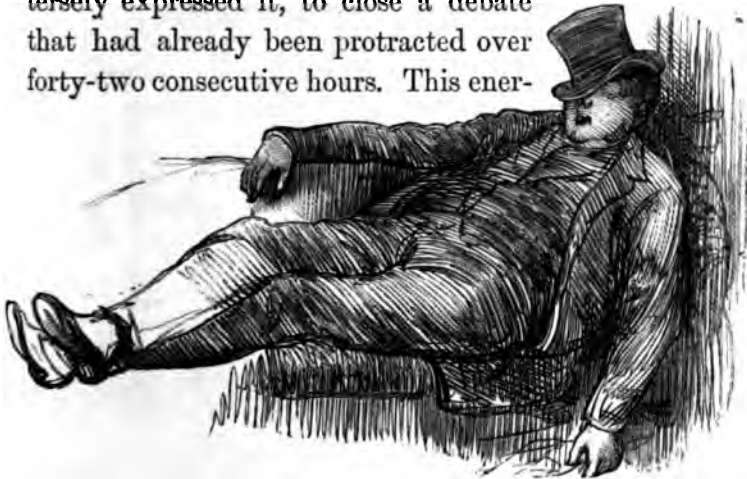


THE SPEAKER WAITING FOR THE END.



MR. MEALEY SUBMITTING TO SUPERIOR FORCE.

tersely expressed it, to close a debate that had already been protracted over forty-two consecutive hours. This ener-



SWEET SLUMBER ON THE BACK BENCHES.

getic action being supplemented on the following night by the suspension and removal (with a certain show of "superior force" on the part of the genial Gosset, sergeant-at-arms, and his myrmidons) of first the saturnine Drillem—who defied the authority of the Chair with as much boldness as ever Ajax defied



CAPT. GOSSET INDUCING AN IRRECONCILABLE TO WITHDRAW.

thelighting—then of Barnwell, and finally of the rest of the Land League and Home Rule phalanx, obstruction was restrained within something like reasonable limits. The subsequent laying by the heels of Drillem, Barnwell, Lickstone, O'Killaree and others—Pigger was careful to keep on the safe side—within the walls of Kilmainham jail, had the effect of still further sobering the spirits of the irreconcilable crew.



PIGGER ON THE ALERT TO COUNT OUT.

It is more than probable that Home Rule will eventually be granted to Ireland, for agitation is always successful in a country where the principle of government has become so weakened that rulers

hesitate to stamp out the first sparks of sedition with a firm foot. In no other kingdom but England would a pig merchant and a cracked-brained squireen have been allowed to bring legislation almost to a dead stop, nor would it be tolerated elsewhere that an officer holding the Sovereign's commission should abet them in



their impudent treason. In Captain Noodlun, Home Rule "whip," we have a military man, who is by

courtesy styled a gentleman, and who yet reconciles it with his honour to act as the pig merchant's henchman. Captain Noodlun has the scared, crouching appearance of one who would scarce dare look a brother officer in the face. His hands are usually fiddling with his coat tails—as though, in their shame at having been so often spurned when proffered, they were loath to come to the front again. On nights when the debating is hot, and the pig merchant's bilious face is poring over some amendment which he and Barnwell have drawn up in doubtful grammar, Noodlun hovers timidly behind the Speaker's chair, trying to beg a nod from the brother officers who cut him, or essaying with a sickly smile to buttonhole some unprejudiced politician, to whom he may explain that in following the pig merchant's lead he is acting from principle, with a sincere view to Ireland's interests and that of the Empire at large, and so forth.

Such politicians as happen to be cognizant that Noodlun is a poor, distraught creature, harried by priests and bobtail tenants, turn their backs upon him with a laugh. Noodlun is well known to be a rebel simply because he cannot help himself. Were he to be insubordinate towards the pig merchant, the affairs of his Irish estates would soon get into such a mess that he would not be able to call a single sheaf of his wheat, or a potato, or a bottle of whiskey from his private still, his own.

It is all very well for an English country gentleman

to lift his head aloft and preach Conservatism, but the Irish squire, who has to deal with a priest as lively as a polecat, with yelping schoolmasters, and with tenants ever anxious for an excuse not to pay rent, is obliged to consider what are the politics that will yield him a quiet life. The alternative lies between doing as the priest wishes, or declining and taking one's chance of being shot at from behind a hedge, or else of selling up one's chattels and walking out of the country. Certainly the majority of the rank and file whom Barnwell and Pigger have under their leadership are troubled with no such fears as these. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain. No Irishman ever yet served his country gratis, and the penniless advocates of Home Rule would be only too ready to exchange the empty praise of the patriot press for the solid pudding of the Saxon had they but the chance. And perhaps all the more so as they are themselves notable manufacturers of much of the praise in question.

Never before, by the way, was journalism so strongly represented in the House as it now is by the Irish phalanx. O'Funnel, the leading guerilla of the Home Rule party, is a regular contributor to an English Tory journal, Mr. Fustian McCartaway, besides being legislator, "own times" historian and novelist, and Barnwell's chief lieutenant, is also leader-writer to a Liberal London daily. Edmund Dryer Gay owns and



O'FUNNELL, M.P.

edits the *Hereditary Bondsman*, and Mulligan gets his living out of the *National*; Tippy O'Connaught, Finikin, and Drillem, likewise exist, by hook and by crook, by the aid of their pens.

The grim O'Punner Blower, who refuses to recognise Barnwell and Pigger as his leaders, aspires, it is under-

stood, to a place at the English bar, where his experiences as a Fenian prisoner may be of use to him in pointing his remarks to a jury on the horrors of incarcerating some poor devil more innocent than himself. His fellow convict, tall O'Mulligan, lives by the sale of whiskey, and occasionally waxes witty if not eloquent thereon.

One huge familiar figure is missing from among the Irish phalanx, that of a certain fat greasy major, estimated to weigh some twenty stone, who went in for being jocular by way of braving out the false position in which, as holder of Her Majesty's commission, he found himself as the ally of Barnwell and Pigger, and the noisy Home Rule gang. He cut so droll a figure with his obesity, that he had only to waddle into the House to create a general laugh. When he used to rise in his place, puffing immoderately, his face like an ill-boiled pudding, his girth like a balloon, his fingers spread out over his waistcoat, like half a score of raw sausages, he looked more comical still, and the commonest things he said acquired a facetious ring by reason of the heavy wheeze which he emitted between every syllable.

However, to be strictly just, this overblown champion of Home Rule had a vein of humour running through his composition, like a streak of lean in a side of very fat bacon. He would tell an amusing anecdote and guffaw like a hippopotamus. When the affairs of Ire-

land were not in question, he blurted out sentiments which a Tory would not have disowned, and was particularly forward in poking Falstaffian fun at the crotchets of Friend Jacob, who screams for women's rights, and Temperance Willie, who wants to see all the public houses closed. It is said that in his regimental mess Major Gormand was as expert with the bottle, as with his knife and fork. He could polish off four pounds of steak, empty two bottles of claret, and finish with half a dozen stiff jorams of mountain dew ; while cracking nuts or taking a hand at whist.

Gormand was truly an excellent type of lawgiver, and meet to be chosen as representative by a people who are generally as lean as Pharaoh's ill-favoured kine, till they come into England to fatten. The major's constituents are believed to have elected him simply to prove that on occasions they could turn up champions twice as big as any that their Saxon oppressors could show. The Green Isle prides itself on manifold superiorities, as we all know.



VI.

VERY NOBLE M.P.S.

FROM Irish squireens, adventurers and bog-trotters, to the well-bred sons of dukes and marquises, the transition is somewhat abrupt. The House of Commons is adorned with quite a bevy of juvenile *grand seigneurs*, most of whom took their seats immediately after their majority, and will hold them till they are translated to

"another place." These fresh and fragrant sprigs of nobility are to the Irish Contingent what roses are to rotten potatoes. They stroll lazily into the House of an afternoon when they have nothing better to do, but **are never** seen in great force except on division nights. Then they muster at the bidding of the "whips," leaving a party or a ball for this purpose. They come in dress clothes, with dust-coloured overcoats, flowers in their



"WHIPS" AT WORK.

button-holes, and opera-hats perched acock on their heads. They are profusely courted by the plebeian M.P.'s who have money, and who try to entrap them to dinner. Good fellows they are, very pleasant among their own set, and painfully polite (when not downright rude) to those beneath them. They belong to both sides of the House, but Whig or Tory, they are all warm personal friends, and generally connected with one another more or less remotely by marriage, so numerous are the genealogical ramifications of the peerage. More than one Whig Duke has Tory sons-in-law and *vice versa*.

Ere he accepted an important colonial Governorship, the handsomest of this noble company was the Marquis of Maccalum, whose marriage to a Princess of the Blood was a national event. Tall, fair of face, auburn-haired, this young nobleman was born to so splendid a title that it seemed a wonder he should have contracted a union which made him play second fiddle in his own house. As Marquis of Maccalum his position was unmatched, as husband of a Princess he finds himself admitted on sufferance within the family Court circle, and has to walk humbly in the tail of German princelings of the Serene order. These princelings turn up their noses at him. When he went to Berlin it was decided that he was not noble enough to sit at the Imperial table with his wife, but must take his seat at a lower board among the second-chop people of this

earth. When smarting under these humiliations, he has been heard to say, with too candid plaintiveness, that his marriage was a mistake.

To console himself, the Marquis has turned the Psalms into doggerel, and has published this needless contribution to literature with a becomingly modest preface. He is a Whig and sufficiently clever to have made his way in politics, had not this marriage condemned him to non-intervention in the debates of the House. As he was supposed to receive his political inspirations from Court, he was bound to exhibit as much prudence in speech as if he had been born on the steps of the throne. He invariably voted faithfully with his party, save on such questions as the Royal Titles Bill.

The position of the Marquis of Beauvale and Towerstock, both Whigs also, is much more enviable from every point of view than that of Lord Maccalum. They are masters on their own estates, chief guests at all public feasts which they condescend to honour with their presence, and great men in the House of Commons, as noblemen on the popular side needs must be. Every Radical speaks kindly of a Marquis who votes for progress without claiming high office as the price of his condescension. Lord Beauvale, the son of a mighty Scotch Duke, is a tall golden-bearded and grave young man who has too much work on his own estate to care for office. He votes with his

party on all imaginable questions, and apparently does not think that it matters a straw whether this or that institution is improved away or kept up. If the Church of England be disestablished, he Lord B. is quite rich enough to maintain good churches and well-bred parsons in his father's parishes; if the peasantry are admitted to vote it will make no difference to him, for his tenantry will return him to Parliament again and again, and after he has entered the Upper House they will return his sons or brothers as the case may be.

Lord Towerstock rows in the same boat, and must have heard so often from his tutors that his family were born to lead the people, that by this time he will have embraced the notion as an article of faith. He is a younger man than Lord Beauvale, and carries himself as if aware that it was his duty to play at being popular. He attends the Wednesday sittings of the House, and gives his vote with the utmost courtesy for the crotchets of Brother Jacob and Temperance Willie when he has been humbly requested to do so. Whether he would be equally obliging if his one vote were enough to make these crotchets become law is another question, but in giving his platonic support to humanitarians and utopians now that he is but a boy, he is treasuring up for himself a rich fund of popularity that will serve him when he is old. It will always be remembered that he laboured "consistently" in the cause of Reform; he may even reap the fame of having

been, when a youth, far ahead of his time, insomuch that his grandsons, when they read of him fifty years hence, will think he was a phenomenally thoughtful and earnest young man. And doubtless he will come to think so himself.

On the other hand, the Earl of Goodwood, Lord Hurlyburly, and some others are treasuring up reproach for themselves in the 20th century, for they are so unfortunate as to belong to the Tory party, and their family traditions oblige them to vote against everything that smacks of change. Not that they really care a fig more about the matter than the Whig Marquises, only they have been taught that they ought to care, and in a vague sort of way they flatter themselves that if it were not for their efforts in keeping democracy down, Great Britain would go to pot.

The Earl of Goodwood is the son of a Tory Duke and former Minister; but will probably not become a minister in his turn, nor will his friend Lord Hurlyburly. Both of these young gentleman are old Etonians, ex-guardsmen, and good sportsmen. They cannot speak good English, but that is the fault of their tutors: they are unable to answer political questions put to them on nomination days, but the responsibility of that must lie with the family solicitors, who coach them. Lord Goodwood has never come before the world in connection with anything unpleasant, for though fast, he has a spoonful of prudent Scotch blood

in his veins, which has prevented him from outrunning his tether. Lord Hurlyburly has no Scotch blood, but there is a mixture of heavy pudding in his composition which balances him, so to say. Both the young noblemen are regular voters, and have a faculty for quizzing prosy speakers on the Liberal side by keeping up a running murmur of easy jokes just loud enough to reach the unfortunate member's ear. They only venture upon this towards gentlemen who are too bashful to retaliate, though this is not owing to want of pluck, for they have bounce enough to tackle an Archbishop on theology.

The presence is missed in the House of another Duke's son and heir who a few years ago gave some slight promise of future distinction. We allude to Lord Ambledown, a rather dashing Marquis of beautiful Society manners and possessed of some talent. The Marquis's father has been Lord Lieutenant of the country where the Irish pig-jobber is accounted great. He even dealt somewhat summarily with the pig-jobber's Fenian friends, and his eldest son, after assisting him in his policy, became a sturdy expounder and defender of it in the House of Commons. Members were surprised one night to see him beard no less a person than the quaker statesman Friend John, brother of Friend Jacob, whom he accused in set terms of having fomented Irish disloyalty by his Radical spoutings. The wrath of Friend John—half contemptuous, half surprised and

yet uneasy—was something to see ; but it was generally admitted that he did not get the best of it in his reply.

After his triumph on that occasion the Marquis held his peace, as though reserving himself for some future tournament. He is bound to live long, for his life was once seriously threatened, he having been in the Irish mail on the occasion of the fatal Abergele accident.

Among Very Noble M. P.s. must be reckoned the younger sons and brothers of big peers. The former generally incline more towards active work than their elder brothers, as they have their way to make in the world, and are bound to maintain their family's reputation for statesmanship. Lord George Ambledown, for instance, who is fast elbowing his way to the front political rank, was very juvenile when he held the post of Under-Secretary, still he could give an answer with his tongue in his cheek as ably as the more experienced elderly officials. As the chief of his department sat in the Upper House, he was virtually the responsible representative of that department, and once a year came down to the House with a weighty parcel of papers containing his budget. The House thinned as though by magic, but Lord George stammered serenely on, spreading his papers over the Treasury table and stooping over them, then lifting his head and pitching his voice high so as to reach the reporters, then stooping again. He has a pink face, straight flaxen hair, and a grave deportment. He helped to govern one of



our greatest colonial dependencies, and will some day be recognised as one of the greatest authorities on the business of that dependency which he has never visited. He is highly aristocratic in tone, as beseems a youth who, in due time, that is to say when his beard is long enough, will doubtless succeed to the leadership of his party.

Lord Randal Woodstock, however, may perhaps supplant Lord George, for, though not yet admitted to the official circle, this other younger son has given tokens of a talent which surprised no one who had known him as one of the gayest rips at Eton and Oxford.

The son of a very pious Duke who in his early days was a rake and bruiser, and the brother of a facetious Marquis who has inherited the paternal proclivities (not the pious ones), Lord Randal was presented to the electors of the family pocket-borough as a candidate more suitable than his elder brother. If the family had possessed two pocket-boroughs, the elder brother would have had a seat too, but the influence of the ducal house having somewhat degenerated from its pristine might, it was thought the better plan to stake the family hopes on that one of the two sons who could make his career in life in the House of Commons.

Lord Randal started remarkably well, for he had scarcely left the University, where he had distinguished himself chiefly in gown and town rows, hunting and loo-playing, than he married the heiress of a wealthy Yankee. Endowed with the assurance which wealth gives, he walked into the House with a kind of jocular twinkle in his eye, and lost no time in "drawing" some of the most snarling members on the Liberal side. His *début* occasioned much laughter and was a decided success. He began again and was equally triumphant;



since then, however, he seems to have been told that a member who wishes to practise speaking, should follow the rule of being silent for a time, and as a consequence he held his peace in debates when a few words from him would have been a welcome contribution to the fund of amusement. The tremendous wiggling administered to him on one memorable occasion by Mr. Paradyse, who compared him in the bluntest terms to a certain parasite that infests the human body, may

have had something to do with checking his effusiveness at this epoch.

Lord Randal has since shown that he has not lost his tongue, and is prompt to unsheath that keen weapon of his when the occasion serves. He can speak with uncommon good sense when he chooses, and one of his unreported orations on the potato staggered even the Irish members, by the acquaintance shown with the best methods of cultivating and propagating the favourite Hibernian esculent.

He is one of those youths who storm the breaches of fame all on a sudden, unexpectedly distancing more easy-going competitors. It would not be surprising if some bold outburst of oratory carried him, one of these days, with a rush to that seat on the Treasury Bench which is on a line with the Speaker's mace.

And where will Lord Edmond Fitz-Petty be on that day—Lord Edmond who came hot from Cambridge with a new recipe for setting the Thames on fire? He was a lean, black-haired, short-sighted young man, who prosed wonderfully on Radical subjects and took his sayings for wisdom. The brother of a very young Whig Marquis and placeman, and the grandson of a veteran Whig cabinet-Nestor, the Liberal party were at first disposed to stand a good deal of talking from him; but when it was discovered that his lordship meant to talk every day and on all subjects, exhausting in each speech the sixty minutes of an hour, coughings

and counts-out had to be used to silence him. Greatly disgusted, Lord Edmond shook the dust off his boots and betook himself to writing the history of his grandfather. Critics pronounced it a dull history. Then Lord Edmond set to work indoctrinating noisy people upon commons, agricultural labourers, old women and emigrants. He was seen presiding at meetings of philosophical cabmen. Then he preached to University dons, and undertook to get their prerogatives curtailed by some measure of legislative reform—for which they doubtless felt grateful.

Lord Edmund Fitz-Petty is a well-meaning young man, who has read much of Lord John Russell's achievements as an aristocratic reformer, and for a while had a notion that he might tread the same path; but in his philosophical Radicalism there was too much scholastic philosophy, and not enough of the fustian which commends itself to the masses nowadays. Lord Edmond would court the great unwashed by quoting Greek to them; he should have been born fifty years ago, when the people knew nothing and were consequently as ready to cheer Greek as anything else—or fifty years hence, when they may perhaps be so far advanced as to understand good English.

Of Dukes' brothers having seats in the House, mention need only be made of Lord John Banners and Lord Henry Chichester, who have one weakness in common—both wear shoes and appear to be proud of

their socks. We have said in another place all that is necessary about the first noble born failure, whose fame rests on "two laughable lines in an imbecile poem;" and as regards the second battered, mincing old beau, it must be to him a source of lasting regret that when snugly installed in office, his unfortunate coming to financial grief should have been supplemented by deprivation of the sweets and emoluments pertaining to the public service.



LORD JOHN BANNERS.

VII.

MONEY BAGS.

THE best courtiers of the Very Noble M.P.s are the moneyed ditto. From all time the House of Commons has been the haven where gentlemen who had enriched themselves by banking, cotton-spinning and guano selling, have found rest and dignity in their declining years. It is good that such men should be legislators, for they represent luck if nothing else, and that their sons should sit after them, for the son of a parvenu who does not squander the money which his father earned has some claims to be considered a phenomenon. It is not always easy, however, for a moneyed man to obtain by means of Parliament the social eminence which he and his wife covet. Mere dinner-giving will not do it. Nor will lending money to impecunious peers, though this is a better recipe than the other.

On the whole—and despite what novelists may say—the moneyed man who cuts a fine figure in Society is nowadays generally a man of some tact and education. He knows more than the average gentleman

who has been trained at Eton, though he may not know the same things. He cannot drawl but he is able to speak. He carries himself with an assurance which is not that of good breeding, but which comes of a long practice in commanding clerks or operatives, and he would be a personable creature altogether but for an occasional shamefacedness, which may arise from morbid inner prickings as to the fashion in which he amassed his pelf, and a vague consciousness that, if the truth were known, he would not be deemed quite fit company for honest folk.

Among the best types of moneyed M.P.s is Mr. Sweetone, silk merchant, who sits in the House for the city of Peeping Tom. He is a fellow of the Horticultural and Geographical Societies, and a strong Conservative. He sent all his sons to Eton, and they were good-looking, well-mannered boys, much liked there. He is a lavish dispenser of hospitality, a patron of art, a witty *causeur*, and looks like a prosperous prince, so finely does he dress, bow and carry himself. A foreigner gazing down on the 653 members of the House from the gallery would set down Mr. Sweetone for the heir presumptive to a ducal coronet, and if he were admitted to the pleasure of conversing with him, he would conclude that there are some men who acquire as much refinement in a silk merchant's office as at Court. Mr. Sweetone is one of the few Englishmen who can speak French with elegant fluency, for he was

partially educated in Paris. But he does not avail himself of this circumstance to guide the House in their views on foreign affairs. He never speaks at all.

Sir Edward Potkin, the railway prince, enjoys a large power over railroads. He has a finger in most railway pies, both at home and abroad, and when anything has to be accomplished in the way of amalgamation, extension, or reform, it is generally understood that Potkin must be reckoned with. He is an eclectic in politics, and prefers the winning side. He likes Society, greetings in the market-place, shakes of the hand from Dukes on the look-out for well-paying railway shares, and blandishments from titled ladies who wish to have saloon carriages reserved for them on the lines over which Potkin rules.

He is a pleasant man to talk with if you want nothing of him ; if you do you must be prepared to offer him an equivalent. He was without a seat in Parliament for some years, but he eventually returned there to look after the railway interest, which, as everyone knows, is not invariably the interest of the travelling public. Potkin's energies have been mainly directed of late to the formation of a Channel Tunnel. He conceived the idea of winning over the support of public men and members of both Houses to the scheme, which has naturally excited a good deal of controversy, by a succession of free express trips to

view the boring operations, accompanied by champagne luncheons, and he is believed by these means to have secured many useful converts to the undertaking.

Sir Edward Potkin will doubtless come to a memorable end. If he succeeds in his Tunnel enterprise, and he will succeed if indomitable energy counts as it should do, the prospect of a peerage and—who knows?—perhaps Westminster Abbey, lies before him.

Mr. Cowslip-Snookes, Mr. Doneby, and Mr. Lender form a trio of silent plutocrats whose taciturnity in Parliament contrasts oddly with their imperious accents within their own counting-houses. The first-named had the great luck to marry his winsome daughter to a Marquis, and to be subsequently honoured by the younger son of a Duke accepting a clerkship in his office, with a view to becoming a partner by-and-by. Mr. Doneby had the still greater luck to see his father turned out of Parliament for bribery and corruption, which enabled him to come forward and be elected to the paternal seat many years before he could have done so in the ordinary course of nature. Mr. Lender, who sprang from less than nothing, early mastered the arts of making and saving money, and was able to make advances upon mortgage to a peer in difficulties. One day he lit his fire with the securities. The peer never forgot what fine fuel his signature had made, and assisted Mr. Lender into Parliament. Thus, we have three rich gentlemen who would offer up doves

at the altars of the goddess Fortune, if that sightless damsel were still worshipped with public rites.

Next we come upon honest double-chinned Tin Potter of Rochdale, who started on his political career



saying that the suffrage should be extended to every man of "sound mind unstained by crime." Some time after this thoroughgoing declaration had won him the confidence of a Radical constituency, T. P. was at

once abashed and flattered by being requested to stand as a Tory for Manchester ; the fact being that his Radicalism appeared so little either in his private conversations or his public acts that many superficially-seeing persons had made a mistake about him.

T. P.'s Radicalism may be judged by the circumstance that having been himself educated at liberal Rugby, he sends his offspring to be educated at tory Eton. Perhaps Mrs. T. P. has something to do with this inconsistency. Anyhow T. P. is rich enough to talk one way and act another : he is not one of those pitiable merchants of doubtful credit who are obliged to stick fast to their convictions lest their electors should prove fickle. So long as Rochdale admires long purses in the hands of fat, good-natured men T. P. is sure to be re-elected.

A man who inherits a large fortune acquired by generations of enterprising newspaper proprietors cannot fairly be classed among common plutocrats, for something more than mere wealth is needed to keep a world-famed journal on the pinnacle of prosperity. Everybody knows Mr. John Falter the owner of the *Thunderer*, but most people would be puzzled as to the exact political category in which he ought to be placed. He is a man of parts who would fill any cabinet office with credit if he could be prevailed upon to accept it ; but he dare not exhibit all the good stuff there is in him, because he is bound to keep his voice

partly attuned to that of his newspaper. Yet if he changed his opinions as often as this broadsheet does he would be continually shifting his seat from one side of the House to the other; contrariwise, if his journal were made to say all that he thinks, this would not suit his readers, for his personal views are those of a man of keen sense. The dilemma is perplexing, but Mr. Falter gets out of it by speaking seldom. He can thus attribute the sentiments of his *Thunderer* to its editor, and derive personal *kudos* from his own thinkings which are often at variance with it. Many premiers have sought to attach Mr. Falter and his forefathers permanently to their fortunes but to no purpose. They are a family of shrewd, snug men who have an hereditary fancy for sailing with the wind.

In much the same way Mr. Batavius-Rope, who owns the *Saturday Censor*, contrives to keep his seat by virtue of sentiments quite diverse from those of his journal. He sits for an University, professes himself to be a Tory and a ritualist, and yet has no objection to pocketing many thousands a year from a paper which frequently abuses the Conservatives, and sneers at incense and Romish candles. There is a spice of Dutch astuteness in all this. Mr. Batavius-Rope has never had his nose pulled on account of the impertinences of his Review, and has probably come to consider himself irresponsible for them. He gives *carte blanche* to a staff composed of briefless barristers and



BATAVIUS ROPE, M.P., AND LORD HENRY CHICHESTER, M.P.

cureless curates, all wild and pragmatical, merely promising that they shall not attack him, which they don't. If they did he would not like it, for he is a corpulent, thin-skinned man, who cuts wondrous capers when he hears the crack of a whip anywhere near his calves.



A "MONEY-BAG" RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF HIS CONSTITUENTS.

VIII.

BEERY M.P.S.

Not tipsy M.P.s—but brewers who generally have the good taste not to drink the beer wherewith they supply the public. There is a regular squad of them in the House—including the three Kwasses—father and sons—Scoop, Potney, and Huckston. Allslops, the other Burton beer magnates—who represent the culture side of the brewing interest—failed to get re-elected. Scoop and Potney are Tories, and the Kwasses and Huckston, Liberals.

A liberal brewer sitting in Parliament is an anomaly, for teetotalers, who are in general Radicals, cannot vote for a propagator of beer, and on the other hand, the licensed victuallers, who should be the brewer's best friends, are Conservative.

Why publicans should be Conservatives has never been satisfactorily explained, for it is the Church party which throws most hindrances in the way of the drink traffic on Sundays. Anyhow Toryism and beer seem to have struck up a fast alliance, and it requires some display of liberalism in money giving, as well as in politics, for a brewer to catch publicans' votes while

professing anti-blue principles. The elder Mr. Kwass acts as the Lord Bountiful of the town which sends him to Parliament. He builds swimming baths, wash-houses and soup-kitchens : he distributes much of his beer gratis in hospitals, and pays his workmen better wages than he might think it worth while to do if his politics were more orthodox. Anxious meanwhile to be associated in men's minds with something better than brewing, he has declared a war to the knife against organ-grinders, German bands, hurdy-gurdy players, and such like enliveners of street dulness. He hates music, and has been heard to declare that it is only the most expensive of noises. But he makes an exception in favour of Herr Wagner's strains which remind him of his brewery engines in full work.

Mr. Huckston is a sober square-toed philanthropist, who has persuaded himself that his beer has nothing to do with promoting public drunkenness (those who have tried it agree with him), and that consequently he can talk about moralizing the people neither more nor less than Temperance Willie ; only he inclines most towards moralizing far-off people. He descends from a kind-hearted man, who did much for the emancipation of negroes, and he follows his father's example of keeping his eyes rather on sufferers away from home than on those near it. He has a lively sympathy for the heathen Chinees, for the Zulus, and other atrociously used South African tribes ; but is less concerned about the Mussulman races, because the latter drink no

beer. A rumour was in circulation some time ago to the effect that Huckston was a teetotaller, but he wrote to the papers to deny it, and seemed to hint that it was only from his own beer that he totally abstained.

As for Scoope and Potney, they are jolly brewers of your true-blue tint, of the no nonsense sort, who jogged into Parliament, bestriding their beer-barrels and boldly proclaiming themselves to have been elected by tap-room interests. They are not ashamed of the purple-nosed publican, nor of the white-aproned potman, nor of the red-capped brewery drayman—not they! They do not blush for the pink-cheeked barmaids who draw their ales and stouts. They think beer good for the health, and say so. They oppose early-closings, Sunday closings, and all closings whatsoever, because they say it is unfair to deprive the poor man of his beer; and they talk very much as if they gave the poor man his beer for nothing.

Scoope is a square-jawed, solid brewer, who revels in the company of lords. He, and Lord George Ambledown who sits for the same county, drove down to the market town on nomination day seated side by side in a dashing barouche and four, with scarlet postillions, whose brave appearance made all the little street-boys cheer like mad. Lord George and he were bound to be firm allies, for neither could well have got into Parliament if the other had been opposed to him. In return for my lord's landed interests, Mr. Scoope

promised the votes of publicans and potmen, and this was a cheerful bargain which all the pretty barmaids in the county of Diddlesex ratified by wearing the colours of the united candidates on their chignons.

Gourd is a fashionable distiller just on the right side of middle age, who had the pluck to pit himself against a Liberal Premier in contesting a metropolitan constituency, and actually beat his great rival. He laughs in mentioning it, which the L. P. does not : but, on the whole, the metropolitan constituents were wise in preferring a breezy liquor merchant who looks capitably after their interests, before one whose seraphic mind soared too high for sublunar matters.



IX.

WORKING MEN M.P.S.

WHAT is a working man M.P.? A hard fagged barrister, a jaded Cabinet Minister, a worn-out party-“ whip”? No, a mechanic who does not work at his trade.

For shunning the manual labour whereof they speak with a constant and tender affection of the platonic sort, Messrs. Shirk and Narrowood have been elected to represent workmen who really do toil. They are enthusiastic partisans of strikes, short hours, half holidays, bank holidays and all expedients generally for reducing the hours of labour at the expense of employers. In fact what they and their fellows really want is not to work at all.

The agitations they are constantly fomenting have no other object. If they had any genuine concern for the interests of working men, they would have seen by this time that the reductions in the hours of labour have disabled British manufacturers from underselling those of the Continent, and that in consequence, if trade is to be maintained, wages will inevitably have to

be diminished, or on the other hand thousands of hands who found profitable employment in the old times will be thrown out of work. The jargon of trade-unions, copied from the socialist balderdash of foreign Radicals, has proved as pernicious to trade as a blight does to a harvest. But Shirk and Narrowood are either too ignorant to be aware of this, or else too careful of their own interests to explain the truth to their benighted electors.

One may here inquire how it comes about that a courtier who fawns upon crowned heads is deemed a fit object for ridicule whilst one who truckles to the working classes passes somehow for a thoughtful conscientious fellow. Yet the consequences of pandering to the vanity of princes are—in this country at least—infinitely less disastrous than those which result from indiscriminate adulation administered to the mob. A mob-courtier drives myriads of foolish oafs mad with a craving for unattainable things. He scatters discontent broadcast and raises a crop of public misery.

Shirk M.P.—who took some time to get accustomed to the sight of the Speaker's silken-clad calves, and to the comfortable softness of the benches on which he sits—has certainly shewn a commendable amount of diffidence in the House—far more indeed than those who sent him there calculated on. The newspapers afford us scant opportunity of judging of his speeches, either because the matter of them is not as a rule worth recording, or else because the manner—Shirk

speaks with a strong northern burr—staggered the reporters.

Shirk's colleague Narrowwood has proved a great disappointment to his constituents. He entered the



House with the reputation of a popular demagogue of the John Bull type, accustomed to move the masses by his turgid eloquence ; and he was credited with possess-

ing one of the longest of long heads, having in the opinion of his admirers displayed in certain Trades Union transactions the administrative capacity of a Pitt and the financial ability of a Rothschild. Readers of those Sunday newspapers devoted to the interests of the self-styled working classes looked forward to a new treat. They expected to be weekly regaled with reports of the fiery, scathing, and at the same time critically accurate philippics in which Narrowwood had denounced the Throne and the Altar, the House of Lords and the Royal footmen, the Civil List and the Albert Memorial and heaven only knows what besides.

To their intense disgust, however, their champion remained mute for some time, and when he did open his mouth it was not to roar like a lion but to bleat, softly as a calf, a feeble approval of one of the very measures that should have acted on him much in the same way as a red rag does on a bull. Worse even than this, Narrowwood has given a steady and unqualified support by his votes to the most Whiggish measures put forward by a Government which his former admirers no longer consider sufficiently Liberal ; consequently he has come to be regarded as a political Esau who has sold his Radical birthright for a prospective Inspectorship of Factories or some similar mess of Government pottage. The labourer is worthy of his hire.

X.

PARTY LEADERS.

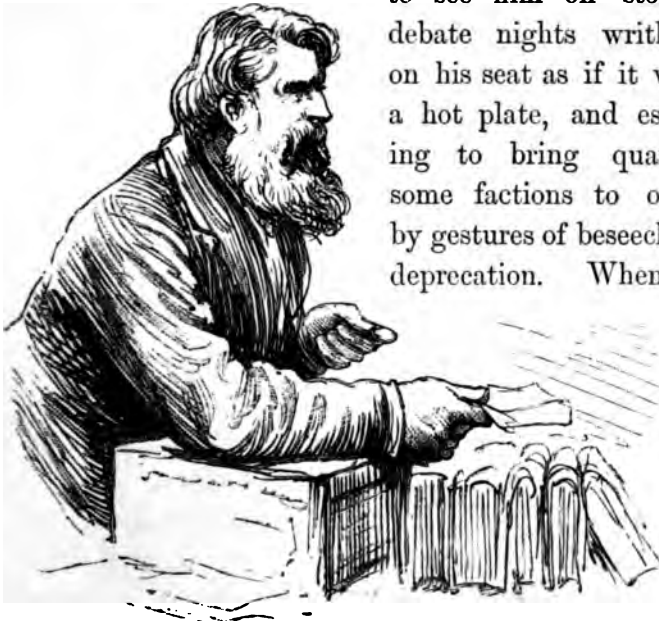
WHEN the author of *Lothair* was promoted to the place where all good statesmen should wish to retire to, his mantle fell upon the shoulders of a Devonshire baronet, who has been trying unsuccessfully to drape himself in it ever since. Why the baronet's then colleague at the War office—a hard-fisted man—or that milder one the “ideal chairman of quarter



sessions," who occupied the post of Home Secretary, was not chosen to wear the capacious garment, is a state mystery. Anyhow, the poor Devonshire baronet, unequal to the load of glory that has been laid upon him, cuts such an unsatisfactory figure that the most patient of his followers feel that they would rather be led by someone else.

For the sulkiest party in the world, as Macaulay called it, likes to be conducted by chiefs who have "go" in them, and worthy Sir Strutforth has none. He has the harmlessness of the dove without the guile of the serpent. Noise frightens him, violent apostrophes make his head giddy. It is almost touching

to see him on stormy debate nights writhing on his seat as if it were a hot plate, and essaying to bring quarrelsome factions to order by gestures of beseeching deprecation. When he



speaks his words are smooth and rapid, tinctured but faintly with the flavour of the mildest irony. In the way of invective he never gets beyond demure insinuation; in self-defence he reddens, stammers, and launches out honest phrases for all the world as if he fancied his accusers really meant what they said about him.

When he was entrusted with the finance department, he ruled it with the prudence of an aged bank-clerk of the old school. He made no ducks and drakes with the tax-payers' money; he attempted no dazzling feats to make the public imagine that his surplus of pounds sterling was bigger than it looked. He was thoroughly candid, placid and safe. He sat and smiled like the man on the stile who hoped to soften the cow by his blandishing attitudes; but he had too many bulls to deal with, and an angry rush of theirs finally knocked him off his seat backwards.

Sir Strutforth's rival Party Leader at that time, "County Guy," or more properly the Marquis of Chatsworth, has singularly belied the early opinions that were formed as to his merits by his friends. He was generally considered a sort of dolt, whereas he has turned out to be a statesman of a creditable order and will not unlikely leave his mark in history.

After all there is some magic in being a Duke's son, for it enables a man to bide his time, and also to retrieve any number of early failures. A commoner



who fails once does not often get a second chance ; but the heir to a ducal house of immense wealth is always a valuable auxiliary to his party. If he be put into a post exceeding his deserts, he cannot be safely turned out of it, and so gradually schools himself to its duties ; if he stutters in debate, he is not coughed down, and consequently learns to correct himself of his defects. Thus in course of years all the good qualities he may have in him come up like plants carefully tended

in a warm atmosphere. Cold would have nipped them in the shoot ; but a constant summer temperature not only makes them blossom forth with great strength but endows them with surpassing brilliancy.

When Mr. Paradyse resigns, or dies in harness as is far more probable, Lord Chatsworth will be Prime Minister, and one such as Englishmen like and entrust with immense power. A Tory Premier is more or less the slave of the Opposition whom he fears to override ; a Liberal Premier who is of middle-class stock is not considered "safe" by the aristocracy, and has to endure many affronts ; but a Liberal Marquis enthroned on the middle seat of the Treasury bench, seems to be just the right man in the right place. He need fear no one. He silences his Radical "tail" with the help of the Tories, and plays off democracy *en masse* against these same Tories when it comes to their turn to be snubbed. He represents at once progress and conservatism ; he is the leader of all moderate men ; he can take up, turn by turn, all the catch words of either party, and if he can only resist the temptation of being too restless, he can die on the Treasury bench, after having earned there the unlimited public confidence awarded to statesmen who succeed in doing nothing with a great show of dignity.

Lord Chatsworth used to be a gawky young man, somewhat gloomy in appearance and benighted in manner. He would clear his throat with a bleating

noise like a sheep, and put down his head without butting when attacked. The strong minded members of his party shrugged their shoulders, when his name was mentioned; and upon his being put forward for the Liberal leadership, it needed nothing less than the intervention of some far-sighted Radicals to secure him a majority. Perhaps it is due to disappointment on this occasion, but more probably to innate unfitness, that the Marquis's competitor for the post, rough



shaggy lumbering Mr. Burster, has so much receded in the good opinion of the public, the narrow minded-

ness of his educational scheme has not yet been forgotten, and under his rule Ireland learned that the tender mercies of the "unco guid" are more cruel than those of the wicked.

It would seem absurd now, to mention Mr. Burster in the same breath with the Marquis, as a future Party Leader. The one has sunk to his proper level, the



latter has revealed himself as a quiet, able and honourable minded nobleman; the one would have run his party to pieces by his rash escapades, the other did his best in slowly reorganizing it and making it





MR. PARADYSE, M.P., UNDER VARIOUS ASPECTS.

strong again. When it is considered how unceasingly Lord Chatsworth was appealed to—nay implored—by his followers to act as foolishly as Mr. Burster would have been sure to act had he been leader, one must account it a proof of no small worth in him, that he should have quietly pursued the even tenour of a way which good sense showed him to be the one that led to success. By his patience, he curbed the impatience of those behind him, and by his sheer perseverance in being rational, temperate, and yet vigilant at the same time, he forced them all to acknowledge him for their master, till the time came for their Achilles, Mr. Paradyse, to emerge once more from his tent and lead the consolidated phalanx to political victory.

This “earnest” statesman—as his pet journals long called him—certainly resigned his leadership in the soothing belief that the Liberals would not be able to get on without him and would end, as they did, by calling him back to again muddle matters as he had so often done before. Mr. Paradyse is a sort of clever old woman. His temper, his fidgets, his love of quibbling, and hysteric religiousness are all feminine. He would have been great at parochial tea-fights had he been born lower down the social ladder. He is so inflated with vanity, that it makes a kind of balloon of him, and when pricked he lets out gall. So long as men keep on talking about him, Mr. Paradyse cares for little else. He has not much patriotism, and is

indifferent to the public honour. Whilst in office he will stoop to anything to retain his majority ; when out of place he cares not what obstacles he throws in



the way of those who are transacting the public business. Subterfuge is a weapon which he wields with a practised tongue, and casuistry is another. At

the game of quibbling he would beat an Old Bailey lawyer ; and in pseudo-sanctimoniousness he would outdo a Methodist camp preacher.



XI.

A SEATLESS MEMBER.

HOVERING like some substantial Peri at the gate of Eden, represented in this instance by the bar, or else seated with legs extended and head thrown back defiantly on one of the benches behind the Speaker, is to be descried the burly figure of Bradawl. Bradawl is the iconoclastic representative of Leatherton, and owing to a little difference of opinion existing between him and the majority of the House as to what really and truly constitutes an oath, he is doomed to oscillate like Mahomet's coffin between that constituency and the seat which would otherwise have awaited him below the gangway on the Liberal side. He is a kind of stormy petrel flitting from time to time across the floor of the House, but never venturing to perch himself on any one of the rows of green-covered benches that present themselves so invitingly.

His position is indeed a singular one. He can avail himself to the full of the creature comforts provided in the most comfortable club in London ; can dine in the dining-room, smoke in the smoking-room, wash



himself gratis with government soap, and cover reams of government paper with his correspondence. He

can shift his position from gallery to gallery, and none can say him nay; and he can even, as pointed out before, sit at his ease in that section of the House itself behind the Chair devoted to officials and illustrious personages. But sit and vote as an ordinary member he cannot, though he has made some heroic attempts to do so, having on one occasion taxed the united strength of the sergeant-at-arms and half a score assistants to thrust him from the legislative precincts.

Externally, by a strange irony of Fate, Bradawl presents very much the appearance of one of those dissenting ministers by whom he is so bitterly reviled, and this resemblance is fostered by the frock coat of shiny broadcloth wherein his massively-built figure is habitually encased. An erect and almost martial bearing serves, however, to recall the fact that after graduating as an attorney's clerk, he threw law to the dogs and blossomed into a full private in a cavalry regiment. When Bradawl first made his appearance in the House timid members of religious tendencies used to shrink from his vicinity in undisguised alarm, whilst the more daring of the country gentlemen would express in his hearing the opinion that hanging was far too good for him. Noodlepate, the recognised Jeremiah of St. Stephens, whose mission it has long been to warn Great Britain of the machinations of the Scarlet Woman of the Vatican, kept his wary eye ever fixed upon the elect of Leatherton, while as to the pious Radicals they fairly quivered with horror at the



NOODLEPATE, M.P., THE RECOGNISED JEREMIAH OF ST. STEPHEN'S.



NOODLEPATE KEEPS HIS EYE ON BRADAWL.

thought of being held to own a single thought in common with him; and portly Samuel Mawworm, linendraper and newspaper proprietor, issued a printed sentence of excommunication against him.

Subsequent experience has shewn Bradawl not only to be infinitely less blatant than many of his detractors, but to be possessed of no slight rhetorical ability, much practical sense, and no little dry humour.

With those who have deigned to rub shoulders with him he has proved genial and chirpy, and all his detractors can allege against him socially is that he is not averse to look on the wine that is red, or on the literature that is qualified as cerulean.



THE LAST TO LEAVE ON THE HOUSE BREAKING UP.

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN.





1.

AN EX-BEAUTY.



NE must suppose that every man forms his own estimate of the qualities which should grace a wife, for it is on record that when the famous Madame Lafarge was put upon her trial for poisoning her husband she received twenty-three offers of marriage, all from what are called persons of undoubted respectability. Admit-

ting that these twenty-three persons of respectability had shrewdly reasoned that a woman who had poisoned her first husband, and narrowly missed being beheaded for it, would be inclined from prudential motives to let the second alone, the fact would still prove that offers of marriage do not always fall in the quarters where one would be most prepared to hear of them.

This truth is hinted at homely-wise in the French proverb, "Il n'y a de fagot si chétif qui ne trouve sa courroie ;" in other words, "There is no woman so ill-favoured (morally or otherwise) but will find a wooer." And perhaps the proverb might be improved if it conveyed that of two faggots—I mean women—the one ill-favoured, and the other not so, it is not always the latter that finds most bidders in the market. This subject might carry one far into the regions of speculative philosophy, and raise the whole question as to man's habitual fitness to select the consort that is good for him. I prefer not to cope with such mighty views, my intention being simply to relate the story of a woman I have known and admired not a little for the cleverness with which she secured a proposal in the teeth of circumstances in every way adverse to her aims.

Let me premise that it was only very lately that I recalled this story to mind. I was at a party, and crossing from one drawing-room into another, met unexpectedly with a lady whom I remembered having bowed to many years before, when she was the most

beautiful girl of her season. She was no longer beautiful now. Disappointment, old-maidhood, the recollection of past triumphs spurned at the moment, sighed for in vain afterwards, had aged her prematurely, and she spoke with the bitterness of a woman who feels that her life has been wasted. I wish I had had time to say something kind to the dethroned beauty ; but while we were still in the "what an agreeable surprise" stage of conversation, the footman, who was announcing new visitors every minute, pronounced the name of a very great lady, who entered leaning on the arm of her husband.

Immediately the ex-beauty started as if she had been bitten by a snake, and a pallor overspread her features, such as is only to be seen on the faces of women when they have a successful rival within sight. The two ladies could not avoid one another, and exchanged glances pleasant and friendly as pistol shots ; then with the charming candour of their delightful sex, both pressed forward, shook hands, and inquired with fondness after each other's health. But this hypocrisy was the utmost length to which the former beauty could go, and, shivering all over as her rival swept on her way, she hurriedly took my arm, and asked me to see her into her carriage. I did so, and my companion kept silent and trembled the whole time. But her silence was eloquent enough : it reminded me of the story I had half forgotten, and which had formed the subject of some gossip in days gone by among

people who busy themselves about their neighbours' affairs.

I have said that the lady had been beautiful. She was so much so that her entry into a drawing-room was always attended with the inconveniences of a triumphal procession. Men made themselves small upon her path ; social novices stared at her as if they had seen a queen pass ; women hated her as unaffectedly and sincerely as was humanly possible. As for her, she hated nobody ; but the consciousness of the position she held made her take high views of things, and she looked down with an imperial disregard both upon the men who worshipped her and the women who did not. It was a pleasure to see her play with her fan and convey politely to a man that she was not the least smitten by his attentions, though she admired him for his perseverance under difficulties and pitied him for it ; still better to hear her launch quietly at an enemy of her own sex some epigram that would penetrate deeper into the bosom than a stiletto.

It is a wonder how women learn to be queenly, witty, and aggressive at so short a notice. Men require some training to the airs of kingship ; women blossom out from schoolgirls into empresses in a week. What made the position of this particular social queen seem more secure, too, was that she had no need to go husband-hunting. Her birth and means rendered the capture of a husband a matter of no urgent moment,

and allowed her to be very deliberate in arriving at a choice, if choice she should ever make. So the men of small wits and of much self-importance who paid their court to her with the idea that they were doing her a pleasure and an honour, laboured under a wrong impression. She would have been pleased to see fewer of them ; their compliments were not a novelty, and when they laid themselves out to be lyrical and effusive, nothing but her perfect good breeding kept her from laughing in their faces.

However, no woman's heart was ever yet cased wholly in steel, and this proud beauty, like others before and since, one day discovered that there was a weak point in her armour. She fell in love, and not as is usual in such cases with a brainless, poundless man with a handsome face, or a brainful, illumined man with an unsatisfactory coat, but with a person whose birth, fortune, pride, and sarcastic propensities were all superior to hers—a man who dragged as thick a court of toadies at his heels as she did a throng of sighing suitors in her train. Her first feelings towards this personage must have been those of surprise, for she learned from a kind friend that he did not think her pretty ; then, for a brief space she must have cherished hatred, for on his being introduced to her he showed himself cold and unembarrassed to a degree ; and what is simple coldness as displayed towards a man is rudeness and something worse towards a woman. Of course there was nothing

intentionally disobliging in the man's attitude, but he had been spoiled as she had. Marked coldness towards everything that he did not impulsively admire—and he admired few things—was a way with him ; and such is the magic of contraries in this pleasant world of ours that she soon grew to love him with passion for it.

That is assuredly a solacing thought which reminds us that rivers always flow towards the sea, golden streams towards the wealthy, and love towards those who do not want it. The beauty's features became transformed. In the presence of the man she loved she was humbler than a child. Sometimes she would sit a whole evening unable to take her eyes off him as he talked to other women, and her voice when she answered the admirers who gadded round her would be quite broken and plaintive. She dressed in the colours which she thought would please him, and this touched him but little, for he had no taste in dress. One day he chanced to say in her hearing that he disliked opals. She happened at that moment to be wearing an opal bracelet. Without making any show of what she was doing, she walked towards a window, furtively unclasped her bracelet, and threw it out.

A man must have been a brute who would have wilfully inflicted all the tortures which this poor woman endured ; but the man loved seemed in this case quite unaware of the circumstance. When he came to learn it he was not delighted. He was a

listless person who wished to take no one's heart nor to let his own be taken. However, as men have too much vanity to remain very long impervious to the sight of a lovely and courted woman kneeling in perpetual adoration at their feet, it is probable he might have ended by capitulating, had not an event occurred which quite altered the course of matters.

The beauty had a sort of cousin (female cousin), whose father had been ruined or come to grief in some way, leaving his daughter dependent upon anybody who might care to take charge of her. The cousin was not pretty, or graceful, or indeed dangerous in any way, so the beauty was kind enough to write and say that if her dear relative would come and take up her abode with her she should be her constant companion, her sister, &c. Everybody knows what are the pleasures of these constant companionships and sisterhoods. To wear the beauty's discarded dresses, to be at her beck and call, to be reminded every now and then that but for the charity shown her she would be a nursery governess or a housemaid, and to act as the butt for all passing fits of spleenfulness or ill-humour. Such were a few of the enjoyments reserved for the daughter of the man who had come to grief. But she did not appear to feel or to care much, this plain-faced, plain-mannered little orphan. She was grateful for what was done for her, took her cousin's rebuffs quite patiently, and accompanied her about, admiring the things she saw, naïvely but without any demonstrative-



ness. An attentive observer would have noticed, however, that occasional remarks fell from this little woman which showed her to be not quite the simple person she looked.

For instance, the man whom the beauty so deeply loved prided himself on being a master-proficient in a certain pastime. This was his hobby, to be thought A1

in this particular walk. The beauty had never divined this foible ; her unobtrusive Cinderella relative discovered it in a day, and when she had done so she adroitly flattered the propensity, and drew down on herself the quiet, rather astonished, and then pensive scrutiny of the great man. If the beauty could only have divined what was passing at that moment through the head of the being who was her idol, with what alacrity would not a second-class ticket have been purchased for Cinderella, and remitted to her along with first-class testimonials for some governess's place in the Shetlands !

But how suspect anything of a girl with such an insignificant face and unattractive ways ? The Cinderella in the tale was beautiful ; this one could no more vie with her queenly cousin than a spray of grass with a lily. And yet how was it that the lily did not remark how frequent the visits of her lover suddenly became ; what long half-hours he would give to conversation ; how attentive he had grown ; and what a curious, hesitating expression there had crept over his face, once so firm-set and indifferent ? Oh, she remarked it all—remarked, and was wild with delight at it ; for of course, with what is called the unerring instinct of women, she had ascribed all the change to herself.

Cinderella too began to feel some of the happiness second-hand. She was less often scolded ; less frequently reminded that she might have been a

housemaid. Her cousin was good to her, promised that she would think of marrying her "one of these days," and Cinderella meekly said, "Thank you," as if she had no knowledge of what an agreeable surprise she was helping to hatch for her cousin.

As for the lover, he had been doubtful and distracted at first, as a man is when he dreams of a *mésalliance*; but, after all, what were beautiful or high-born women to him? He had seen more of them at his feet than he remembered or cared to remember; whereas the admiration of a plain, countrified, guileless (for he thought her guileless) girl was something new to his sated heart. It seemed to him that such a woman would love him deeply, faithfully, and with gratitude for the high position he had given her, whereas others of his own station would have nothing to feel grateful for. Once or twice he tried to broach the subject in vague terms to her, but she did not appear to understand, and thus too charmed him. Evidently she was no intriguer. He even began to fear lest his suit should be rejected.

One day, tormented by this last thought, which—magnified by that sense of his own unworthiness which always oppresses a man very seriously in love—had left him no peace, he went with a beating heart and called upon the beauty. "I wish you to confer a great happiness on me," he said taking one of her hands. She blushed and timidly turned on him a face full of love and trustfulness. "I know I can rely

on your goodwill for me," he faltered. Her blushes deepened, and she drew closer to him, ready to nestle her head in his bosom at the critical moment. "I want you," he said beseechingly, "to prevail upon your cousin to become my wife."

The blow was too heavy to rally from. The poor girl really loved the man, and after her disappointment with regard to him, she would hear of no other. And to make the sting more cruel, she had not the solace of thinking that she had been jilted through no fault of her cousin's. On the contrary, every time she met her successful rival thenceforth, she could read on her features that look of quiet ironical triumph which there was no mistaking, and which made her change to that ashy whiteness which I have already once alluded to. I am not surprised that she should find life bitter.



II.

MISS JENNY.



WHEN Miss Jenny was still a little bit of a thing whose dimpled chin rose no higher than the table in the housekeeper's room, her father, who was butler in my tutor's house, was seized with the very human desire to "better" himself. He had amassed a moderate competency in the course of thirty years' service, and one morning lingered after prayers to say that he had thoughts of setting up a shop in London so soon as his master could conveniently find him a successor. We were all sorry to part with the worthy fellow, for he was emphatically what is termed a good servant; but we pupils felt especial chagrin at the prospect of losing

Miss Jenny, who was the tiniest, queerest, and gayest little sunbeam that had ever lit up an old country parsonage.

One used to meet her toddling down the passages, holding on by the skirts of her mother, the house-keeper, and with one finger in her mouth, in a sort of knowing attitude that seemed to say : "I am on my good behaviour now, but wait until my mother's eye is off me." And, in effect, no sooner was her mother's back turned than she had a trick of crawling up the staircases on all fours and creeping into our rooms, where, so sure as ever she found fishing tackle, boxes of colours, guns, or any other thing that particularly needed letting alone, she would set to work in quiet contentment, entangling, spilling, or gravely dragging the object about the house after her into her own most favoured nooks and corners. For all of which peculiarities she was, of course, adored ; and we were quite distressed that the sweet little plague should go away.

But the ambition of opening a shop in London is one which cannot be combated by sentimental arguments. One day of woe the butler and his wife embarked in a hack-cab with Miss Jenny standing on the seat between them, looking very much as if she meant to cry ; and the next we heard of the family was through advertisement cards of cash prices for stationery which the butler sent us with the respectful hope that he might enjoy our custom. On the back of

each of these cards Miss Jenny had been directed to trace in portentous pothooks, "With my love and a kiss."

And then I saw no more of the little thing for ever so many years; so many, indeed, that it was like drawing a long-forgotten child's picture out of a shelved portfolio, when one day an old college friend called on me with a letter, and said, "You remember Jenny, don't you? this is from her father. I have been



buying letter-paper of him for the last dozen years, and now he writes that Jenny has been winning a prize at her school, and that he should feel honoured,

&c., if I would go and see the prize awarded." My friend added that Jenny was now seventeen years old, which sounded as if he had told me that a small wax doll of my acquaintance had grown up into a marble statue ; and then he invited me to accompany him to the distribution, which I agreed to do without hesitating. "It seems to be rather a puzzling place," said he, producing an invitation that was enclosed in the butler's letter, and he showed me what follows :—

Something House, Blank Grove,
Scholastic Academy for Young Ladies.

The Miss X has the honour to present her compliments to the numerous and fashionable gentry her patrons, and to announce that the annual distribution of recompenses to the young lady laureates of Something House will take place on the 15th proximo at seven o'clock in the evening, and to request the favour of your company. Refreshments will be served to the visitors, and the proceedings will conclude with a collation.

Not knowing much about scholastic academies for young ladies, I was, I confess, almost as much puzzled as my friend. Nevertheless, believing Miss Jenny's father to be a man of sense, I concluded that Something House was a place where Miss Jenny would be taught needlework and crochet, correct spelling, and the writing of a plain, neat hand, and arithmetic as far as possible—that is, the rule of three and compound interest, or, if marked aptitude were displayed decimal fractions and bookkeeping. Turning over the flyleaf of the invitation, however, I discovered lurking there, like the perfumers' advertisements at the backs



MISS JENNY.

of play-bills, a prospectus, and among the items of instruction enumerated in this prospectus the words, "French, German, and drawing."

"Well," I reflected, after some mental debate, "there may perhaps be no great objection to this. If French or German could be taught without interfering with the more indispensable subjects, a shop girl would be sure to find them useful—certainly they might prove so to foreign customers; and as for

drawing, why, if a milliner could learn enough of it to enable her to sketch the pattern of a dress or bonnet without having recourse to a professional draughtsman, so much the better for her and for her employers. But then came two other items which I was not able to swallow so easily, and which first suggested a vague presentiment of rocks ahead,—“deportment” and “the higher social attainments.” Wherefore deportment? and what could be the meaning of the “higher social attainments”? And—now that I came to turn the matter over—why “Scholastic Academy” instead of School? What could be the sense, where was the use, of teaching Miss Jenny and her companions, whose lot in life would be one of work, that they were “young ladies?”

All these questions I began to ask myself in a mistrustful mood as my friend and I were being driven to Blank-grove on the evening of the ceremony; and all of them, with a good many more, were answered when we reached our destination, which turned out to be a semi-detached villa, ornamented with a brass plate. We knocked and were introduced into a school-room, where the numerous and fashionable gentry were already assembled: to wit, some two dozen tradesfolk refreshing themselves with hot tea, about the same number of school-girls endeavouring to look demure against the walls, and the Miss X herself, who, possibly out of deference to the fact that my friend and I were the only persons who wore dress coats,

made much of us, located us in a post of honour, and intimated with a bland smile that she had only been awaiting our arrival to commence the examination.

For there was to be a public examination before the prize-giving. The small tradesmen evidently looked forward to this part of the programme with nervousness, but the pupils with composure—which I understood by-and-by when Miss Jenny confided to us, that each of the pupils was presented beforehand with a copy of the questions that would be set her, in order that everything might pass off pleasantly. She was not much changed, Miss Jenny. She had only developed from a little spoilt beauty of four into a spoilt beauty of seventeen. She had hair, teeth, eyes, lips that would have done honour to a queen; her smile provoked an answering smile; and she had a coquetish little way of tossing back her curls and making play with her glances that must have driven into stark madness any young butler upon whom she chose to try it. Unfortunately all this was marred by Miss Jenny's conceit, which appeared to be boundless.

Everything connected with the school turned out to be void of taste and unbecoming—the Miss X, to begin with, who was continually getting out of her grammatical depth by a rash dallying with subjunctives; then Miss Jenny's fellow-pupils, all more or less unbecomingly dressed; and, finally, the examination. For, instead of listening to instructive replies concerning single stitch and double stitch, rule



of three and ready reckoning, the company were soon trudging through names of Roman empresses, apocryphal anecdotes about the Crusades, and other kindred waifs of knowledge. And yet this was but a trifle compared to what followed upon our reaching "social attainments." Here we crossed the borderland of tragedy, and when I call to mind the dull horror of that scene I still feel myself depressed.

The first question burst like a shell over our heads. "Miss Brown," said the Miss X, in a tone of emphasis that revealed the full weight of importance she attached to what was coming, "Miss Brown, will you state the precise date of her Majesty the Queen's wedding day, and the name of the prelate who officiated at that solemnity?" "Miss Brown, will you tell us, according to laws of precedence, whether the youngest daughter of a Duke takes the *pas* over a lady married to the eldest son of an Earl?" "Miss Robinson, can you enlighten us as to the numbers of ladies of the British aristocracy who are peeresses in their own right?" and so on for twenty minutes, the questions succeeding each other with the rapidity of file firing, and the answers being shot back with deadly precision, every answer a bull's-eye. What made the matter worse was that fathers and mothers, who had shown themselves pensive, not to say melancholy, during the historical portion of the performance, brightened up at this juncture and looked appreciative. Their sleek countenances, already

radiant from the effects of the hot tea, broke out into smiles. "Surely, this is tip-top schooling!" seemed to be the general impression.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen," observed the Miss X, taking note of these flattering signs, and gracefully bringing her examination to an end, "our object has been to impart an education which should stamp the young female receiving it as a born lady, and enable her to hold her own with *éclat* (pronounced *a clatt*) in the privileged circles of the higher classes."

"Yes," assented Miss Jenny's father, who, after applauding the sentiment, came forward respectfully to greet us, "that's just the truth, gentlemen. I am not a rich man, but I can boast of this, that my Jenny has had the education of a lady."

As for Miss Jenny herself—who was the head of the school, and had come off with flying colours, that is, three books bound in scarlet cloth and one in blue ditto—she sat beside me at the collation, and I renewed my acquaintance with her. She had been eleven years at the Scholastic Academy, at the rate of £30 per annum, and had learned to despise the letter H. In French she could say: "Wee, mossoo, seal voo play," laughing very much as she did so. She couldn't abide arithmetic, she exclaimed, and always made mistakes in her sums; nor—though she had taken pianoforte lessons from the first as an "extra"—could she read music much, though she confessed to being able to play "'My Mary Anne,' and some

other nice tunes," by ear. As to her writing—"I have always been a dreadfully careless girl, and don't write half as well as I ought to," was her sighing confession, though uttered in a tone that struck me as being intended to convey just the reverse. "But you shall see my copy-books by-and-by, if you like." And I did like, and I noticed that Miss Jenny spelt "totter" with one t.

To tell the truth, I did not feel much inclined to laugh. The sight of all these honest and hard-working simpletons, who had laid out their money to get their daughters taught idleness at the best was not of a kind to exhilarate one; and when I came to reflect that Miss Jenny was in plain truth no rich young lady who would have time to learn the spelling of the word "totter" while waiting for a husband, but nothing but a poor girl who must soon face the world with her beauty, her love of finery, and her rubbishy education, I wondered in some sort of dismay what would come of it.

What came of it was this. Some six weeks after the distribution, my friend, the butler's customer, called on me again to say he was trying to find a governess's situation for Miss Jenny, and to ask me to help him. I did help him, thinking Miss Jenny might perhaps be equal to teaching very young children, and that, at all events, she would teach herself in learning to instruct them. We found her a situation, and she kept it three weeks. Then we

procured her another, from which she was dismissed on the same grounds as from the first, viz., that she knew nothing, dressed with impropriety, talked with levity, and when remonstrated with was saucy. After this I succeeded in placing her with a lady, to whom I frankly explained matters, and who promised to be indulgent with the girl; but this situation Miss Jenny abandoned of her own accord, writing to me that it was "terribly slow, right in the country, you know, and not a soul to speak to." What she wanted was a place in London, in a genteel neighbourhood; and, to make a long story short, she got this situation in the genteel neighbourhood; then another after it, and changed genteel neighbourhoods altogether some half-dozen times in two years.

Then came a letter from the butler asking for advice, and a call on my part to give him that advice; and, of course, the advice was poorly received, for I hinted that governessing was a shade or two above Miss Jenny's abilities, which her father denied with astonishment and even with indignation. Then supervened a silence of six months, after which I was apprised that Miss Jenny was "getting on capitally." She was with a very rich family, who travelled about, said her father, so that he didn't know their address; but they must be very well off and respectable, for Miss Jenny proved it by sending home bank-notes for five pounds quite often.

Honest and guileless father! When I heard of the

travelling family and the bank-notes, all I prayed for was that his illusions might last long. As for mine—if I ever had any on the subject—they lasted ten days. For at the end of that time, being in the park one afternoon, I was crossed by a bijou brougham, inside of which was Miss Jenny and a companion of her own years, both too splendidly arrayed. She caught sight of me, and, thinking she might blush and feel ashamed, I hurried on to spare her that sensation. But why should she have blushed or felt ashamed? Blushing is not one of the social attainments taught at schools like Something House. Miss Jenny's Blank-grove lessons could—except by miracle—lead to no other possible dénouement but this one.

Beckoning to me with her small white-gloved hand, she said laughing—almost innocently: "This is better fun than being a governess. This brougham's mine, and I have a house at Pimlico. You must come to see me. But"—and as she whispered this, perhaps she did colour a little—"don't tell my father."



III.

MADemoisELLE SYLVIE.

I WAS residing in Paris, and my concierge, in showing me a set of rooms more convenient than those which I had occupied before, said : "Monsieur will not have much of a view, but he will enjoy the benefit of Mademoiselle Sylvie's flowers and her two canaries ;" and, pointing across a courtyard, he glanced up at a small window very high on the sixth floor, embowered in a thick trellis-work of sweet-peas, scarlet-runners, and mignonette-boxes, amid all of which hung a brave little cage, smart with green and white paint and gilding. It was a costly-looking trifle this cage, and one was rather surprised to see it so high up as the sixth floor ; but the two birds inside hopped from perch to perch, and piped their thrilling notes, and shook the trim yellow wings they had just dipped in water with as pert and chirping an air as if the whole world was theirs, and there was nothing on earth too good for them.

"She is a stay-maker," continued the concierge, "and the next window to hers is that of M. Polydore, a railway clerk." I do not know why the concierge should have thought it necessary thus to intrude M.

Polydore upon the scene. I was rather disappointed that he had done so. I could have wished he had kept this gentleman in the background, or brought him in some other day incidentally to something else. But it is a way with Frenchmen quietly to root up certain illusions, and to do it quickly.

I took the rooms, and during several weeks was enlivened by the sight of the flowers and by the chirruping of the two canaries. Of an afternoon, when the house was in the shade, and the bustle which attends the arranging of rooms, the opening of windows, and the shaking of carpets in the morning was over; when the yard was silent and cool, the warbling sounded so clear and melodious, so gay and unrestrained, that I sometimes laid down my pen merely to listen to it. But I never saw Mademoiselle Sylvie, and I was beginning to regard her as a sort of myth, to be perpetually associated with song of birds and impenetrable groves of creepers. One morning, however, having chanced to rise earlier than usual, and being seated writing at my desk, I raised my eyes towards the familiar window, and observed a young and bright but rather pale face protrude through the foliage, and a pair of small hands suspend the smart cage on its accustomed hook. The birds had been under cover for the night, and on being put into the air instantly saluted the rising sun with their music. Then the small hands disappeared and came back again, and nimble fingers, armed with scissors, set to work



trimming the plants, and here lopping off one tendril, there tying up another, after which a new eclipse, and, then the small hands brought the tiniest of waterpots and gravely watered their ten-thousandth part of an acre of garden land.

At this moment, while I was studiously surveying the scene, the adjoining casement was opened, and a

second head, much less bright and interesting than the other, and ornamented by a shaggy crop of uncombed hair and a black moustache, became visible, and there commenced an interchange of greetings between the windows. The waterpot paused on the edge of the mignonette-box, the face smiled amicably, and the shaggy head, putting out a large hand with a pair of tongs in it, and a basket fastened to the end of the pair of tongs, leaned forward and passed the basket until it dangled right among the flowers. Then the nimble hands lifted something out, fumbled half a minute in a pocket and dropped something in, and the basket travelled back, followed by another amicable smile and a nod.

"Yes, it's like that every morning," exclaimed the concierge, who had come up with my letters, and was standing by me, holding a sheaf of other lodgers' boots, letters, and hot-water cans between his hands. "That is M. Polydore, the railway clerk, passing her breakfast to Mademoiselle Sylvie. M. Polydore runs down at seven every morning for his own provisions, and brings up his neighbour's at the same time—two sous' worth of milk, two rolls at one sou, and a sou's worth of chickweed for the birds, and that's all. It's never more than five sous she has to drop into the basket, and I'll be bound M. Polydore would pay it all for her himself, ay, and double that, if she would only let him."

But here the concierge interrupted himself, for a

second and more novel scene was being enacted. The shaggy head, after vanishing for a moment with the tongs, had reissued in their company, and was now passing a new basket, the conical shape of which revealed its contents—it was presumably full of strawberries. Mademoiselle Sylvie lifted up her hands as if uttering an amused exclamation, took out a strawberry, which she thrust through the bars of her cage, then nibbled one herself, making a little sign to say that it was good ; but, having done this, shook her head and was apparently for sending the rest back. Whereupon a discussion arose, which, of course, we could not hear, but the pantomimic eloquence of which, especially in so far as M. Polydore's gestures went, was easy to comprehend. It lasted two good minutes, and then the matter was settled by Mademoiselle Sylvie shaking one or two more strawberries into her left hand, and waving her right laughingly before her face, as though to convey : "This is positively all I shall take, M. Polydore, so you needn't tempt me." M. Polydore protested, but finding it was of no use, gave a shrug, and the pottle moved slowly back on its way along with the tongs. Mademoiselle Sylvie then took up her tiny waterpot anew, and finished her watering.

"Yes," said the concierge approvingly, "that's just it. M. Polydore is a good-hearted young man of the free-and-easy sort, and he and Mademoiselle Sylvie get on very well together. He goes on errands for her ; she mends his things for him ; but, except when they

meet on the staircase, all their talking—every bit of it—is done through those windows. M. Polydore, I suspect, would like affairs to take another turn ; but Mademoiselle Sylvie knows how to put enterprising gentlemen back into their places. You understand, she is engaged to a sergeant, who will marry her when he has finished his seven years, that is the year after next, I believe ; and he being an honest man, the match would be broken snap off if anything went wrong. So she bides as still as a small mouse, and stores by every centime she can, and seems to live on air ; and she stitches and stitches enough to wear her little fingers away, for she's a deft needlewoman, as monsieur will find if ever he wants anything sewn for him, and doesn't mind giving her the job."

The concierge retired—worthy chatterbox, whose chief delight was to communicate to one lodger the adventures or misadventures of the other—but I suppose some of his words lingered after him, for that day, being out, I bought a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and sent them with my compliments to Mademoiselle Sylvie, requesting that she would kindly hem and mark them.

She was less than a week about the work, and brought it one afternoon when the sun had been so lustrous and her canaries in such spirits that the very sparrows of Paris, who are the most unconcerned birds in existence, must have wondered at and envied them. A slight knock, and she entered, reserved in manner,

but unembarrassed, and with that perfect grace of demeanour which would seem to be the appanage of Frenchwomen. She had not much of what artists call beauty, but her teeth and hair were admirable, and her eyes shone with an expression of innocent vivacity, very confident, true, and captivating. On the other hand, she was evidently overworked. Her figure was slight and thin, and her face much paler than I had been able to judge, seeing her from a distance of four storeys. "These are monsieur's handkerchiefs?" she asked, and saying this handed me the little cardboard box in which the order had been sent her.

I mechanically examined the work, and was struck with its conscientious character—every stitch so honest and straight, and the design of the cypher she had wrought in fancy letters so delicate, painstaking, and able. Then, having admired, I inquired how much I was indebted to her, and she named a sum so modest that, reflecting on the prices charged for these things by people who are called fashionable hosiers, I wondered with some indignation how anybody could have the courage to grind unfortunate needle-girls down in this way. "But you must find it very hard," I observed, "to live on such small gains as this, Mademoiselle Sylvie."

"Oh, monsieur," she answered, with a little shrug and a smile, "it's woman's work, and that's never much paid."

She said this so quietly that I was unable to divine whether there was any irony in the remark, or whether she really thought that her sex earned as much as could be expected; so I repeated: "I consider it very little."

"Yet there are women who would sew for less," was her tranquil answer, as she smoothed a crease out of the neat white apron that covered her merino gown. "We are so many women, and so few trades open to us! Monsieur has never been in the poorer quarters? There are women to be seen there who make workmen's blouses at three sous the blouse; they stitch fifteen hours a day and earn thirty sous. Nobody can have an idea of what deep wretchedness is until he has seen these women. Imagine such of them as have children, and sometimes a drunken husband, and nothing but this money! There are some who say that all this is the fault of the employers; but then the employers pretend that they can't pay us any more; and women have not the power to raise wages by striking work as the men can. Nobody ever heard of a women's strike. To begin with, women are not free, and so couldn't strike if they would, for their husbands and fathers wouldn't always let them. But even if they were free, I do not believe any number of us women could agree together for long. We are so fond of quarrelling with one another!" Here she smiled again, and, seeing me listening with silent interest to her speech, said

quietly : " As for me, monsieur, I have no right to complain, I am one of the lucky ones."

" Lucky, Mademoiselle Sylvie ?"

" Yes," she replied, " I earn my three francs a day. It's not much, but it's enough, and I manage to put by a little for rainy weather. Sometimes I wish it were spring all the year round, because of the cold in winter, which numbs one's fingers and makes it difficult to sew ; but when the winter's over and the sky gets blue and warm again in April, then I feel glad for what we have gone through, for it makes the spring seem better. But even in the winter there are amusements, and I used to go to the theatre occasionally ; but not now, because my lover doesn't like it." And here she drew the faintest breath of a sigh. " You see, it was M. Polydore. M. Polydore is my neighbour"—she explained simply—" who knew some actors of the Ambigu and Gaîté ; they gave him tickets, and he gave them me, and I used to go with one of my girl friends, and we used sometimes to cry all the evening. Ah ! it does one good, those pieces that make you cry ! But my lover is jealous, and won't let me accept presents from anybody, and I know if I were to take anything from M. Polydore he'd beat me.—Oh monsieur, don't believe what I am saying : he is one of the best fellows in the world"—she exclaimed naïvely, as she perceived that this glimpse of her lover's disposition had not impressed me very favourably. " I do with him what I please ;

but then he's a sergeant who has always been well noted in his regiment, and he says, 'I'm not going to marry a girl against whom people have got anything to say, Sylvie'—and he's quite right. If I were a man I know I should be like that."

"Then you work and wait, Mademoiselle Sylvie?"

"I work and wait, monsieur," she answered. "My lover lays by what he can, and when his term of service is over he will marry me, and we shall try and keep a shop. That will be in two years' time—yes, in two years all but a month;" and here again came a short sigh, as though to say: "It's a little long, but one must be patient." She glanced at the clock, and I took this as a hint to pay her and to thank her, endeavouring to prevail on her as I did so to accept more than the insignificant sum she had mentioned. But this was in vain. She counted my change with painful exactness, dropped a modest, unaffected little courtesy, and withdrew.

It was several years after this that, passing through one of the gabled towns of Picardy, I was attracted by the fresh, taut look of a tobacconist's shop standing at the corner of the main street, and stepped in to buy a cigar. A vigorous, laughing man, in shirt-sleeves, was seated near the door giving a chubby urchin of four a ride on his knee, while another, with the round clipped head of French youngsters, was sprawling on the floor crowing. Behind the counter a young woman, dressed with the wonted spruceness and dignity of

French *buralistes*, was manipulating screws of *caporal*, and looking on complacently at the scene. She recognized me at once, and I recognized her. It was the former Mademoiselle Sylvie. Of course we fell to talking of old times—"those happy old times, when we were so unhappy," as Sophie Arnould used to say—and I reminded Mademoiselle Sylvie of her birds, her flowers, and her garret-room on the sixth floor.

"Ah, but she never told you all, sir!" said her husband, rising and laying a hand upon her shoulder. "She used to put by half her small gains every day so as to have a dower to give me when I married her. On the day when I got my discharge I came to her suddenly and found her stitching in her little room without a fire. It was January, and the snow was falling outside, so that my uniform was quite covered with it! Can you imagine that, monsieur? no fire in January!" and he began to chafe her fingers between his as if they must still be cold after such an infliction.

As for her she coloured, and tried to stop him. But he would not be stopped, and talked of her industry and her privations with feelings of pain and pride that were obvious enough. "Well, monsieur," she said at last, with perhaps just the faintest quaver in her voice, "it was a little hard at times, I know—but one had better pay for one's happiness before instead of after"—and she glanced fondly and happily at the little family of which she was the queen. I thought the sergeant a lucky fellow.

IV.

MISS ROSE.

WE had been talking that evening about money and the want of it—a very extensive subject, that led us to discuss all the bearings of impecuniosity on vice. I cited an instance within my own knowledge of a man who had been saved from heaven knows what—the hulks, perhaps—by a timely five-pound note.

“And I,” said he, “I know a woman”—but here he stopped seeming to regret having said so much. I pressed him to continue, however, and as perhaps the secret he had kept for many years was welling up rather powerfully within him at that moment, he agreed at length to tell me the story, suppressing all names. “Though for that matter,” added he, “you have met the persons I shall allude to and will meet them again.” This said, he spoke to the following effect :—

“The first time I set eyes on her—I will call her Rose for convenience’s sake—it struck me that she was the sweetest girl I had ever seen. She was very pretty, spoke with a winning and demure grace, and was true as gold. The second time I liked her still better, for I discovered that she knew everything that I didn’t, could play and sing, knit and embroider to any

extent, draw likenesses in her album, and talk French without boasting about it. The third time, I had to reason seriously with myself, and say that in the interest of my own peace of mind I had better not see her again. The fact is, I am not a marrying man, and if I had ever cherished any dispositions towards matrimony, the sight of Miss Rose's own home might have cured me of the taste.

"Her father was one of those well-to-do paupers whom I pity much more than the frequenters, casual or otherwise, of the workhouse. He had £1,500 a year or thereabouts, and on that was expected to keep up the same state as a man with £5,000. A house in a good quarter, a carriage and pair, an occasional box at the opera—these were necessities of his position ; and in the way of mouths to fill there were two boys at a public school, one at Oxford, who, of course, had debts, and three or four daughters, of whom Rose was the eldest. Now, if you divide £1,500 among all these items, and leave a margin for repairs to the roof of the house, expenditure for the accidental poleing of the carriage, disbursements on account of new furniture, new horse, or pressing bills from the son at Oxford, you arrive at the conclusion that life under these circumstances is a perpetual note of interrogation ; and you cease to wonder at the downright tone in which Rose's mother told her as soon as she had left school that it was her duty to get married, and that speedily.

"I have heard some youngsters of my acquaintance

be very witty at the expense of matchmaking mothers, and think it capital sport when a detrimental of their set cuts out a few substantial suitors and succeeds, by hook or crook, in marrying a girl like Miss Rose. I wish they would look a little beyond the wedding-day, some of these young fellows, and reflect what a pleasant business it is when the detrimental's father-in-law has to pay for the lodgings where the young couple have gone, the bills at Christmas, the expenses of the first confinement ; and, to do all this, has to pinch himself, starve his household, cut down the pocket-money of his sons, and leave his younger daughters without those new bonnets and dresses which they have been counting on. This, I know, is not the poetical way of looking at the question ; but then life is not a poem, and we only fall into very rhymeless scrapes when we try to make it one. Rose's mother was a matchmaker. She had the shrewdest eye for men of parts, that is, men with cheque-books, and she began taking her daughter the round of all the balls, routs, and garden parties where such might be found. Only, as it would have been quite impossible to deck Miss Rose out so as to rival some of her wealthier competitors in the marriage handicap, the expedient was adopted of giving her a fixed allowance and letting her shift for herself, which is a popular and by no means unclever way of imbuing a girl with the cheque-book view of marriage, for if she exceeds her allowance and gets into debt with her milliner she knows that a wealthy

marriage is the only possible mode of pulling her out of her dilemma.

“So Miss Rose’s allowance was settled at £60 a year, paid quarterly. The Oxford son, who was consulted, and who had never been able to live within his own three hundred pounds, added to three other hundred pounds annual debt, opined that it was quite enough ; so did the eldest of the public school sons, who was probably sincere, and so for that matter did Miss Rose herself, for, though she was the best taught little thing in the world, practical arithmetic was her feeble point ; when she added up two and two she always counted that it made six, and when she took two from two nothing would persuade her that two did not remain. On finding herself at the head of her first quarter’s fifteen pounds, it seemed like Golconda to her. She instantly bought one of those little velvet and gilt clasp-books that are half the length of your finger, and only cost half a guinea, to keep her accounts in, and made out pretty lists of things she didn’t want, but of course purchased soon after, so as not to leave the account book empty—gloves with six buttons, perfumery, fans, birthday presents for this and that dear school friend, and so on. Then I suppose the usual thing occurred—exuberance so long as the pounds lasted, astonishment and dismay when the last of them vanished over a Bond-street counter in exchange for a bottle of scent.

“One day Miss Rose came in tears to my sister,



who was her most intimate school friend, and confessed that she had not a farthing in the world and

owed ever so much for two dresses, a pink and a blue one. It was evident that there was a vague fear of something horrible underlying her mind, and that she apprehended being sentenced by a judge to immediate detention in Whitecross-street. My sister, who meant well, but who, being the only girl in her family, ran up bills without scruple, knowing that I was always there to pay them—my sister told Rose not to be downhearted about such a trifle as an unpaid invoice, and the two at once set off together for the modiste's, a French old woman, who had quite sense enough to guess that with a face like Miss Rose's a rich husband was sure, and so protested forthwith that she had no thought of asking for payment—indeed, would much rather not be paid than otherwise.

“‘You shall settle with me, miss, in three or four years' time,’ she said, with the sweetest of smiles, ‘when you are married, or—when you like.’

“Pay when you like! I remember one morning when I was at Christ Church, returning to my rooms in Peckwater after chapel, and finding a smug-faced fellow on the landing with a carpet-bag. He followed me in without asking leave, and told me he was the traveller of a great London jewellery firm. His bag was full of watches, rings, and pins; and I might have as many as I chose without paying. ‘The settling-day,’ he added, ‘would come by-and-by; when I took my degree, or came of age.’ Saying which, he displayed half his goods on the table, made

a heap of those which he decided would suit me best, gabbled that he should always be proud to serve me, and eventually vanished, leaving me the owner of about a hundred pounds' worth of property, which was set down to me in the bill I had the pleasure of paying a few years afterwards at over £300. This bagman did not operate only in Oxford; he and a few more of his pattern were continually on the roam between the University towns and the Horse Guards' barracks; but they also did a good stroke of business by offering young girls in Society the run of their bags, with credit unlimited, till marriage-day.

"Poor Miss Rose fell into their clutches. The modiste's bill was only the first step in the downward run. One day the French old woman introduced a jeweller's man who had called quite by chance, and happened to have a rare assortment of bracelets in his coat-pockets. Jewellers often call quite by chance at fashionable dressmakers' when there are young ladies there. Poor Rose held out once, twice, but the third time she gave in. The bracelets were too pretty and the bagman too civil. Then there was the tradesman who sold the six-button gloves; he didn't like being paid ready money either—no more did the birthday present man, no more did any of them. To cut a long story short, Miss Rose soon discovered how pleasant a life may be led by spending one's sixty pounds as pocket-money, and leaving the cost of all one's dresses and trinkets to accumulate. Nobody troubled her,



MISS ROSE.

nobody dunned her. Her life was in every sense unchequered until her marriage.

“ She married a rich man, but one of those rich men who act uncommonly as if they were poor ones. He had made his money slowly, and knew the worth of it. At an early date after their marriage he took an

opportunity to apprise his wife that he disliked debt, that he was in favour of seeing all things ruled in ship-shape, and that to this end he would allow her so much pin money, requesting her at the same time not to incur obligations towards anybody, for that if she found her allowance insufficient he would increase it. This was said in a polite tone, but with a sort of business-like composure that made poor Rose feel as if she would rather die a thousand deaths than ask the man for a penny. He was not an ideal husband by any means. Very much older than herself, and older still in experience than he was in years, he had no indulgence whatever for human foibles, accounting that a man or woman who went astray once on any one point would go astray again, and upon others. He said 'Yes' and 'No' in a tone that froze you to the marrow when you had anything to expect from these answers; and his unhappy wife was not long in discovering that she could only hold her place in his esteem by being absolutely faultless—never giving him the faintest pretext for reproach.

"How acknowledge to such a being that she owed five or six hundred pounds? She had put off the confession long enough, and yet the time was coming when she must make it. The milliner had shown herself sweet as ever, but a trifle anxious about her little bill. The smoothness of the jeweller had not abated, only he expatiated on the advantages of discharging one account before opening another. As for

the gloveman, should he send his bill in to Mr. —, or would Mrs. — prefer to pay it herself? All this uttered with a pointed air, which makes one feel menaces beneath.

“At this juncture there began to hover about Rose young X., a very good fellow, with a great deal of money, but with no more principle than a magpie. It was quite natural that X. should hover about Rose, for marriage had improved her into the most charming woman under heaven; but she was not the woman to encourage hovering, and she would quickly have sent young X. about his business, had not the ghastly idea occurred to her in one of those moments of dejection when women will catch at any straw that this X. might perhaps consent to help her in her trouble. Of course, in planning to ask help of X., her thoughts went no further. She had seen him throw money about as if it were no more than brass to him, and her idea was simply to beg of him a loan which she would repay as fast as she could out of her pin-money. But a loan from a man, and from such a man as X. ! She had not seen the brink towards which she was hurrying then; fear, the hideous fear of letting her husband into her secret, and giving him to suppose that she married him only that her debts might be paid—this was driving her along distracted; and she would have gone over the brink but for a happy chance.

“That chance lay in my sister’s calling on me one day to say with a great deal of crying how matters

stood. Poor Rose had told her all. She wanted—she must have—five hundred pounds. My sister had not got them, and whether I had or not she supposed men were far too selfish to help women in such straits as these. Whereupon, telling me how much she despised us all, she left me to my reflections. And these reflections were not pleasant. I knew X., and could have no illusions whatever as to what that good fellow was aiming at; and I knew Rose, and remembered that during a week I had half thought of asking her to be my wife. Then I called to mind that perhaps it was after all my sister's fault that Rose had run up her first bill—in short, I need not go into all my reflections. I had something more than the much-needed sum at my banker's. The only difficulty was to convey it to Rose in such a way as she should not feel under any obligation.

“A luminous idea struck me. There were races at Hampton or Kingston, or some such place the next day. I scribbled a note to my sister to say that she and Rose must make up a party and go, and that I would meet them there, but that she must not forewarn Rose of this. They went. What arguments my sister used to bring Rose on to a racecourse, goodness knows, but she did bring her; and I remember the scared looks of the pair of them sitting in their carriage amid all the tumult.

“I had mentally concerted everything beforehand, and went up smiling to Rose to ask her if she betted.



No, she didn't bet. But would she take a ticket in a sweep? A hundred of us had got up a sweep at five pounds the ticket, and the whole five hundred was to go to the winner.

"With these words I handed her a little basketful of pieces of paper folded. 'Draw one,' I said. Her

eyes glistened, and she hesitated. She had not got the five pounds with her. That didn't matter, I replied; she should pay me another time. She drew, and it is needless to say that on every piece of paper in the basket was the name of the same horse, the only one who had a chance of winning, for it was a tenth-rate race with only three horses in. But this of course she didn't know, nor even if she had known would she have understood.

"'What's the horse's colour?' she asked in a trembling voice.

"'It's a bay,' I answered, 'and the jockey has a blue jacket with orange sleeves.'

"'Blue with orange,' she murmured; and I shall never forget the expression of her face as she leaned over the carriage side, clutching her ticket, to see the horses when they broke into sight.

"As for me, a sickening sensation seized me at the thought that the blue-and-orange brute might not win. I glanced at Rose, and then strained my eyes with suspense. At a corner the horse stumbled. Rose drew her hand across her brow as if she had been struck. But in another instant the jockey had righted himself. Heaven be praised that there should be screws in the world! The blue-and-orange beat the others in a canter. The next day I took Rose a bundle of notes. X. was out of town, and was not to return till the morrow. It was then she had determined to ask him for the money. She was, therefore, saved."

"And now?" I asked as my friend concluded.

"Oh, now," he answered, "Rose, cured by her adventure, turned over a fresh leaf. She took pattern by her husband, and became a Dorcas-meeting lady—a kind of saint in silk—a woman to whom one kneels."

"And she was grateful to you, let us hope?"

He laughed. "A couple of years ago," he answered, "she struck me off her visiting list, because, said she, I was a man who gambled and went on the turf."



V.

MADAME DE L'ESBROUFFE-TOURBILLON.



It was in August. The sky was blue and gold as usual, the roads were full of dust, the leaves on the trees crisped round pleasantly as if they had been fried, and the bathing season was at its height in the town of Dip-sur-Mer, one of the most fashionable of continental watering-places.

There were people who objected to Dip because of its smallness, and, of course, came every year, they and their families, to make the



smallness smaller. There were others who inveighed against it on account of its expense, and naturally would not for the world have gone to any place that was cheaper. There were others, again, who condemned Dip for its immorality, and it is needless to



add that these were at their posts among the first as soon as ever the season began.

The great attraction of Dip was its Etablissement des Bains. Many years ago an enterprising town council had had the idea of erecting a building which



IN THE SUN AT DIP-SUR-MER.

should offer as flattering a resemblance as possible to the casinos of the German gambling spas ; and save for the fact that at Dip one played écarté for gold



instead of roulette for paper, and save that one daily drank a pint or two of salt water in the sea instead of drinking a daily quart of sulphurous water on dry land, one was really as hot, close-packed, and uncomfortable at Dip as one could have been in any German spa that you may please to name.

The correct thing for those who wished to do at Dip as everybody else did was to turn out at midday in a *costume de bain*, and walk bravely down to the sea in

this attire through several rows of ladies seated on chairs and looking on. There was no occasion to feel bashful during this performance; it was accepted as the natural and proper mode of commencing the day. At three, with one's hair rendered as little limp as possible by a celebrated "Artiste Capillaire" from Paris, who drove his brougham and talked of his "convictions politiques," one put in an appearance at the afternoon concerts. At six, dinner, either at table d'hôte or at a restaurant rather dearer than the Café Anglais. In the evening, public ball at the Etablissement des Bains Chauds, theatrical representations at



the miniature playhouse, which in point of coolness reminded one of the 150° room in Turkish hammams,



ON THE SANDS AT DIP-SUR-MER.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

or, failing these two sources of amusement, private dinners, "dancing teas," or charade-acting to an extent unlimited. On the whole, this sort of life necessitated rather more dressing than in London, infinitely more small talk than in Paris, and an amount of racing about, card leaving, and mental disquiet that effectually took all the shine out of one in six weeks.

I am bound to say, however, that during a particular season which I remember spending at Dip we all of us—I mean we visitors—got on pretty well together up to a certain date. Our wives did not dress at one another, or speak evil of one another more than was absolutely necessary; our children made sand pies on the beach together with cordial unanimity; and we men, bachelors or Benedicts, demeaned ourselves as friends and brothers united in one common desire to



make the time pass supportably. One morning, however, the sheet of note-paper which came out every day at Dip, under the title of Gazette, announced that Madame de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon had arrived; and, as Madame de l'Esbrouffe was apparently much esteemed by the Gazette, it added that now Dip was going to brighten up in earnest, and that the season of animation and festivity would commence.

And, indeed, it did commence forthwith. I had not suspected what kind of animation would be in store for us, and had rather wondered as to what the Gazette could mean, but I soon found out. That very afternoon, when the concert was half-finished and the room was hushed, listening to a pastoral solo on the flute, the folding-doors of the casino were suddenly thrown wide open, as if to admit a deputation of district vestrymen, and like a rush of autumn leaves whirled along by a south-west wind, in swept Madame de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon. A saffron silk gown with dark velvet trimmings, bonnet to match, with primroses and drooping feather; straw-coloured gloves, rouge on both cheeks, black paint on the eyebrows and in the corners of the eyes, a thick layer of violet powder on the forehead, vermilion on the lips, and a fixed, well-satisfied smile to light up all this; and there she was. Behind her, one cavalier holding her cloak, a second carrying her parasol, a third armed with her smelling-bottle, and last, not least, the podgy yet diminutive Monsieur de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon looking



as if he were used to this sort of thing and did not mind it.

Of course the solo on the flute was interrupted, the gyrations of the conductor's bâton were interrupted, the private whispered conversations were interrupted,

everything came to a stand-still while Madame de l'Esbrouffe selected herself a chair, settled down into it, beat down her voluminous skirts around her, relieved her cavalier of her smelling bottle, asked for a programme, and then having unclasped her golden double eyeglass stared condescendingly through it at the flute-player, as though to say, "I am quite ready now, thank you, monsieur ; you may proceed with your tune if it suits you."

But though the flute-player began his minstrelsy, there were few found to hearken to him as before. Immediately a commotion ensued among the audience and there was a precipitate rush from half the male population in the room to pay their homage to the high and puissant lady. As for me, not having the honour of knowing her, I was going to sit still ; but a wise and witty French friend by my side said, "Come along, I will introduce you ; you won't be safe else—no man or woman is ; and if she speaks to you, mind and lay on compliments pretty thickly."

Now I beg to protest solemnly and on principle against the sort of existence to which we were condemned from that time forth. We had none of us done harm to anybody ; we were met there to bathe and be at peace. We were not bound under pains and penalties to obey Madame de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon. She was not our empress, nor our prefect, nor our mayoress, and yet obey her we did, bowing our necks submissively under the yoke ; and those of

us who did not obey had occasion to rue it. For from that moment life became a burden and a calamity to those who ventured to act, think, or speak without the previous assent of Madame de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon.

Was there a fancy-dress ball to be given, a charitable bazaar to be organized, a race meeting to be fixed, all the arrangements were made dependent upon the goodwill of that lady. Was there a new piece to be produced at the theatre, the manager first waited humbly upon Madame de l'Esbrouffe to know her pleasure. Even at the church the vicar, who had thought of inviting a neighbouring prelate to come and preach a poor-box sermon, waited to ascertain first whether Madame would deign to patronize that prelate. As for those who were in the habit of giving entertainments at their own homes, they sank of a sudden into abject terror, lest they should ever unguardedly issue invitations for nights when Madame de l'Esbrouffe herself "received ;"—in a word it was despotism, frank despotism.

But I should not have minded so much if the great Madame de l'Esbrouffe had been content to grind us down under the high heels of her pretty boots, and there left us. But she did more. Like the Eastern queens of yore, she found our servility dull, and gave herself the pleasure of setting us all by the ears. We began to split up into factions. Our children quarrelled over their sand pies. Our wives took to



dressing six times a day to cut one another out, and became epigrammatic and vinegar-like at one another's expense. One morning two inseparable friends who had been at school and everywhere else together went out upon the Dip downs, escorted by four seconds and a surgeon, and broke each other's collar-bones. A loving couple scarcely out of their honeymoon were driven into court as plaintiff and defendant respectively in an action "*en séparation de corps et de biens*." A harmless man of letters who had written a tragedy in five acts, which Madame de l'Esbrouffe, when flirting with the dramatic genius in question, had praised rapturously to his face and had afterwards pulled to pieces with no less rapture behind his back, got wind of her adverse criticisms and was discovered on the beach holding the diminutive and terrified Monsieur de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon by the throat and

fiercely vowing he would take that inoffensive husband's life.

Finally the prefect was driven to loggerheads with the receiver-general, the mayor with the local editor, the theatrical manager with his "premier sujet," and half these unfortunate persons had to fly with rage and bitterness in their hearts to other cities—which made the tenth or twelfth batch of individuals who had been sent forth as outcasts by the agency of Madame de l'Esbrouffe. Of course, for those who liked excitement all this was very good fun. It gave a zest to the concerts, imparted a relish to the bathing, and made the balls at the Etablissement des Bains Chauds seem a great deal more lively than they might otherwise have been. One was constantly coming across persons who glanced daggers at one another, persons who cut one another while striding about in their bathing-drawers, persons who tried to look unconscious of each others' presence while dining side by side at the table d'hôte.

But amid all this, nobody will be surprised to learn that Madame de l'Esbrouffe disported herself as calmly as though nothing were happening. There is an inborn serenity in women which lifts them far above men in the sphere of good comedians. I do not think it would have been easy for any man who had set a whole town by the ears to walk about and view his work without betraying either by look or gesture what he thought of it. But Madame de l'Esbrouffe experi-

enced no difficulty whatever in doing this. Men might fight and women might rage, but her saffron gowns were neither less fresh nor her little patches of rouge less bright nor her laughs less tinkling and innocent.

Every Sunday morning she attended high mass, and it was a most beautiful sight to see her repent publicly of her sins at half-past eleven, and begin the round of them punctually at a quarter-past twelve. Every afternoon she came and interrupted the concert by tailing in with her suite while the solos were at



their height, but nobody could have been so cantankerous as to find fault with the proceeding, for she really did the thing naturally, as if it were just the thing and the only thing to do, and as if everybody expected her to do it. "I do not know how I should comport myself if I had such a wife," exclaimed my acquaintance, the witty and wise Frenchman to whom I have already alluded, on one of these occasions. "I think I should go on a pilgrimage to St. Jaques de Compostelle and ask heaven to have mercy on me; for I take her to be the one kind of evil in life to which a man can never thoroughly habituate himself."



There was a cough behind us, and we became aware of the presence of podgy Monsieur de l'Esbrouffe-

Tourbillon, who had been standing unperceived close by and had overheard our conversation.

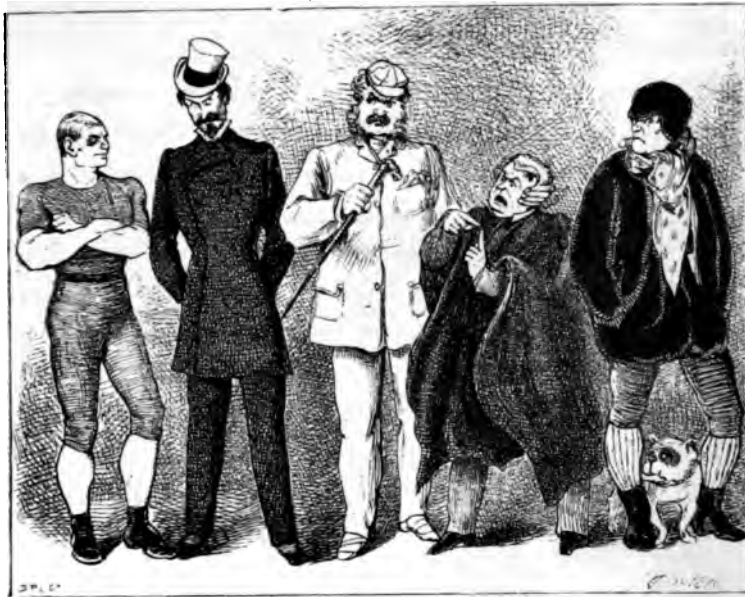
"Pardon me," said he to my friend, with an ineffable smile—one that could only come to the lips of a Frenchman. "One gets quite accustomed to it, I assure you. Women who sacrifice all their energies to making mischief among their acquaintances have none in reserve for the annoyance of their husbands. I give you my word that so far as I am concerned, I have a pretty easy time of it," and Monsieur de l'Esbrouffe-Tourbillon strode away chuckling, with his hands behind him.



ROUGHS
OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE.

1





I.

HOW ROUGHS ARE MADE.



WORD "Rough," in its substantive sense, is an abbreviation of ruffian; and is the title of a genus who flourish chiefly among Britons. The Rough may be found also in Russia, and among the students of German university towns; but he is almost unknown in France, Spain and Italy. Even in Germany he is only to be met with under the muffin cap of the student; for when

he grows to years of discretion his propensity to prankishness is checked by the custom of duelling. In countries where duelling prevails, the man who is a Rough by nature is soon taught to behave himself; and yet it must be remembered that in the days when Englishmen were in the habit of settling their differences with pistols, the Rough luxuriated as much as he does now. But then, England is a drinking country, and the Rough is a product of drunkenness. The best definition that can be given of him is that he is a man, whose brutal instincts drink stimulates until they become uncontrollable, and render him a half-mad savage.

Early training has much to do with producing the Rough. Bred in a country where school-boys and school-girls are freely birched, where, until quite recently, pugilism was inculcated as tending to manliness, and where recreation consists in rough sports, he grows up pretty callous to pain himself, and careless about inflicting it upon others. When ten years old he can stand a blow on the nose, a kick on the shins at football, or a dozen cuts on the bare back with a rod without wincing. If he howled, as a young Frenchman would, at any of these visitations, he would be pointed at as a muff, and would learn to despise himself. When at school, we on several occasions saw a boy's leg broken at football; yet on the victim getting well again, it never occurred to his parents or his tutor to suggest that he should avoid football for the future,



nor did he avoid it. We remember a famous mill between two sturdy young louts of sixteen, which lasted two days, being adjourned for school-hours, and taken up at every play time, till the faces of both combatants had been pummelled out of all recognition ; but neither of them would give in, and the fight was declared a drawn one.

As for cricket, what is the new style of overhand swift bowling but a stiff lesson in rough pluck ? It is seldom that a great cricket match occurs without some batsman being knocked over by a ball which hits him instead of the wicket ; and it is notorious that certain bowlers habitually aim at players' legs, and take their stumps by fluke. Then we have hockey, golf, rackets,

polo, where hardiness is requisite as much as handiness ; and all those delightful games which boys play indoors when it rains—hi-cockolorum, cock-fighting, tossing in blankets, and bolstering.

After a long course of these things, a British boy goes forth glorying in his biceps and insensibility ; and as he sees that the fair sex account a man famous according as he excels in sports, he soon makes it his chief object to show off nerve. If temperate he becomes an athlete ; if he drinks, he blossoms into the Rough. The flunkeyism of the British lower orders helps not a little towards this latter development ; for stable-cads, bargees, costermongers, and even working-men delight in a gentleman who can play the bruiser. He will always be allowed to break heads with impunity if he plasters his victims' wounds with bank-notes : and let it here be noted that in England the wounds of self-esteem are not taken into account. Nothing could appease a French workman for the disgrace of having his head punched by his superior in social status ; but the Englishman is made of less sensitive stuff.



II.

THE NOBLEMAN ROUGH.

CHIEF among Roughts is he of blue blood—more often a younger son than an heir to a coronet. Call him Lord Richard Jinks, and suppose him to be familiarly known as Lord Dick in all haunts of fashionable dissipation. He was at Eton, and fell into scrapes there at an early age from his fondness for bonneting his schoolfellows ; but having got once or twice well kicked for his pains, he fell into a way of molesting those only who were smaller than himself. It was he who invented the joke of smearing the insides of a Lower boy's boots with cobbler's wax, so that at the end of the day, when the urchin wanted to take his boots off, his socks were torn away with them. He was great at blocking up the keyholes of desks with gravel, and tying strings across dark staircases, so that boys running down in a hurry might have a chance of breaking their necks.

He would introduce rats into the room of a nervous lad ; and fling a rotten egg at the white waistcoat of a boy natty in his dress. He thought it amusing to put jalap into teapots, and emetics in pie-dishes : he would

for a lark throw snuff into a little boy's eyes, and make him dance half mad with agony and terror of having been blinded. Generally his jokes gave pain or annoyance. There was nothing witty in them ; and what damage they occasioned was never atoned for by him by subsequent kindness or disbursement. There are lads who render their " larks " tolerable by the good grace with which they apologise for them afterwards ; but Lord Dick never felt a twinge for anything he did unless smartly punished for it.

He went to Oxford, and having both money and credit was able to keep pace with the extravagances of elder sons and to collect round himself a court of toadies. He was not close fisted but every guinea he squandered brought him some personal gratification, and he would not have spent half-a-crown on any act of unostentatious charity. Graciousness was not in him, and even when he flung his tips to ostlers he did so with some rough prank which took all charm from the gift. One day he dropped half-a-sovereign in the street, and a tattered beggar who picked it up asked him with a fawning smile whether he might keep it. " Yes, you may, if you let me give you a slap on the face," answered Lord Dick. The man lowered his hands, thinking the nobleman only meant to try his nerve : but Lord Dick gave him a blow which knocked him dizzy and bleeding into the gutter.

On another occasion his lordship met a woman whimpering for alms on the Abingdon road. He



LORD DICK CHEVIED BY THE PROCTOR.



produced a couple of sovereigns and promised she should have them if she would go down on her knees and plunge her head deep into the mud of an adjoining ditch. Being half starved she consented, but as she knelt hesitating at the sight and stench of the black slime Lord Dick caught her by the nape of the neck and forced her into the mud up to the shoulders. However, she duly received the two pounds which he had promised to her.

Lord Dick's proceedings on more than one occasion led to his being chased by the proctors, but his agility usually favoured his escape. Having taken lessons in boxing, a Town and Gown row which occurred on a 5th of November afforded him an opportunity to make his *début* as a bruiser. A bottle of sherry had screwed his courage to the sticking point and he was quite thirsty for blood when he sallied forth after Hall dinner, with a dozen friends, all attired like himself in pea-jackets buttoned tight up to the throat, gowns twisted round their necks and ears to serve as armour, and college "mortar-boards" planted on their heads over flannel caps with a view to deadening the force of any blows that might alight on their skulls. They soon fell in with a party of Town working men, and a free fight ensued in which the Gowns had the best of it in the long run.

But it was said that Lord Dick had not fought fair, having concealed a bludgeon up his sleeve which turned the tide of victory in his favour when he was hard pressed by the fists of his assailants. Anyhow,

upon the police arriving—which led to a dispersion of the combatants—a couple of mechanics were found weltering on the pavement with ghastly scalp wounds, which kept them in hospital for more than a month. Lord Dick did not boast of this achievement, and it gave him an ugly name for a time among undergraduates who liked fair play, but they were not men of his own set, so that he did not care a doigt whether their opinions of him happened to be good or bad.

University towns offer ample scope to the energies of the Rough, for in the first place undergraduates are privileged to be frolicsome, and in the next, there is always something doing in these towns. At the May races when crowds are pelting along the towing path of the Isis to cheer the boats as they bump one another nothing is more easy for the Rough than to jostle some one as though by accident, and cause him to fall into the river. He has purposely chosen a slightly-built man, perhaps one upon whom he had fixed his eyes for some time past,—an inoffensive commoner of a small college, who is too much of a gentleman to think that anyone would assault him of malice prepense, and he therefore accepts his aggressor's apologies in pure simplicity of heart.

Or my lord charts a tub gig, and cruising about the river with a pair of kindred Roughs, amuses himself by crashing into the outriggers of "freshmen," who have not been "up" long enough to know the sides of the

river. As these victims were technically in the wrong, for going to the right when they ought to have been on the left or *vice versa*, they are not entitled to complain if they get swamped, even though in addition to being half-drowned they have to pay the damage of an outrigger whose bows have been clean stove in. The river Rough is not above upsetting a boatful of ladies now and then. Being a good swimmer he helps to haul them out, and contrives to make it appear that the accident was their fault, not his ; but he laughs in his sleeve at them, though helplessly drenched through, and is all the happier if the poor soaked creatures chance to be miles away from any place where they can procure a change of clothing or dry their wet garments.

There is in every college some undergraduate, who by means of peculiar dulness, or crustiness, becomes temporarily a butt for the pleasantries of the rest. They nail up his "oak" (outer door) to prevent him from getting out to chapel in the morning ; or block up his flue with newspapers so as to fill his rooms with smoke. These jokes, however, are comparatively tame, and Lord Dick found it much better fun to "make hay," that is, to toss all a man's books, pictures, clothes, letters, coals, crockery and groceries into the middle of a room, and then shower them with pailfuls of water. This lively joke being perpetrated while the owner of the rooms was absent, was naturally calculated to procure him a cheerful surprise on his return.



But one day Lord Dick did something even funnier than this. There was attached to his college a museum full of rare works of art, and amongst them a world-known statue of Venus. What more jolly than to break into the museum one night, convey the Venus into the midst of the Quad and make a

Hottentot of her by lighting a big straw bonfire to blacken her limbs? Unfortunately Lord Dick was unaware of the action of fire upon marble. The statue was charred into plaster, and all the newspapers of the kingdom inveighed against what they termed an idiotic act of vandalism, recommending the university authorities to institute criminal proceedings, or failing that, to revive the obsolete, but unrepealed statute, which enjoins the whipping of refractory undergraduates over a buttery hatch. However Lord Dick got better out of this mishap than his fellow culprits, for having been merely the instigator, and not having actually helped to carry out the statue or fire the straw, (these Roughts are often pretty cunning in their precautions,) he was only "gated" for a month instead of being publicly expelled.

His larking days were indeed far from ended, for he had as yet suffered no penalty for his freaks, whereas they had served to give him a dashing sort of popularity among Roughts of the lower orders, whereby he was encouraged to persevere. He began to be a familiar figure on race-courses, where he joined in mobbing welshers, and in getting up those riots which occur when a "dark horse" wins under suspicious circumstances. He had a drag, and by and by when he left Oxford, and entered a crack cavalry regiment, he became noted for his reckless driving, and for the road exploits, furnished forth by himself and friends,

whose delight it was to pelt harmless people with bags of flour, cocoa nuts, or ginger beer bottles. Coming home from the Derby, flushed and quarrelsome, he was sure to get into some row. Indeed it was part of his day's enjoyment to mix himself up in one. Either he would drive his ponderous vehicle into a weak looking pony chaise and flog the owner with his whip for not leaving him a clear course, or he would collide with a pleasure van, and drag his party into a terrific scuffle, in which noses would be tapped, and eyes blackened, amid the shying of horses and the screams of women.

On one of these occasions the procession of carriages from Epsom was stopped for a quarter of an hour opposite the "Cock" at Sutton, while Lord Dick's party, grooms and all, tried conclusions with a *char à bancs* full of holiday folks from the North. The police interfered, and Lord Dick had to give his card, but when it came to taking out a summons, his name and some golden salve applied to those whom he had brutally assaulted, saved him from the inconvenience of appearing in a police court to be fined a "fiver."

He always could pay himself out of scrapes, and that kept his name conventionally clean, although he was known to all who crossed him as a Rough of the most vicious stamp. The autumn Promenade Concerts were among Lord Dick's favourite resorts, and here he would inaugurate a brawl somewhat in this way :—He and his companions having got round



THE MEN OF THE FUTURE AND THE MEN OF THE PRESENT

a man of peaceable aspect who had paid his shilling to hear good music, Lord Dick would tread on the man's toes, and instead of apologising, cry sharply: "Don't shove against me, sir," and push the man in the chest. One of my lord's comrades would then thrust the man back, upon which Dick would return him, and so on. Bandied about like a shuttlecock—breathless, expostulating, furious—the peaceable victim would soon raise a howl for help, and possibly strike out. But it was a bad thing for him if he did not keep a command over his fists, for Lord Dick could double up any average man with a couple of blows, driving all the breath out of his body.

His lordship had a hundred pretty conceits in his repertory. Sometimes he proposed fantastic wagers, such as betting a fifth-rate actress five-and-twenty guineas to as many locks of her hair, that she could not smoke three cigars consecutively without being ill. An unwary girl having accepted the wager, lost it. Lord Dick said nothing about the locks of hair at the time, but a few days later, having contrived that the girl should drown her senses in champagne, he produced a pair of scissors and clipped the five-and-twenty locks from all parts of her head; so that when she recovered consciousness, she perceived to her horror that it would be necessary to have what remained of her hair cut into bristles.

Another feat of Lord Dick's may be chronicled. He sauntered one night into the slips of a theatre of which

he was part-proprietor, and which was devoted chiefly to leg pieces. An actress in the costume of a page was about to walk on to the stage and stood waiting her call. Lord Dick had provided himself with a flexible tube full of ink, and just as the girl tripped before the foot-lights, he squirted its contents on to the calves of her pink silk tights. She was in full sight of the public before she became aware of what had happened, and naturally there was an "agony scene" in the slips when the laughter of the audience had obliged her to fly in shame. But Lord Dick had vanished ; and the girl could only vapour off her wrath in vain threats to claw his face the next time she met him.

Lord Dick was not an exceptional kind of Rough. His type might easily be found reproduced in a dozen living young lords, baronets, and honourables ; and it is to be noted that the youths who commence life as Roughts generally remain so. The genial larker, who plays pranks from pure animal spirits, often develops into a very sober paterfamilias ; but where yahooism is of the cold sort, and proceeds from heartlessness it sticks to a man, so long as he has health and nerve enough left to practise cruelty. Even when drink has converted him into a sot, and rendered him impotent for fighting purposes, he has a relish for seeing others fight. He will throw halfpence among street boys to entice them to punch each other's heads ; and finds a brutal pleasure in cock-fights, badger baitings, and wholesale slaughters of rats by toy terriers.

In the event of the Rough marrying, as his faculty for saying spiteful things remains unimpaired when the strength of his biceps has melted, he nags at his wife, and leads her the life of a drudge : unless she be sharp-tongued enough to nag at him in return. But by the time that the Rough enters into matrimonial bonds, some disgrace has commonly fallen upon him, and put him out of the pale of decent society. Money will pay a well born yahoo out of scrapes till seventy times seven ; but there comes the seventy-first time, when some one who has been maltreated will not be appeased with gifts, and seeks redress in a police court. Then there is a public scandal, a commitment for trial, a fine (judges cannot yet make up their minds to send noble Roughs to prison), and in the upshot, the delinquent in the army, who, ten to one, is requested to resign his commission, finds that respectable ladies will no longer invite him to their parties.

After this, if he still have money, he goes abroad and enjoys himself till laid up with *d. t.*, or, he contracts a hasty marriage from weariness of living alone, and in most cases makes a very poor choice. It has been observed that Roughs have a great propensity to marry fallen women—either their coarseness has rendered them repulsive in the eyes of modest girls and thus restricted their range of selection, or else in a fit of maudlin passion brought on by drink they have let themselves be ensnared by golden haired hoydens, ambitious of sporting noble names and titles ;

or else again, having well nigh beggared themselves, they are attracted by the funded incomes which sundry *traviatas* amass. Poverty is a thing the blue-blooded Rough cannot endure. He is too selfish to toil for a living : and if the matrimonial resource fail him, he is pretty certain to drink himself to death, such being at once the pleasantest and surest way of committing suicide.



III.

THE FOREIGN GARRISON ROUGH.

WHILE the blue-blooded Rough sports his rowdiness at home, there is a more purely military variety of the species who performs in India and the Colonies. He helps to make the British name popular among Hindoos and Negroes. He is responsible for occasional rebellions, and sometimes stirs up mutinies amongst his own troops. Feeling himself far from the controlling eye of the English press, he fancies himself secure of impunity and acts in consequence.

It must be conceded that life at an Indian station is often dull. When parade is over and tiffin has been discussed, when the last bit of scandal from the nearest government town has been debated upon with the major's wife and the adjutant's sister, there is a good deal of time still hanging loose on a subaltern's hands. If the weather and the locality permit, he may do a little pig-sticking ; but if there be no pigs within reach, no tigers, nothing but a few yelping jackals who offer no sport at all, how shall the wearisome hours be eked out ? In the flogging days a military Rough had always the resource of bullying his soldiers

and how conscientiously he did this, can be witnessed to by any officer whose commission bears date so late as twenty years back. At morning parade, the martinet with eyes bloodshot and breath hot from potations overnight, would prowl down the lines, peering to detect a spot on a tunic or a fleck of dust on a knapsack. He glanced down the barrels of rifles that shone like mirrors, and yet he found fault with them ; he multiplied kit inspections and put his men under continual stoppages of pay for things which he declared wanted mending, or clothes which he pronounced unfit for wear although they might have but just left the tailor's shop.



By heaping up punishments and depriving men of their pay, he made them sullen and put all discipline out of gear. The smartest soldier grew sick of trying to please a cross-tempered Rough, who was resolved not to be pleased. He grew reckless, got drunk, broke out of barracks at night, and answered defiantly when hauled up before a court martial. Then the triangles were in frequent demand. Two or three times a month the barbarous things were erected in sight of the regiment drawn up in square, and the drummers exhausted themselves in lacerating the backs of men, who, under good officers would have become a credit to their uniform. More than once during the mutiny and more recently in frontier-wars, a grim revenge was taken upon commissioned bullies, who fell in action shot in the back by their own men.

Flogging has been abolished, but even now a regimental Rough holds a power of mischief in his hands, and is able to convert a barrack into a hell, and when he has done his worst upon English soldiers he tries his hand upon natives. Not very long ago, an officer, who was a good shot with a revolver, used to amuse himself by sitting outside his bungalow in the cool of the day, and taking aim at the turbans of Hindoos passing by. It was his pride to hit the top of the turban so as to carry it off without hurting the man, and he was lucky enough never to occasion any mishap; but the luckless creatures used to yell in alarm,



and how they must have learned to reverence the Empire whose uniform the bully wore.

Naturally such things as native customs, caste, superstitions and the like, are not things which the bully feels called upon to countenance, and nothing tickles his sense of the ludicrous so much as to force a

Brahmin to eat a piece of pork, or a Mussulman to kiss a dead dog. He does these things on the sly, catching his victim in some lonely spot and enforcing compliance with a bamboo, or he penetrates into a temple and overturns an idol, or gives a young Buddhist a rupee to pluck the veil off a Mahometan girl and kiss her, or he takes a pair of naked little yellow Indians and teaches them to use their fists upon one another *à l'Anglaise*, swearing English oaths into the bargain.

On Chinese stations the Rough makes a collection of pig-tails, which he snips from the heads of their Celestial owners after dark, in desert streets. In Japan he sets fire to the paper lanterns hanging outside wooden houses, and occasionally causes a conflagration which he does not help to put out. In Turkey and Egypt he will now and then break into a harem, and have a brisk set-to with eunuchs who are afraid to ply their weapons against him because of his fire-arms. When these assaults take place in British possessions, there is from time to time a judicial investigation, but unless the Rough have been caught *in flagrante delicto* his denial counts for more than the proofs of his infidel accusers, and the scandal is generally hushed up on grounds of policy. Rancour, however, survives in the infidel mind long after the Rough himself has drowned the memory of his escapade in numerous subsequent ones.

For regiments move from place to place, and each

fresh garrison offers a new field for exploits. The Rough has no sooner studied the manners of the population whom he has been sent to protect, than he considers what peculiarities of theirs may be turned to account. In Malta for instance, he knows that the semi-Italian people are excitable, religious, and jealous as regards their women. Women and religion consequently become the butts of his pleasantries. He is not ashamed to jostle a priest whom he meets in the roadway, carrying a viaticum ; he laughs aloud at the devotional postures of fishermen kneeling underneath an image of the Virgin at a street corner ; and staggering to his quarters of an evening, drunk with some friends, he will pounce upon a young Maltese warbling to his sweetheart under the window of the latter, and give him a ducking in the gutter. A stab from a stiletto beneath the fifth rib has occasionally rewarded the Rough for such conduct ; but, in general, surprise paralyses the victim's power of defence, for it must be remembered that the yahoo officer is the exception, so that the good behaviour of the majority of those who wear the Queen's uniform serves him as a cloak.

In Gibraltar, Spanish blood, which is even more easily aroused than the Italian, would not brook much brutality, and the same may be said of such Islands as Trinidad, the Barbadoes, and the Mauritius where Quadroons, Octoroons and Creoles form a population as prompt to revenge affronts as they are sensitive in perceiving them. Nevertheless the wretched negro

remains, and the report which was published after that famous Jamaica insurrection, which Governor Eyre suppressed, revealed some queer facts as to the treatment bestowed by so-called officers and gentlemen upon niggers. The nigger is comical by nature and can be used as a pet monkey ; no danger is risked by beating him, for his skin is tough. Having, besides, more discretion than valour, he is easily scared by anything that appears supernatural, so that a great deal of jollity can be derived from shocking him with electric batteries, or driving him almost into fits by scattering on his path a little iodide of nitrogen, which explodes into blue flame when his foot touches it. It goes without saying that the nigger's woolly pate has also served before now for facetious experiments. To make a blackie well drunk and then to shave him bald as a lump of coal, is one of those pranks upon which a novice Rough practises his hand before he has been a month in the tropics. So much the better for fun if the nigger be a negress, as an Irishman would say.

Cruelty in little things as well as great is the Rough's rule. He wraps up unkindness in pleasantry, as a stone in a snowball ; and since he cannot enjoy himself in simple ways, he prevents others from doing so. He will slouch into a ball-room where a number of humble folks are disporting themselves, and turn their honest merriment into ridicule. At the negro balls in the colonies he can do this with impunity, for his station as an officer prevents the wretched


blacks from resenting his affronts, even though he rumple the dresses of their partners, or break rollicking through a quadrille, or climb into the musicians' gallery to cut the fiddle-strings, and drop gravel into the funnel of an ophicleide.

But all these things he does in England, too, when he returns home, bronzed with foreign service, to keep garrison at Chatham, Portsmouth, or elsewhere. At Chatham there is a music hall, nicknamed the "Can," frequented chiefly by soldiers, sailors, dockyard labourers and their sweethearts; but there is a private box for officers, and it is no rare sight to see one or two of these interrupt the performance by throwing orange peel at the songsters or acrobats, or else by making audible remarks which put the performers out of conceit with themselves. It matters nothing to these ill-bred youngsters that they spoil the evening's amusement of lowlier spectators. They think it fine to act as if the performance were beneath their notice. They yawn aloud, talk as though they were in the open air, sprawl over the ledges of their box, and fillip cigar ashes on to the heads of people below them. If a waiter tells them that smoking is prohibited in private boxes, they blow smoke into his face and hustle him out. Then perhaps the manager comes up, and there is a row.

England is the only country where the lower classes submit to such unruly roystering from their social superiors. In any other land, the fact of a man's being

an officer—nay, a Lord, or a Prince of the Blood—would not stand in the way of his immediate punishment if he ventured to trouble the recreations of the public; and one cannot imagine why a similar sense of dignity should not be cultivated by the English masses. It was not so long ago that some regimental Roughs stirred up a commotion within a Portsmouth theatre by pelting the performers with baked apples. A part of the audience protested, but incredible as it may seem, some non-commissioned officers and privates who were present, and whose orderly behaviour, till then, had contrasted markedly with that of the officers—felt bound to side with the latter from *esprit de corps*. In the scuffling that followed upon an attempt to turn the officers out, some vigorous blows were exchanged, and two or three soldiers being apprehended *per collum*, were charged next day with assault, and sentenced to imprisonment. But the officers got off scot free, though their names must have reached the ears of the garrison commander, who would have been doing his simple duty in causing them to be cashiered.

Have persons addicted to party-going ever noticed the fashion in which regimental Roughs behave at supper time? If the entertainment be a subscription ball, a hunt, or assize assembly, there is sure to be a crowd of persons whom the Rough does not know, and whom he thinks himself privileged to look down upon. His great pleasure then is to take a girl on his



arm and force a way for her brutally through this throng of unknowns to the supper table. Perhaps the girl is a hoyden who enjoys being squeezed ; perhaps a timid young creature who is afraid to venture a protest, and is rather inclined to regard her partner's



roughness with admiration, as denoting gallantry. She sees him forage for her, as if he were in an enemy's country. He scolds the waiters; stretches his arms over a number of heads to grasp a bottle, and by and bye upsets a plate of trifle over a lady's dress, to have an excuse for saying that his elbow was pushed, and of turning round to fasten a quarrel on somebody.

As usual his uniform saves him, and indeed puts most of the bystanders on his side, for when an officer in the pride of scarlet tunic is heard inveighing against the clumsiness of people "who shove as if they were famished," "who have no politeness for ladies," "who ought never to come to balls," and so forth, it does not occur to listeners to suspect that it is this officer himself who is the ill-mannered puppy deserving to be kicked out. The Rough, meanwhile, having catered for himself and partner, proceeds to drink too much champagne, and urges the girl to do the same, filling and refilling his glass to assure her that she need not be afraid of this wine; until at length she becomes conscious of its effects, and clings to his arm for support, when he will draw her into a secluded place—a conservatory or cloak room—and profit by the opportunity to kiss her.

Many a girl has taken her first downward step owing to an adventure of this kind; and so has many a married woman. Ladies cannot always protect themselves when insulted by a drunken boor's kiss. If they screamed, there would be a scandal: if they

confided in their husbands or brothers, explanations would be demanded ; there would be threats of horse-whippings and ostracisms, and out of such passes, a woman's reputation always comes more or less torn. The Rough well knows all this, and he has a happy intuition for selecting the meekest of womankind as the object of his attentions. The brave girl who would slap his face is not one that he cares to meddle with.



IV.

THE CLERICAL ROUGH.

THE Clerical Rough is mostly a schoolmaster who had no original vocation for the Church beyond the desire for its emoluments. His religiousness is puritanism if not hypocrisy; and his disciplinary strict-



ness mere brutality. He is cruel at heart, boisterously domineering in his family, and has none of the affection for boys which a schoolmaster should have, and without which education is only too often tyranny. He sees sin in the most harmless amusements, and

grudges every hour which his pupils spend outside their class-rooms, though he does nothing to make their lessons attractive. His pupils are as ill-taught as they are ill-fed; and much bullying goes on among them, as it ever will, when big boys, taking example of violence from their master, console themselves for ill-treatment by persecuting little ones. Lying is also prevalent in his school, for boys who are frequently thrashed turn out cowards, and lies flow from cowardice, naturally.

The Rough clergyman governs with the birch and the cane, and to see his viciousness in inflicting stripes, one would think he took some physical pleasure in watching the quivering flesh of his small victims. No boys are so mercilessly birched as those who belong to a private school conducted by a clergyman, who advertises his establishment as offering all the comforts of a religious home. His piety is of the stern cold sort which commends itself to parents who have boys difficult to manage. These fathers and mothers, erring in sincere affection, maybe, often make the mistake of thinking that because a master is a disciplinarian his severity must needs be beneficent. They forget that severity without judgment is mostly injustice, and that a master who is continually scoring backs admits, *de facto*, his incapacity for appealing to the more intellectual part of his pupils' persons.

Then, again, the Clerical Rough has pupils sent him on purpose that they may be beaten. A man who has no paternal feeling, and who detests his wife, is likely

enough to conclude that his sickly terror-stricken offspring are in need of good floggings to drive the devil out of them. Recalling the days when he was himself at school, and was horsed a dozen times every half-year, he avers that the treatment did him good ; though others might be of opinion that it conduced not a little to convert him into the Rough he is. One now and then reads advertisements setting forth that a father wants, for his unruly boys, a clergyman able and willing to administer the birch. Sometimes there follows a request for a governess of the same willingness and ability to deal with unruly girls ; and doubtless candidates are never wanting, for this is a land where votaries of what has pleasantly been called the Tree of Knowledge are not few. But doubtless if the public could see the little boys and girls for whose behoof a course of scourging is so emphatically bespoken, it would be found that their unruliness is not of the sort which corporal punishment can cure ; and if these same boys and girls could be seen later in life, when birching had done its best on their weakly bodies, it would perchance appear that it had sowed no good seeds in their young minds, but only tares.

The Clerical Rough is to be met with elsewhere than in schools. He is often the rector of a lonely country parish, with no society except that of farmers within reach, and feeling bored, he falls to drinking. At first he accepts a glass casually when on his rounds ; then he addicts himself to toddy at home before going

to bed ; and at last he comes to the point of prowling about in the daytime on purpose to tipple with his parishioners. The secret soon leaks out that "our parson" is fond of a drop, and subsequently other secrets ooze out too. He beats his wife ; he debauches a farm wench ; he has some disreputable squabble with the minister of a neighbouring parish, whom he thrashes in a church-yard during a funeral. Red of nose, dowdy in his dress, unsteady in his gait, he slouches about the country roads hiccoughing ribald jokes at girls, or flourishing his stick over the heads of young bumpkins who grin at him. His behaviour in church is a scandal. People come from adjoining villages for the fun of hearing him preach, while the godly among his own parishioners troop off to a Methodist chapel.

In due time—that is, after a very long time—the Bishop is moved to take cognizance of these proceedings, but it is a peculiarity of our Church of England that a scampish clergyman can only be removed after formalities which require years to carry through, and which allow the scamp to do ten times more mischief than would be tolerated from a priest in any other country. One has even witnessed the edifying spectacle of a rector being allowed to die of delirium tremens in his own parish, long, long after it had become known to every man, woman, and child among his parishioners that his reverence was quarrelsome drunk on six days of the week, and maudlin-fuddled on the seventh.

V.

THE LEGAL ROUGH.

THE Legal Rough who practises in law and police courts makes it his boast that he can "tear the heart" out of a witness. Who was it who said that hard words break no bones? They do much worse than break bones, and the Rough who uses them has a tongue as potent for mischief as a bludgeon. Watch the eminent criminal lawyer interrogating a frightened deponent in one of the metropolitan police-courts. He knows that his client is a rascal, but he has been paid to get him out of trouble if he can, and there is no trickery to which he will not stoop for the purpose of discrediting his accusers.

He has taken that witness's moral measure with half an eye. The man is either slow of wit and stolid, or quickly perceptive and nervous; in the former case he must be deliberately embarrassed in the coils of cross-questioning till he sticks fast in one of those dilemmas whence there is no facile extrication. He must be brought to say out of sheer bewilderment the exact opposite of what he meant to say. Like an elephant looking towards a pitfall behind a decoy, even



so is the stolid man stammering slowly towards unconscious perjury; and when he has fallen into the trap he is made to cower under the coarse revilings of his tormentor. The magistrate does nothing to succour him. It seems to be admitted that a lawyer may obscure truth if he has the power, and that witnesses are only put into the box to be badgered. If one of them appeals for protection he gets a snappish answer from the Bench, and is warned that he will get himself into trouble if he prevaricates.

With the highly sensitive, nervous witness the *modus operandi* is loud-tongued bullying from the outset. Lawyers know well enough that there are questions to which it is impossible to reply by an unqualified affirmative or negative, but witnesses are continually being asked to commit themselves to a direct "Yes" or "No." To a conscientious person this is torture.

"Will you give me a straightforward answer now?" barks the Legal Rough banging some books on the table.

"But I should like to explain——" falters the witness.

"No quibbling, if you please : give me a direct answer. Yes, or no?"

"I—I want——"

"Yes or no, sir ; do you hear me?"

Startled by the shriek with which these words are uttered, the magistrate interposes : "You are bound to answer : we can't have the time of the court wasted in this way."

"Yes, then," gasps the witness, beside himself ; whereupon the lawyer turns triumphantly to the clerk, saying : "Let us have that answer taken down, please—the witness has deliberately said 'Yes.' I wish it to be recorded that he has said 'Yes.' We will see if he sticks to that answer by-and-by."

A little of this sort of thing makes a man delirious, and he talks nonsense. When his depositions are read over to him he discovers that his evidence has been twisted into a string of mis-statements which he never contemplated, but if he essays to rectify them he only comes in for a volley of abuse, mingled with threats of a committal for perjury.

In the higher courts, the Legal Rough is a barrister in a wig and gown, sometimes a Serjeant or a Q.C. Many an eminent Old Bailey advocate has obtained



his "silk" and afterwards risen to the Bench through no other talent than that of brow-beating witnesses. Insolence, ribaldry, and brutal intimidation such as no man could use in private life without being banished from the society of decent persons, are not thought blameworthy when employed in a court to defeat the ends of justice. Your Legal Rough is often the wag of his circuit, who tells loose anecdotes at mess, and improvises mock trials of a Rabelaisian sort after dessert. He has a twinkle in his eye and a salt joke always melting on the tip of his tongue. His lips are moist with sherry, his cheeks are often bloodshot from his potations; but he is a great favourite with the juniors of the Bar, who admire his rollicking humour and cool assurance. When he is retained to appear in a case the court is crowded as if a well-known buffoon were going to show off. The judge likes the monotony of

business to be relieved by a little of his merriment. As soon as the wag has opened his mouth there is a gust of tittering, and this is soon followed by "laughter" and "roars of laughter," which, if discomfiting to the witnesses, are not without their effect in shaping the verdict of a mystified but amused jury.

Women suffer terribly from the kind of treatment they are subjected to by the Legal Rough while under examination in a court of law. "Now, ma'am, lift your veil if you please, and turn your face to the light that the gentlemen of the jury may have a good look at it." This is how the Rough commonly begins. Then he goes on to put questions which are intended to raise a distressing blush. He calls things by their crudest names and will not suffer the witness to explain anything by a modest periphrasis. He must have the statement out bluntly in its naked form. "This is not a girls' school, ma'am, but a court of justice," says he in his



blustering tone. "We can't mince words to suit any woman's prudery. You have made certain allegations against my client, and we must hear plainly what they are. Now then, out with it." And he fixes on the poor woman a pair of eyes flashing like policemen's lanterns.



Tears are of no avail ; and if some unlucky woman, flushing with shame, and giddy to sickness at the foul aspersions that have been launched at her, swoons in the box, she finds her tormentor cheerfully ready to continue his assaults as soon as she has revived. He is well aware that crowds are cowardly, and that womanly distress draws no sympathy whatever when it is provoked by a comical barrister, who wants to amuse his audience. A fainting woman is easily

represented as conscience-stricken ; her falterings are indications of a desire to quibble ; her silence, should she take to silence as her only refuge, is obstinacy, which angers the judge and irritates the audience, who are baulked of their sport.

The only women who have a chance of enlisting public sympathies are the resolute combative ones, who pay back the Rough in his own coin smartly. Servant-girls, barmaids, and members of the "gay" sisterhood have been known to furnish capital fun by blurting out their evidence in the most unvarnished language of the streets, and hurling back chaff at the advocate with a volubility at once rich and racy. Unfortunately, respectable women, whose only wish in giving evidence is to discharge a solemn duty by proclaiming the truth—these have no heart to turn their depositions into an occasion for jesting ; still less have they any of that proficiency in pert language which could alone protect them against the Rough.

It is seldom one meets with a Rough judge in these days. The race of Scroggs and Jeffreys has died out, because newspapers are prompt to chronicle and censure anything that savours of the bullying in which judges indulged of yore. Still there are plenty of Roughts to be found among those country justices who wield a summary power over tramps and poachers, and who have nought to fear from servile county journals. The sentences meted out to rustic misdemeanants are often absurdly disproportionate to the offence. A man

gets a month on a treadmill for sleeping under a hay-rick ; a boy is sent for six weeks to gaol for uprooting a turnip ; and the unlucky possessor of a rabbit is assured the longest term of imprisonment which the severity of our law allows.

Now and then a London journal takes up one of these cases, and the public sympathise ; but they would raise a much louder outcry if they could witness



the airs which a country justice gives himself in his court, and the strange language wherewith he often

peppers his adjudication. He seems to think that a sentence is nothing by itself unless he accompanies it with a rasping sermon. He scolds at witnesses as well as at prisoners ; he bullies the police ; he raves down the remonstrances of his fellow justices who may be of milder temper than he. Weighing agrarian offences in balances which are his own, not those of the law, he ranks poaching as the gravest crime in the calendar, and begging as scarcely second to it in heinousness. A prisoner has no chance with him. He takes guilt for granted on the most slender evidence, and belabours the man with the maximum penalty which the statutes allow, never caring a doit whether the starveling fellow have a wife and children dependent on him for support. He would hold it weakness to be coaxed into mercy by a woman's tears, and he will drive a whole family to the workhouse sooner than take a lenient view even of the merest peccadillo.

As country justices sit at quarter sessions, where heavy cases are tried, the Rough J.P. finds occasions for pursuing with his animus the prisoner whom he committed for trial in a lower court. He is always for long terms of penal servitude, and for flogging where the offence admits of it. Fifteen years, ten, seven years—which are wofully long terms, often tantamount to a death sentence—are shot from his mouth without hesitation or after-compunction. He has a theory that gaols are far too comfortable ;

and, in his capacity as visiting justice to the county prison, is for ever trying to make the rules harder, to restrict the dietary, and to increase the hours of task labour on the treadmill or with the crank.

The recent prison Act has decreed that one single magistrate shall not be empowered to have a prisoner flogged for breaches of gaol discipline. There must now be two justices to enable this to be done. The proviso was inserted because of the recklessness of sundry J.P.s in setting the cat-o'-nine-tails to work; but it is to be feared that prisoners will not gain much by the innovation, for the Rough justice usually has the knack for hectoring his meeker colleagues into agreeing with his proposals. He is a Rough off the bench as well as on it.



VI.

MEDICAL ROUGHS.

DOCTORS, as a rule, are the last people who can afford to be brutal ; for a good practice depends not less on patience and urbanity than on therapeutic skill. But there are doctors who live independent of private practice—physicians in gaols, workhouses, or lunatic asylums ; and if any of these be at heart a Rough, he has ample opportunities for venting his temper upon helpless creatures whose ill-fortune it is to fall under his charge.

Unquestionably of all Medical Roughts, the worst are those who hold authority over lunatics ; and principally those who keep private madhouses. In the large public asylums a doctor is more or less under the control of magistrates, besides which, the big retinue of servants keeps him in moral check ; and it must be added that, being paid by salary, he has not the same incentive to misconduct as the doctor of the private madhouse, whose interest it is to retain his patients as long as possible, and consequently to retard their cure. A private madhouse is a pecuniary speculation. It is virtually exempt from control, for

the inspectors who visit it quarterly discharge their duty in a very perfunctory way, and have little power to remedy grievances. If a lunatic complains of being ill-used, the denials of the doctor and his attendants, who affirm that the patient is labouring under hallucinations, are always enough to set the inspector's mind at rest.

The madhouse Rough being secure of impunity gives free vein to his vicious instincts, if he have any. Lunatics are not agreeable people : the best of them are morose and fractious : the worst, violent and dirty. To control them without unnecessary hardship, requires much patience and tact, and even some compassion for their forlorn lot. The man who cannot humour their inoffensive whims, bear with them, comfort them ; and make them understand that it is his sincere wish to cure them and set them free, is not fit to have charge of the insane. The lunatic is brought to perceive whether his doctor wishes him well, and is influenced for better or worse accordingly. It is quite a mistake to suppose that all persons of unsound mind are idiots, who dance on their heads and have no care as to what goes on around them. There are inmates of asylums who are unsound on one point only, and can converse on all others as rationally as men out of doors ; others, liable to epileptic fits, who are not mad at all in the intervals between their attacks—intervals which may last for months ; and others again whom some great sorrow has temporarily robbed of reason,

but who are keenly sensitive to kindness and amenable to authority by its influence.

To all these men it is an intense misery to be confined ; but when to deprivation of liberty for years, daily vexations, neglect and ill-usage are added, life becomes a hell. And a hell from which there is no certain prospect of release, as in a prison. The madhouse doctor treats his patients like so many heads of cattle, who must be kept alive and in decent health because they are remunerative, but who need not be favoured with anything that makes existence tolerable. They are relegated to shabby rooms with barred windows, and to small airing yards pent in with high walls. They are stingily fed on the sort of food given to boys in fifth-rate schools ; and they spend all their time in the company of coarse and ignorant keepers, who mostly think that a lunatic is as fair a butt for mockery and teasing as a caged monkey.

At the least act of revolt on the part of a patient, a canvas strait-waistcoat is brought into use, or else the rebel is tamed by means of the cold-water process ; which means that he is put into a bath and pumped upon till his head grows numb and his whole body becomes limp. It is not even necessary that a patient should rebel in order to be visited with this infliction. Let him only threaten the doctor that he is going to make complaints to the inspectors, and it will be decided that he is "agitated," that is, that he needs a

soothing potion. This potion, administered under the form of opium, in judicious doses, several consecutive days before the inspector's visit, has the effect of reducing him to a semi-comatose condition, in which he is incapable of articulating a dozen words correctly. The inspector sees him in this state and is easily persuaded that he is a "bad case." Why inspectors should always go their rounds at fixed periods so that doctors may be prepared for their coming is not clear ; but they do.

Now and then a lunatic dies suddenly in a mad-house : an inquest is held, and it is discovered that several of his ribs are broken. This must have been done by a keeper jumping on him with his knees, and literally kneading the life out of him. But the explanation of the doctor and his attendants is always to the effect that the lunatic slew himself, having suddenly developed suicidal tendencies. Coroners and juries are simple enough to believe such fables : yet if a practice were made of committing for manslaughter any doctor in whose house a patient had died of bodily injuries, it is pretty certain that the breaking of ribs would cease. Such accidents, if self-inflicted, denote at least great neglect on the part of the people who are paid to look after the lunatic. But when did a lunatic ever really break his own ribs ?

From all that the public gather from time to time regarding private madhouses, the Medical Roughs in them appear to be the rule rather than the exception.

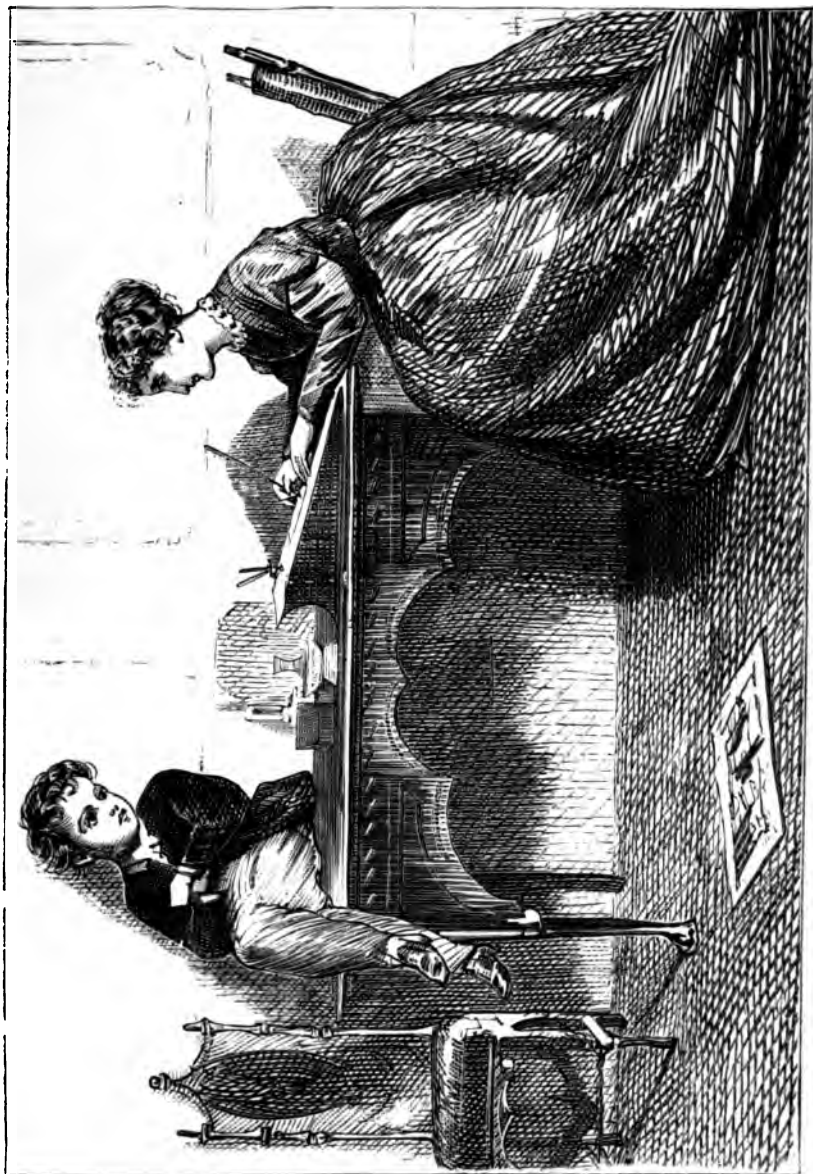
The law places scarcely any hindrances in the way of a man setting up a madhouse. Let him be a certificated practitioner, and no guarantees are demanded as to his skill or his morality. As to his premises, provided they are amply furnished with bars and bolts, the inspectors are satisfied ; and it never occurs to them to reflect that a dwelling where helpless men may be confined for years and years ought to be something better than a cage.

Why such indifference is evinced as to the well-being of lunatics is incomprehensible, seeing that magistrates and the public are never weary of insisting that prisons should be kept in a state of scrupulous cleanliness, and that prisoners should be well-clothed, fed, and generally cared for. Prisoners are much better off than lunatics in many private madhouses ; and the time has certainly come when Parliament should adopt the principle, that insane people who are dangerous to society, should be confined in public asylums, managed by the State or by county authorities, and not be committed to the mercies of private speculators. Private madhouses ought to be abolished one and all. The public asylums, besides being cheaper, offer many more comforts and means of recreation to the patients ; and, in fact, contribute to alleviate their unhappy condition so far as is humanly possible. Moreover, as already said, they are not governed by Roughts.

VII.

THE ROUGH FLIRT.

THE Rough Flirt is a man in whom sensuality prevails over heart, and who is never animated by what comedy-fathers call "honourable intentions" towards women. He has no respect for the fair sex, and cannot understand the romance which poets have written about them : on the contrary, he is well versed in all the tricks, whims, caprices, and weaknesses of women ; having been brought up as a boy with a number of sisters and female cousins who were all romps. The boy who has no sisters, or the one whose sisters were either very much younger or older than himself, generally acquires a chivalrous disposition ; and this is only natural. Sisterless, he sighs for a sister's love, and poetises girls, inasmuch as he knows nothing about them. He is shy. He wonders to see his schoolfellows who have sisters treat them so rudely. He falls in love at an early age, and presents the object of his adoration with sticky sweetmeats wrapped up in doggerel verses. Again, the boy who has sisters, and older or younger than himself, is trained in ways of gentleness, either because his elder



A YOUNG ROUGH HOME FROM SCHOOL.

sisters have an ascendancy over him, or because, if younger than he, he feels protectingly towards them.

But the boy who is the only son in a family of sisters of about his own age—hoyden sisters too—grows up to be a terrible Rough. When he comes home from school he wants to show off, and plays the Turk, making his feminine tribe fetch and carry. They are too much fascinated by his budding manhood to rebel. He breaks their dolls, pulls their hair, soils their books ; and they call him a rude plague of a boy ; but they are his slaves for all that. He makes them giggle in their tuckers by being insolent to their governess, their aunt, their mother even (if the latter be a widow) ; he ignores domestic discipline, goes out at all hours, comes in when he pleases, and amazes the girls by his audacity in defying threats of punishment.

The day comes when all in the house bow down to him. He makes his sisters bowl to him in a broiling heat while he stands at a wicket and slogs ; he charges one to keep his fishing-tackle in good order, another to clean his gun, a third to embroider him smoking caps or slippers. The hours of eating and drinking are altered to suit his convenience ; the cook consults his tastes in the matter of dishes, and the housemaid brings him tea and buttered toast of a morning before he is out of bed. Extravagant with his allowance, he is not above borrowing pocket-money from his sisters when his purse is empty ; he will even borrow the servants' savings ; and, of course, when his

sisters grow up and get married, he treats them as being specially created to supply him with money every time he is in trouble. So long as he lives, his sisters can never harden their hearts against him—for submission to his whims has become a part of their nature. Graceless as he is, unthankful, selfish, he is more fondly and patiently indulged than good brothers ever are.

This youngster generally has his first serious amourette at the age of seventeen or so, and the victim is not unlikely the housemaid aforementioned. In time comes a flirtation with the daughter of some clergyman tutor, in whose house he is staying; and simultaneously some gallivanting with married women, and a little more house-maiding between whiles, just to make odd half-hours pass. There can be no doubt that assurance goes a long way—if not the whole way—with women, and the man who has the pluck to follow up one advantage after another, like a skilful campaigner, is sure of victory in the end. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* The first kiss snatched, the first timid look, or the first tear, are so many signals revealing to the assailant the weakness of the feminine citadel, and emboldening him to persevere. The only sure defence against his expeditious courting is laughter—the light careless laughter of a strong heart. The girl who makes merry with his speeches and manners disconcerts him, and he generally gives her up; for

patience and tact would be required to circumvent her indifference, and these qualities are not in him. He is a Rough, and nothing else. His whole strategy in wooing consists in harassing, pursuing, bewildering, and taking advantage of the first weak moment which presents itself.

All systematic triflers with women are Roughs, being abusers of the weakness of weaker vessels ; but the special characteristic of the Rough is his heartlessness. There are Lovelaces who wreck the reputations of numberless Clarissas but yet part with them on good terms, and leave behind them tender memories. Even when their treacheries are wept over, their many endearing qualities are remembered ; and remorse for having succumbed to their wiles is half obliterated by the feeling that no woman made of flesh and blood could have helped succumbing to them. It is not a mere figure of speech to say that women are weak. They are so in fact, being fashioned neither by nature nor education to make a long stand against seductive arts. They start in life with no such prejudices against the other sex as men do. They believe in men until deceived ; and when they have been deceived their wariness often comes too late to be of any use to them. Therefore the first man who breathes a love tale into a woman's ear exercises a decisive influence upon her life. If he betrays her he does an irreparable mischief ; but we repeat, that there are some who know how to salve the wounds which they inflict.

These are the men who love woman's society. They are versed in female ways, and speak the language which women understand. They appeal to the vanity more than to the senses, and turn the head before



touching the heart. If tears flow through their doings they are quick to staunch them ; and they are guided by chivalrous principles, which prompt them to make amends with their purses, their devotion, or their blood, as the case may be, for any injury which may tend to the social blighting of their victims. They shun scandal, and for this reason are careful to prose-



A SYSTEMATIC TRIFLER.

cute their flirtations in quarters where no serious *éclats* are to be apprehended. They will even sometimes take pity on too great weakness, and disdain a conquest which would be over easy. If they are inconstant it is precisely because they are so attached to the sex at large as to be incapable of exclusive fidelity to any one member of it.

But the Rough who despises women gloats on their tears, and is not solicitous to lay any healing balm on the heart he has broken. He has no objection to scandal either, but is rather proud of it, so long as it brings no penalties on himself, and he pursues his designs with an utter indifference to consequences. He will beguile a girl from a happy home and throw her on the streets, without leaving her the consolation of feeling that she has ever held the smallest place in his affections. He will not scruple to tell her that her sentimentality bores him, that he cannot stand whimpering and reproaches, that creatures like herself were only made to be men's toys, not to be taken *au sérieux*. A girl thus treated is too crushed and mortified to return home and sue for the forgiveness of her friends. Love given and reciprocated, which is the excuse of many a fall, is wanting in this case, and nothing remains but complete degradation ; which leaves the girl without any spirit to fly the deeper abasement which must be her fate thenceforth, or if she flies it, it must be by suicide—throwing herself into a river on a dark night,

or jumping out of the window of her desolate room in the hotel.

The Rough's conduct towards married women is as wanton as towards girls. He will often compromise, by his deliberate assiduities, a woman who has refused to hear his suit, and will win her in the end, because she has grown afraid of withstanding him. All women are not skilful at resistance—some are foolish, some fear their husbands, some, having flirted without evil intention, perceive when too late that they have laid themselves open to the charge of immodesty, and that if a scandal arise they will have to bear the brunt of it. Many a woman has become guilty in order that she might not seem to be so, and many another has sinned because she had lost the credit of being innocent.

Among the countless pangs which women endure must be counted that of being exposed to the enterprises of men who are odious in their sight, but who yet will not be rebuffed. Nothing daunts the Rough who has laid siege to a woman. He will employ family secrets to coerce her ; if he hears that she has a weakness for some other man, not being her husband, he will work upon her terrors by threatening to expose her through an anonymous letter, or he will malign her husband. Through jealousy some women are led away into the commission of offences by which they think to avenge themselves for imaginary slights. It is not difficult to adduce cunning proofs of a hus-



"HE WILL WORK UPON HER TERRORS BY THREATENING TO EXPOSE HER."

II. 238.

band's faithlessness even when he is faithful. Society is so ordered, that unless a man shuts himself up as a hermit, he is obliged to show courtesies towards women, the which a jealous wife's fancies can speedily magnify into crimes.

But not unfrequently it is through the husband himself that a Rough effects his action on the wife. The Rough who holds a man in his power, either because of some pecuniary service, or owing to knowledge which he possesses as to the man's antecedents, will sometimes make love to his wife before his face. The woman, in her surprise, requests her husband to protect her, but he tells her not to be a prude. If young and inexperienced, she accepts the rebuke, and allows the Rough to think she is encouraging him, whereas she is simply acting affably because she has been told that the contrary course would expose her to ridicule. There is the more chance of her lapsing into this affability if she belongs to a circle where the relations between the sexes have the free and easy tone of so-called good society. But one day, a dawning of the truth breaks upon her, and then, in the deep sense of shame which sweeps away all the respect which she had felt for her husband, she becomes an easy prey to the fate against which her natural protector has failed to defend her.

The Rough's worst exploits, however, are those which concern his relations with women whose husbands are not made of accommodating stuff. When he

has got a woman in his toils he sometimes neglects the most elementary precautions for concealing her guilt. He mentions her braggingly at his club ; he addresses her by some pet name in the hearing of vigilant old spinsters who live by scandal ; he whispers into her ear in public, or squeezes her hand, or says some unkind thing, which forces tell-tale tears from her eyes. In vain she beseeches him to be prudent, for he has an ugly temper, which will not be coaxed by her loving entreaties ; or else, out of pure bravado, he goes on his careless way till some accident reveals the *pot aux roses*, and consigns the luckless wife bound hand and foot to the wrath of the man whose name she bears. On the Continent such episodes lead to duels, and etiquette requires that the paramour shall stand the husband's fire without returning it ; but the British Rough has no such knightly punctiliousness ; he is in nothing a gentleman, and, after robbing a man of his wife, his happiness, and his honour, will think it fine to knock out his front teeth with a blow from his rowdy fist, or to kick him downstairs in the sight of his children and servants. Needless to say that if a divorce supervenes, the Rough never marries the woman who foolishly ruined her reputation for his sake.

VIII.

THE WIFE-BEATING ROUGH.



THIS variety of the genus Rough is by no means confined, as many suppose, to the working-classes. It is to be found not unfrequently in the upper strata of Society ; for Rough flirts do marry sometimes, and their wives lead hard lives of it.

Interest more often than affection decides the Rough's choice of a partner. He marries for money or influence, and considers that his wife is bound to make him comfortable and happy ; but it never occurs to him that he has any

reciprocal duties. After the honeymoon he scarcely takes pains to be civil ; he is cold and crusty :

under pretence of instructing his bride in the functions of housekeeping, he continually fidgets and scolds. The cooking is never to his taste; the servants are not active enough, and then the tradesmen's bills are exorbitant. Being grossly self-indulgent where his own sole appetites are concerned, he is naturally a strict economist in respect of his family. He gives his wife an allowance which is insufficient, and tells her that she must find her own clothes and pocket-money out of it. The experiment leads to debt, and thereupon he storms. He cannot imagine what possessed him to marry such a fool. No man has such an uncomfortable home as he. For half the money which is squandered in giving him uneatable dinners, his friend Brown keeps an excellent table, and his wife is always well dressed and cheerful. If this sort of thing goes on he shall dine at his club, and put his wife on board wages, like a housemaid.

He says these things to her at table in the hearing of the servants, while she sits mortified, and swallows the tears which she dare not let flow, lest they should provoke an explosion of fury. The first time she abandons herself to a fit of weeping, he seizes her by the shoulder and gives her a brutal shaking, warning her that he is not the man to stand that sort of nonsense: "None of those airs with me, ma'am. If you think to bully me, you're mistaken. I've watched your sulky temper from the first; and

"I'll cure you of it, by George!" This is the kind of language which the Rough's wife has to put up with before she has been married a year.

When children are born, the increasing expenses lead to daily scenes of recrimination. The Rough grudges money for the children's clothes, and even for medicine when they are ill. He accuses their mother of making them ill by her absurd manner of rearing them, though he does not indicate what would be the proper manner, save negatively, in the shape of systematic criticism on everything he sees done. One day when the baby is seized with the whooping-cough, she tries to doctor him herself, because of the fearful abuse she has lately undergone owing to having once sent for the doctor when there was nothing much the matter. As a result the child dies, and the Rough vents—not his grief, for he feels none, but his malicious spite at his wife's grief, in savage taunts against her incapacity for discharging a mother's duties.

He has no bowels of compassion. He is a harsh father, whose choleric words and blows cause his children to grow up nervous timid little creatures, who hide at the sound of his voice, and cling crying to their mother's gown when he calls to them. Then, of course, he accuses their mother of hardening his children's hearts against him, and vows to pack them all off to school when they are old enough, in order that they may be taken away from her baleful influence. One of the children is possibly weaker than

the rest—a little cripple, requiring care, and against this one, as being his mother's pet, the Rough is especially spleenful. For a word, he raises his clinched fist over the cowering child ; and one day, exasperated by what he calls the brat's sullenness in beginning to cry when spoken to, he pulls him off his couch and thrashes him with bestial violence. The mother's heart is almost broken. She interferes to snatch the sobbing affrighted child from the murderous grasp ; and then it is against her that the cowardly brute turns his wrath. This is the first regular beating she receives ; but it is not the last. Once the Rough has begun to strike, oaths and blows become his favourite instruments of domestic government.

How many children of whom the world has never heard have been killed by the inhumanity of unnatural fathers ? and how many wives too ? By an anomaly which is one of the most inexplicable of nature's laws, the ill-used wife often dotes on the Rough who has made her live in an earthly hell. Though he never bestows on her a kind word, though his exactions increase in proportion as her submissiveness increases, yet she does not rebel, and will put up with an astonishing number of black eyes before her patience at length gives way. Sometimes it does not give way. She remains faithful to the end, till at last she gets killed by a kick ; but even then she will not admit the fact, and maintains with her dying breath that she was hurt by an accidental fall.

It is a comfort to reflect that when these murders take place in low life the ruffian is often brought to justice, through the interference of neighbours who have been aware of his goings on ; but in well-to-do circles, where a man lives in a house of his own, he has no need to fear his neighbours' eyes. For very shame, too, his wife has kept silent about cruel acts which have extended over years. She does not go and show her weals and bruises to her friends. She has too much dignity to court the pity of her children, and indeed checks any expression of their angry sentiments towards their drunken good-for-nothing father. If she can she trains her children to think that their father is always in the right, and that if she occasionally incurs his anger the fault is her own. Thus women who have led the lives of martyrs go to their graves unpitied ; and the children who have seen them die by inches have known but half the truth as to the causes which killed them.

There are Roughts who get cited to the Divorce Court, for we read every day of marriages being dissolved on the ground of marital cruelty ; but we are rather inclined to think that it is with divorces as with breach of promise actions and with affiliation suits—that it is not the worst sufferers who get redress. The female petitioner for a divorce is generally a woman of spirit, who has rebelled after a first blow. She comes into court with a tranquil face, to depose as to having once had her wrist squeezed or her ears pulled ; and her

counsel appeals to the jury as to whether these two monstrous acts do not prove "habitual cruelty." But the wife of the thorough-paced Rough cannot count her blows for the number of them ; and her spirit is too broken to admit of her seeking relief at law. Then she shrinks from publicity. The modest woman, the tender



mother, the patient sweet-tempered wife, who would have developed into such a charming young matron,

and by-and-by into such a cheerful amiable grandmother, if her home had been a happy one—these women do not care to pour their sorrows into the bosoms of judges and newspaper reporters. *Illa dolet verè quæ sine teste dolet*: the true domestic martyr grieves in secret, and would often be at a loss for a witness whose evidence would be accepted at Westminster.



IX.

VANDAL ROUGHS.



It is better to break lamps than bones, and to wrench knockers off doors than women's arms out of their sockets ; but this does not mean that the young Vandal who frolics about the streets of London at night is an interesting creature. Although his assaults are directed against property instead of persons, he

deserves the name of Rough, and is contemptible from the mischievously stupid nature of his follies.

He is generally a medical student or a bank clerk, "nobby" in his dress, and "snobby" in his views of life. He feels a good-natured hostility for the policeman, regarding him as a dummy set up by the authorities for gay young bloods to poke fun at. If he can rob a



“Bobby” of his helmet, race round a square with it, and then fling it down an area, he is happy. He has no wish to fight, but only to elude pursuit, and, if hard pressed, will probably do nothing worse than give the guardian of the public peace a crook in the leg that will stretch him flat on the pavement. Should he see a milkcan standing alone in the afternoon, its owner being out of sight, a felicitous inspiration will move

him to give it a kick into the gutter. He will prod a donkey and start him off at a sharp trot, cart and all, while the costermonger his master is inside a public-house. Should a groom pass riding a restive horse, the sudden barking of a cur, which the Vandal can imitate to perfection, will afford him the recreation of seeing the quadruped bolt, and the groom hold on like grim death, his coat-tails streaming in the wind. He has crackers to throw at night under two-horsed broughams conveying ladies home from the theatre, and whipcord to lasso a passing cat and tie him up by the tail to a knocker.

From time immemorial knockers have furnished him with excellent sport; he will stroll through a square in the small hours, drumming brilliant tattoos on the doors of houses where he sees no lights, and wind up by carrying away one or two of the knockers as trophies. He tugs at the doctors' night-bells, and, when his call is answered, tells the servant that a serious case of hæmorrhage calls for immediate attention at an address half a mile off. Having done this at two or three doors, he laughs to think of the faces which the different doctors will pull when they meet on the doorstep of the house where there is nothing the matter. By way of varying his amusements he will pelt breathless into a fire-engine station, declare that a conflagration has broken out in such and such a district, and stand with a smile of triumph while the fire-engine posts off at full gallop on a fool's errand.

Then he does great things with stones. In a quiet suburban thoroughfare, where the police shine by their absence, he will break all the lamps in a night ; or, singling out a house standing isolated, he will, from a coign of vantage, smash every window in the frontage with marbles shot from a catapult.

In the absence too of knockers the bell-pulls at suburban garden gates offer attractions, for all is fish that comes to his net. A doctor's brass plate, affixed to the railings of a villa-residence, he looks on for instance as a noble prize. The stucco balls and pine-apples with which some builders love to crown gate-posts are an especial temptation, having apparently only been invented to afford him the opportunity of breaking them off. Woe too to the householder in such neighbourhood whose lilac and laburnum grow near the road, and are taking to the eye. Large branches will be torn off in sheer wantonness, and often under the very nose of their aggrieved owner.

Sometimes his tricks are more sportive and less harmful in character. To uproot boards bearing the announcement of a "House to Let" and plant them afresh in the front garden of an already tenanted abode, and to transfer notifications as to "Furnished Apartments" in similar fashion, is a favourite freak. Some short time back a Roman Catholic conventual establishment in Leicester Square had a dozen printed bills, with "Lodgings to Let for Single Men" inscribed on them, pasted up on its front during the

night, to the horror and scandal of its inmates. The hero of this feat was a young gentleman who, at that date, was a police-court reporter, but who now aspires to the rank of one of our leading comedians.

In such pursuits as these does the medical student or clerk while away the period of his age from seventeen to twenty-five. He is a great frequenter of music-halls, and derives most of his wit from the catch-words of the comic songs he hears there. He addresses tavern waitresses and housemaids invariably as "my dear," and waylays belated sempstresses, whom he catches round the waist, kisses, and liberates after a salt joke which makes their ears tingle. It must be confessed that his orgies are economical, for he has not credit enough to incur debts. Generally he has a standing account at a tavern where there is a luncheon bar ; and, if temporarily flush of cash, he indulges in suppers of oysters and porter, followed by gin-sling.

His life alternates between cheap extravagances and petty shifts. One day he will pawn his dress suit to buy bread and cheese ; another, he and his friends will race each other down to Lillie Bridge in hansoms. He is very fond of playing tricks upon cabmen. When he has used a public vehicle, he mostly proposes to the driver to go "double or quits" for the fare ; or, alighting in the dark, he asks the driver for a match, pretending he has dropped a sovereign on the cab floor. It is alleged that this joke generally leads to the cabby's flicking his horse smartly and darting off, to

the silent gratification of his fare, who has thus secured a ride for nothing.

The medical student very frequently ends by coming to the police-court and being fined forty shillings, either for nocturnal rampage or for contemning some railway company's bye-laws. He smokes a rancid brier-root pipe in prohibited places, and declines to put it out when civilly requested. He travels in first-class carriages with a third-class ticket, and raises appalling shrieks when passing through a tunnel, to make the passengers in neighbouring compartments imagine that a murder is being committed. On excursion days, he and a number of his companions, all in a more or less intoxicated state, will crowd into a compartment already full, and seat themselves on the knees of the occupants, yelling out evil songs with the view of making the journey more lively, and silencing timid remonstrants with abusive language, threats, and, if need be, blows.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre are another happy hunting-ground of the Vandal Rough. Here he is to be seen in gangs, each of which has its rallying cry and watch-word. These gangs interrupt the singers, jostle the waiters, and are on the alert to foment the slightest disturbance into a regular riot. On the last night of the season they usually form a kind of procession, elbowing and hustling inoffensive strangers, destroying glasses, flowers, and other ornaments, and at times fighting amongst themselves.

X.

THE TOURIST ROUGH.



SOME years ago a party of young Englishmen enjoying themselves at Dinan in Brittany took it into their heads to purchase an unmentionable domestic utensil, and to plant it on the head of a statue of Bertrand Duguesclin, which adorned the market-place. A riot was the consequence; for the excitable French folk were indignant above measure at what they regarded as a wilful affront to one of their

heroes—an affront the more despicable in their eyes inasmuch as the aforesaid Duguesclin had been victorious over the English. The unmannerly youngsters were

arrested, tried, and sentenced to a week's imprisonment. The punishment was lenient according to French notions, but the delinquents were astounded at its severity. It never occurred to them to reflect what they would have thought of a party of French students, who should come over to England, and clap a similar utensil on the head of a bronze Wellington.

Foreigners never misbehave themselves in strange lands. The French, Germans, and Italians who go the tour of England, form a most orderly community ; but the Englishman deems himself privileged to act everywhere as if he were cock of the walk. This may have been very well at a time when British tourists were scarce and openhanded, for then their eccentricity—as foreigners politely called it—was tolerated on account of the money they scattered about them ; but nowadays, when for one genuine “ milord ” who enriches hotel-keepers, there are at least five hundred curmudgeon travellers who threaten to write to *The Times* if they find an overcharge of tenpence in their bills—nowadays British superiority is not universally admitted. One might even say that Englishmen have fallen into contempt, thanks to the numerous snobs, who, faring with British passports, flaunt everywhere their arrogance, stinginess, sulky tempers, and vulgar contempt for the customs and privileges of people who receive them courteously.

Nothing is so indicative of the Tourist Rough as his haste to impress upon all foreigners that he is an

Englishman. He struts into cathedrals while divine service is going on, and comports himself as if he were inside a museum. The pitch of his voice is always loud, and at *tables d'hôte* he freely criticises the institutions of the country he is visiting, without a care for the feelings of the people who may overhear him. In the same way he brags and swaggers when inspecting a battle-field where his countrymen once won a battle in the old days, before the doctrines of the Manchester school had made our foreign policy that of hucksters. As the Rough knows no more of art than an ape does of handwriting, he defaces monuments in order to carry off mementos of his travels. Here he ravishes a little finger from a statue, there a square inch of painting from a fresco ; when the system of mosaics has been explained to him he is anxious to extract a cube from a church wall, and as for mirrors and panes of glass in historical palaces, nothing pleases him better than to scratch his name upon them unobserved with a diamond ring.

In countries where a cricket or boating club has been established by the British colony, the Rough has many opportunities of showing off his yahooism. Practising at the wicket, he will drive a cricket-ball with the velocity of an *obus* into a throng of French people of both sexes, who are curiously watching the game ; or if he be sculling on a river, he will never trouble himself to obey the laws of the local conservancy, but will potter about as if he were on a private

piece of ornamental water of his own, obstructing barges, chevying swans, running into other boats, and rendering himself in every way offensive. Then again he resorts to theatres and casinos in outlandish attire, which makes everyone stare. He carries on audible conversations with his stall neighbours, to the discomfort of the whole audience ; and if remonstrated with, makes an offer to knock somebody down. One of his favourite notions is, that all foreigners are curs, and can be pummelled without danger. This is all the more convenient, as the Rough, by virtue of his nationality, refuses to fight duels ; so that a man whom he has smitten with his fists has no recourse against him but to thrash him with a cane or drag him before a magistrate.

Every diplomatic and consular agent abroad knows the Rough to his cost, for much of his time is spent in extricating the man from scrapes. Now he has to plead to save him from imprisonment ; now to give sureties for the payment of some damages he has perpetrated. To wrench off a bell-knob in sportive frolic is not regarded as a joke on the Continent ; neither is any indulgence shown to the man who bonnets a policeman and excuses himself, as is invariably the case in England, on the ground that he was intoxicated at the time.

A year or two ago there was a fierce set-to at the Maison Dorée in Paris, under the following British circumstances. A trio of English snobs being at supper in a private room with an equal number of

cocottes, one of them to show his spirit gave the waiter a pair of slaps on the face. The waiter said nothing, but when the bill was brought in, these items were found inscribed on it: "*Deux soufflets à 20 francs la pièce : 40 francs.*" The snob stared and was going to laugh off the matter; but the waiter in his calmest voice, remarked: "If monsieur finds the slaps too dear, I will return them," and forthwith did so. As the Englishmen, though snobs, were not cowards, a pitched battle ensued, in which they, being in a minority against the mob of waiters who hurried up, were worsted and kicked into the street. But not content with this punishment, they were moved to commence another fight in the street against the police who sought to protect them, and this led to their being hauled off to the lock-up, where they spent the rest of the night.

Next day the British Embassy was applied to to rescue the three snobs from the consequences of their folly; and rescued they were, so far as imprisonment was concerned. But the French Government properly declined to let such ill-conditioned fellows remain in the country, and they were packed off to Calais under an escort of detectives, receiving orders, moreover, not to re-enter France for five years.

XI.

THE NAUTICAL ROUGH.

WE have recently been reminded by a case in the papers, that if the land has its sharks, according to a sailor's dictum, so has the sea. There are Nautical Roughs who have little in common with the jollity usually attributed to seamen—and not wrongly attributed, so far as the tars of the Royal Navy are concerned.



Drill, discipline, and an occasional sight of the boatswain's "cat," are wonderful promoters of cheerfulness on board H.M.'s ships. The A.B. tar is not a Rough. Some say that he has taken of late a strong turn for teetotalism and Methodism, and that those of his cloth who booze ashore are exceptions, among the far greater number who lodge their pay in the savings bank.

As for naval officers, they have always been patterns to their comrades in the sister service, and both at home and abroad enjoy the reputation of being thorough gentlemen. Fishermen are not Roughs, either, though bearish in manner and swift to collide with the fishermen of other countries whom they may catch trawling in their waters. It is in the merchant service that the Nautical Rough flourishes, as a product of loose discipline, overpay, and a life of adventure.

One is too often hearing of mutinies on board these merchant ships, of murders on the high seas, and fierce acts of cruelty committed under the stimulus of rum. At the time of crossing the Line, these riots are common; and it is not so very long ago that passengers were writing to the papers to complain of the brutal way in which they had been treated in deference to an old and foolish custom. It would be thought a monstrous thing if the crew of a Channel steamer, plying between Dover and Calais, were to seize upon the passengers and threaten to lather them with a mixture of soap and tar, shave them with rusty iron

hoops, and then souse them in salt water, unless they agreed to purchase exemption at the rate of five shillings a-head—and yet these things are done in crossing the Line. There is always some passenger of that stubborn temper who refuses to submit to extortion “on principle,” and he is made an example of for the encouragement of the rest. Lucky for him if he escape with nothing worse than an excoriated chin and a damaged suit of clothes ; for the saturnalia incidental to Neptune’s arrival on board have been known to end in ugly knocks and broken limbs.

There are good ships in the merchant service, whose owners are particular in selecting their crews ; but if there be any negligence on this score—if, from motives of ill-reasoned economy, the first hands that offer themselves are taken, there are sure to be mishaps all through the journey. When the vessel sails a number of the crew come on board drunk and incapable, so the piloting out of harbour, and the first hoisting of sails, as well as the passage of channels, have to be got through with an incomplete crew. Accidents occur, blasphemous recriminations are interchanged, everybody throws the blame on his neighbour, and the captain has to put one or two of the drunkards in irons.

Perhaps an insubordinate brute, brooding revenge, watches his opportunity and, letting go the boom at a moment when it is sure to strike the captain’s head, effects a murder that looks like a misadventure. Then riots occur about the cook, who is frequently a negro,

and is accused of making his soup too thin, and of stinting his rations generally. The importance with which victuals are viewed on board ship can scarcely be understood by a landsman, and many a wretched cook has been favoured with a "colting," by means of stockings filled with sand, for no worse offence than the being unable to please the fastidious palates of a half-mutinous crew.

On vessels of this kind the captain walks his quarterdeck with a revolver in his pocket, and a handspike in his hand, ready for scoring the crown of the first seaman who disobeys his orders. He cannot issue an instruction without cursing, and maintains his authority more by his bodily strength and notorious recklessness than by the empty prestige of his rank. He is the worst Rough on board, and has two or three creatures who, half from fear, half to curry favour, obey his behests blindly in all that concerns the punishment of isolated cases of refractoriness. On arriving at a foreign port the sailors of a merchantman often desert in a body, without caring for their engagements. They find their way up the country where they assault and annoy friendly natives—marauding, taking liberties with their women, and behaving, in fact, like barbarians in a conquered country. To work his ship home the captain is obliged to hire the Nautical Roughs of other nations—mostly Greeks, Spaniards, and Levantines, who fight, not with bludgeons or handspikes, but with keen

knives of Algerian or Japanese make. It is from these foreigners that the use of the knife has spread among English seamen, for the British Nautical Rough brings many a nasty trick of blood-letting home with him.

Wherever there is a riot in a seaport town he is certain to be mixed up in it. He attends penny gaffs, where he has fights with soldiers ; he quarrels with the keepers of low lodging-houses, with Jew slop-sellers, or with foreign sailors, whom he accuses of taking the bread out of his mouth, by hiring themselves out for lower pay ; and these disputes are sure to end with gashing and stabbing. He also stabs loose women, who prey upon him when he is drunk, and find him fierce as a famished wolf when sober. He is a bit of a smuggler too, and falls out with the revenue officers who detect him trying to pass tobacco free of duty. One of his favourite tricks is to engage himself to a ship, to receive an advance of wages for outfit, and to hide himself when the day comes for going on board. Then the police have to hunt him, and, if caught, he fights as desperately as sailors were wont to do in the old days of the press-gang.

Of late years some improvement has been made in the management of emigrant ships, especially those going to America ; but there are still vessels on board of which emigrants have a great deal to undergo from the rough unmannerliness of the crew. On the sailing vessels which go to Australia, and take three or four months to make the journey, the passengers have time

to grow weary and to fall to bickerings among themselves. The agricultural labourer fails to hit it off with the city mechanic, and the town-bred housemaid turns up her nose at the farmyard wench. The seamen, who ought to stop these quarrels, often do their best to promote them in order to side with the party that has most money, and to get paid for so doing; as a consequence the poorer disputant in these cases is accused of disturbing the peace of the ship, and not unfrequently brutally stowed into the hold with irons on his legs.

The Nautical Rough, who was possibly engaged at some period of his life in the slave-carrying trade, looks upon emigrants as little better than slaves, and sees no reason why he should be civil to them. Cases have been known in which an emigrant, having offended the crew, has been seized upon and, after an informal court-martial between decks, has been flogged with a rope's end. The Nautical Rough has such strange views as to the dignity of man and the sanctity of human life that it is a matter of the commonest prudence not to offend him.

XII.

THE PROFESSIONAL BRUISER.

It is not of the prize-fighter that we are now about to speak, for besides having become scarce, he is seldom a Rough in private life. Like authors who reserve all their witticisms for their printed works which pay, and are dull dogs in company, so the prize-fighter, who makes money by his blows, is abstemious of dealing facers in an amateur capacity. He is a placable, not to say henpecked husband. We could mention more than one house of call for fanciers of the P. R., where the hero of a hundred fights cuts a figure of meek subjection under the rule of a shrill-voiced spouse. Nay, was it not said that an ex-champion of England was so clawed and scratched by a jealous wife of his bosom, that he was wont to say pathetically when alluding to some hyper-muscular compeer: "Why he's almost as strong as my missus!"

The Bruiser has often been a groom and having lost his situation through misconduct has enlisted in a cavalry regiment. Being a smart rider, and neat in his clothes, he is soon chosen as an officer's servant;



but he is the terror of his barrack-room, and makes his will prevail by sheer hard knocks. There is more brute courage than science in his "milling," but he acquires science by fighting often. With him it is a word and a blow. No sooner has he imbibed a pot of porter at the canteen than he lays a bet to punch somebody's head. His favourite way of terminating a discussion is to drawl out: "Now then you, if you're a man you'll take your jacket off and we'll have it out."

His master prizes him as a valuable bull-dog. He is useful at races, where he protects the hamper of the regimental drag against the enterprises of roadside cadgers. Now and then, to please the mess, he will allow himself to be pitted, for £5 a side, against a gipsy or a coal-heaver. The fight takes place in a secluded field, with but few witnesses, and the groom is pretty sure to win, for the heaviest clenchers fall unheeded on his tough skin, and he never gives in so long as he can stand upright. His nose was broken when he was a lad, and his bullet head is so lithely planted on his broad shoulders that he can duck it about like a stoat's.

In course of years this gallant Bruiser obtains his discharge, marries a widow who has fallen in love with his biceps, and sets up a public house. His renown attracts plenty of customers, and when they are refractory, he steps out of his bar and clinks their heads together like pewter measures. He enjoys also the patronage of the aristocracy, by encouraging private fights on his premises ; badger-baiting, rat-killing, and the like. He has a back yard which he has converted into a cockpit, and keeps a mastiff who is always ready for any kind of bloody sport, from teasing a polecat to struggling with a tame wolf. The Bruiser is on good terms with the police, whom he bribes, and who give his house an excellent character at the licensing sessions.

It may be said of this kind of Bruiser that he has

been spoiled by the society of so-called gentlemen. He has tastes above those of his own class which he despises, and drinks more sherry than small beer. He sports a massive ring, and a sealskin waistcoat. He gives private lessons in boxing to sprigs of nobility fresh from college, or wearing their first uniform; and he has always a "straight tip" (derived from the tout of some training stable) to sell for a guinea or two. Then, again, he accompanies "young bloods" on their nocturnal expeditions to the purlieus of Whitechapel and the Docks, and protects them against the Roughts of a category lower than his own. He picks up a good deal of money in this way, and well he may, for there is nothing he will not do to oblige a patron who remunerates him handsomely.

Do Englishmen suppose that the race of professional bravos or Mohawks has died out? If so, they are mistaken. Let a rich, unscrupulous, and cowardly youngster want to see an enemy smashed, and the Bruiser is just the man to render him that service with as much despatch and as little noise as possible. Either he waylays the obnoxious person in some lonely place at night, and gives him a first-class thrashing, having previously put on a false beard to avoid detection, or encountering him in some public place he picks a quarrel in which the victim is made to appear the aggressor. A *parvenu* lord, the son of an enriched pawnbroker, whose turf-doings had been criticized in a sporting paper, revenged himself some years ago by

setting a Bruiser at the journalist whom he suspected of having written the article. Unfortunately the journalist was not a man to put up tamely with a beating, so that, dealing a master-blow at his assailant's head with the butt-end of a riding-whip, he stretched him senseless; after which, adding insult to injury, he gave the unconscious mass into custody, and had it fined £5 on the morrow.

There is an ignobler variety of the Bruiser,—one who loaf about casinos and supper-houses to levy by manual distraint debts of honour or dishonour owing to the weaker sex.

Not so long ago a rogue nicknamed the Kangaroo was a familiar figure in the regions which lie between Leicester Square and the Haymarket. He was six feet high, and a mulatto who had exactly the features of the Australian jerboa. Foreigners who saw him saunter on his daily rounds, quiet, contemplative, well-dressed, and always smoking good cigars, mistook him for a member of the detective police. He had the ways of efficient policemen. His voice was low and soft; he listened deliberately before speaking. He was scrupulously polite, and previously to enforcing any claim, he was careful to warn his interlocutor that it would pain him to take extreme measures. But when action was necessary he could collar a youngster with one of his brawny brown hands and shake him till his teeth rattled in their sockets. It was of little use to resist. If there remained a chance of appeasing the Kan-

garoo, once he had begun to discharge his "painful" duty, it was by emulating the meekness of the lamb—the least combativeness roused all the black African blood in him, and by a series of savage blows he would reduce the combatant to senselessness and fling him into the roadway. But there was one good point about the man; he never rifled the pockets of the debauchee whom he had robbed of consciousness. This was work which he left to meaner rogues to perform.

The very nature of the profession in which the Kangaroo was engaged made him secure of impunity, for the most cynical of *viveurs* hesitates to come before a magistrate and complain of correction having been administered to him under such degrading circumstances. Thus the mulatto flourished for years unmolested, having a very numerous and influential connection of female patrons.

He was not to be met with only at the Argyll Rooms, Cremorne, and such-like places, though he showed himself there every night: he would occasionally start up in a St. John's Wood drawing-room, where some tow-haired beauty had summoned him to coerce a fractious young gentleman who wanted to marry without squaring his accounts with her. The sight of Kangaroo's fists was usually enough to effect a settlement, out of which he got a percentage. Jealous women, too, made frequent use of him to pay off mere personal grudges against former male friends. This

being rather ticklish work, the Kangaroo would sometimes depute a chum to act for him. He liked plain sailing, did this mulatto ; and though he never rejected a well-paid order, he was careful never to split his own little boat on a rock. The men whom he had pummelled with his own fists might have been reckoned by the dozen ; but there were scores of others whom he had whacked at second hand, so to say.

Even prudent men, however, have their downfalls, and one day it happened that the Kangaroo, having laid hands on a gentleman who concealed a set of wiry muscles under an apparently weak exterior, was half killed for his pains. Since then he has disappeared. His nerve was gone and he took to spitting blood, it was said ; but he left behind him plenty of successors. Few of them, however, possess the genuine pluck which Kangaroo derived from a stalwart set of limbs and a narrow cranial development. Many are sad curs, ill-fashioned to discharge the office of bravo. Others who had courage when they began lose it under the debilitating influence of drink and debauchery. They die off early of consumption or take to thieving and get into gaol.

XIII.

THE LOW-CLASS ROUGH.



A PAPER on Roughts would not be complete if it did not include a notice of the lowest Rough of all—him of the mangy fur cap and hob-nail shoes, whose rowdy presence makes itself felt at all public demonstrtiaons, who

shocks sensitive ears with the foulest expletives, bullies and bonnets quiet citizens in crowds, smashes park railings, and is as often as not an habitual criminal.

Why England should be specially endowed with this class of men is not at first sight easy to understand; but it would seem that the exemption which Britons enjoy from military service is the chief cause of our being afflicted with Low-class Roughts, for in countries where every man is made to undergo a few years' drill, the "Bedouin of the streets," is non-existent. British liberty produces him and brings him to great luxuriance. He is the policeman's born foe, and the

disturber of all public peace, for national holidays have been rendered hideous things by his constant presence. Whether at reviews, races, or public processions, the man is always to the front in gangs—shoving, molesting, filling the air with horrible language, and obliging



decent persons to keep a hand on their watch-guards. He roots up the flowers in public gardens and destroys the ornaments on national monuments. All philanthropic efforts in the direction of founding places of rational amusement for the people, like the beer gardens and dancing houses of the Continent, are rendered impracticable by the mischievous spirit he evinces in converting the most harmless things into occasions for disorder.

There is certainly not another nation in Europe

which can show this stamp of man. France has her revolutionists, who burn and kill in time of civil war, but they are well-behaved in ordinary periods ; and Naples used to have her hundred thousand lazzaroni, who were shirtless, homeless, and never knew in the morning whether they should find anything to eat before the sun went down ; but the lazzaroni were a laughing, singing race, who had manners as polished as those of English gentlemen, and would no more have indulged in assaults upon others than they would have suffered themselves to be assaulted. They would have looked upon the British Rough as a "*brutta bestia*," and so he is—a rowdy by day, and often a garrotter by night.

When by chance he works he is a trade unionist and is soon busy organising strikes. His cry is always for more pay and shortened hours ; and if some brother workman having a family should object to go out on strike for the sake of these theories, there is a dastardly assault in which the unionist Rough asserts his savagery and his cowardice at one and the same time. Who has forgotten the revelations of Broadhead before the committee which inquired into the Sheffield outrages ? Broadhead has still plenty of disciples who cut wheel-bands, crack mill-stones, so that they may fly off while revolving and kill the non-unionist at his work, or mix needles with the clay out of which bricks are made to prevent kneading. These fellows picket a place where non-unionists are at work during a strike ;

that is, they watch it so as to waylay the men as they come out, and having dogged some predestined victim to a secluded thoroughfare, they fall upon him with their hob-nailed boots and kick him into senselessness.

In the mining districts, where even good workmen are Roughts by nature, the non-unionist stands no more chance of fair-play than a sheep among tigers. Not content with maiming or slaying him, the bullies of the pit will try to cripple his wife and children by throwing explosives into his cottage or setting fire to it after nailing up the door. Let it be remembered that the non-unionist is mostly a very honest, industrious fellow, who simply refuses to submit to the tyrannous prerogatives which the union committees, composed of professional agitators and light-fingered scamps, choose to arrogate to themselves. The law ought to protect him far better than it does.

The Low-class Rough when he turns criminal always combines violence with his robberies, and more particularly against the weak. Burglary and garrotting are his customary avocations. He breaks into suburban dwelling houses inhabited by old women with a maid-servant or two, and if disturbed during his work of plunder, silences interference with a poker ; or he prowls of a night in deserted squares, and waylays, throttles, and robs old gentlemen returning home late. Two men can perform this kind of raid better than one, the first walking ahead of the victim to see that the coast is clear and to give the

signal for the onslaught, the second treading stealthily behind with india-rubber goloshes which render his footsteps noiseless.

It is seldom that an able-bodied young man is made the subject of attack ; and the garrotter moreover promptly decamps if his victim, proving unexpectedly valorous, faces him and hits out. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, though past eighty, did battle with his umbrella against a Rough who assailed him one night and he put the rogue to flight. When the garrotter falls into the hands of justice, the penalty he dreads above all others is the lash. For imprisonment he cares little ; but the cat-o'-nine tails is too much for his fortitude, and when tied up to the triangles he behaves like a whelp. There could be no better argument for the retention of corporal punishment in cases of robbery with violence, than the dread with which it is regarded by the whole race of habitual criminals.

One would hesitate, however, to endorse the scheme of certain reformers who desire that the ruffianly wife-beater should be flogged. Hard as is the lot of those women who are mated to Roughs, it is to be feared that it would become harder still if they were enabled to hold up the prospect of a flogging *in terrorem* over their husband in every domestic jar. The shrewish wife would then risk being killed outright instead of beaten ; and perhaps even common assaults would increase. As it is,

nothing exasperates the Rough like a threat of fetching the police.

It is a difficult part which the Rough's wife has to play, and to be successfully performed it would need that the woman should be little short of a saint, and a strong-minded saint too. This she cannot be if she have herself been bred among Roughs, and run about wild in the streets before settling into marriage. In this case she is sure to be a slatternly person, dirty, down at heel and addicted to brawling. The house-keeping talents which the lowliest of continental women seem to possess, are totally wanting in her. She has no thrift and spends money as fast as it comes, her ideas of money being limited to its capabilities for buying Sunday dinners, beer and gin. She has no personal coquetry, and no care to make her home tidy.

The wife of the French ragman who saves to buy herself a clean cap, the Italian *faquino's* spouse who sticks a rose in her hair and contrives to loop up her skirts with a bit of showy ribbon, are types as much above this English she-rough as the bird is above the worm. The wretched woman has none of the graces of her sex, and is utterly inexperienced in the arts of pleasing the male with whom she cohabits. Once she has begun to bear children, she lapses into unsavoury slatternness and premature decay ; her only pleasure is gin ; her earthly paradise, the public-house.

This is the common rule, but there are exceptions,

and one can conceive of no character more deserving of sympathy than the low-class woman who has some good in her, and patiently endeavours to build up a home which her brutal mate is for ever wrecking by his villainy. Doubtless she drew her good instincts from some early lessons at a parish school, and they never leave her. She works hard and bestows her



earnings to clothe her children and provide them with meals. The little boy, the girl, the baby, are washed and combed ; there is a fire in the grate, a loaf in the cupboard, and now and then a joint on the table. Strong drink never crosses this woman's lips, for she

knows the baleful effects of the poison that converts her husband periodically into a demon.

The man has no love for his children or wife, and, as soon as he begins to see that the latter can earn just enough to support his family, he leaves off bringing any of his wages home to her. His next step is to give up working, when he forces the woman to hand over to him the wherewithal to procure drink. Eventually he makes it the rule to wait for her at the door of the place where she has gone to receive her week's wages, which he will wrench out of her hand by force. Then come the days of starving and miserable shifts; the mother's second gown, the children's Sunday clothes, the bedding have to be taken to the pawn-shop, the furniture is sold, the children are sent out to beg, and the woman wastes into a skeleton by dint of hard labour and privations.

But there occur some occasional periods of comparative happiness in this squalid home—those namely when the Rough is in prison for getting drunk and assaulting the police. If he goes for three months to Pentonville his wife can manage during the time to put her home into some repair again. Debts are paid off, clothes and mattresses are redeemed, the children are once more fed and sent to school, and maybe a pound or two is laid by in an old stocking against a rainy day. There is nothing to equal the patience of a motherly woman, except the ingratitude of an unfatherly man which transcends it,

for as soon as the Rough is released from the treadmill he comes back with a vicious grin on his thinned face to begin anew his old game of kicking his home to pieces.

His wife, for all her endurance, may not have that persuasive force of character which can turn the brute from the error of his ways. She can only sigh over her troubles and begin her task again every time it is demolished. She submits to blows; she is seldom without a black eye or a bruise: her health and eyesight fail her, and there comes a time when she can scarcely drag one foot after the other for the pains in her aching joints, but she struggles on to the end—which end is the hospital, or some ruffianly kick, which stretches her near the empty grate of her barren room, with the last-born baby in her arms—both lifeless. Let us hope she gets her reward somewhere.

There is no redeeming trait in the Low-class Rough; he is a ruffian all over. Whether he is taking his recreation, or plying his dishonest labours at the expense of other people's pockets, he is equally rampageous. He has made the Thames Embankment almost impassable on Sundays, he disports his Yahooism in the parks, he infests suburban racecourses; he has caused it to become an accepted truth that the districts of London in which he resides are as dangerous to the well-dressed explorer as the Roman Campagna used to be in the days of the brigands. Into some of these haunts the policeman is afraid to penetrate alone.

When the Rough has to be apprehended in his lair a strong force of police is requisite, and they march to their disagreeable task with drawn staves; even then the Rough is often a match for a dozen of them, for when driven to bay he forgets his cowardice, and shows the ferocity of the hunted badger.

Insular customs have converted this strange member of society into a kind of politician, for he musters in force at all the meetings held in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square. He has no vote, but is yet reported in *The Times* as giving his enlightened opinion on all the burning questions of the day, notably the Bradlaugh controversy, and the wrongs of the Tichborne Claimant. The liberal classes are constantly beseeching the upper classes to listen to his voice. He is the harbinger of progress, the mouthpiece of the nation; the free and independent citizen of a great and thoughtful community. When he takes up a question, that question is declared to be ripe for parliamentary consideration. He pronounces his opinion on religious matters, by smashing Ritualist paraphernalia, and on politics by shying stones through the windows of statesmen of whose conduct he does not approve. But with all his inconsistencies—for to-day he is Tory and to-morrow Revolutionary, according to the wind—he has not a little to do with the governance of these realms. It was unquestionably he who had the chief hand in bringing the last Reform Bill to pass, by his treatment of the park railings.

What shall be done with the class, and what hope is there of improving it away? We must look to time and the school-boards for the answer. Time is a



A SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

galantuomo as the Italians say, and the school-boards hold a good moral plane in their hands. Perhaps they will gradually end by planing away the high-class Rough, as well as the low one.

XIV.

WOMEN ROUGHS.

WE come now to Women Roughts, for the fair sex has also its brutalists, who are not the less spiteful and cruel for being weak. Their victims are usually servant girls or children, who deserve more pity than they get.

Some years ago, the male part of the community were startled at a controversy which was waged in a ladies' magazine, touching the best method of coercing refractory girls! and there seemed to be a consensus of opinion among all the fair correspondents that the birch supplied the best, and indeed the only method. From facts incidentally mentioned in the course of the controversy, it transpired that school-mistresses were in the habit of trouncing their pupils as severely as schoolmasters. Some boasted that they admitted no such things as venial faults. They held it good policy to mark their abhorrence of misbehaviour in any shape by a pitiless whipping, which should put the culprit on her guard for the future. Orbilius, Busby, Keates and other legendary rod-wielders, could not have written with greater gusto of the fixed principles which guided them in the award of stripes.

But so much writing was not needed to apprise the world that women are not habitually tender towards their own sex. Arm them with despotic power, and they will not let it rust for want of using. Little boys who have lived under the charge of a shrewish aunt or step-mother, often testify in later life to the reckless pinchings, cuffings, and beatings they endured. It may almost be laid down as an axiom that once a woman has begun to strike, she goes on striking ; and what makes her more tyrannical than a man is her fondness for singling out some special victim of her wrath whom she visits with an exclusive spite. The male scholastic Rough distributes his blows all round pretty impartially ; but the woman is sure to have her favourites and her scapegoats, and while the former enjoy immunity from punishment, the latter are treated regularly to double allowance of weals.

We are all apt to value those gifts of which we have least, and perhaps this is why a cross-tempered woman when she has a child in her power treats it with so much brutality if it should happen to offend her. It is so delightful to her to meet with something less strong than herself. Just as a stupid rustic who has for once made a joke, repeats it again and again, so a woman who has once taught a child the doctrine of non-resistance, takes a vixenish pleasure in belabouring the inert flesh. Some French Sisters of Mercy lately got into trouble for grilling their little pupils on hot stoves ; ladies of the Southern States in America used to

drop hot sealing wax on their negresses ; and we all remember the tales of brutality inside convents which were adduced at the famous trial of *Saurin v. Starr*.

Nurses again are very gross offenders. Some have caused children to grow up timid and even crippled by their wanton cruelty, which is always coupled with dire threats of "bogey" if the children should tell any tales. Try any child taken at random, and see if he does not seek the company of men in preference to that of women. This may often be an unjust preference, but it is founded on infantine experience that men do not, as a rule, worry the very small.

Mrs. Brownrigg who was hanged in the last century for flogging her apprentice to death has had many quasi-imitators. A few years ago the wife of a farmer near Slough was committed for trial on the charge of ferociously beating her servant girl with a toasting-fork, and about the same time a drunken woman in London was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for burning two of her children with a red-hot poker. Dickens's Sally Brass was a regular Rough, though her ill-treatment of the "Marchioness" consisted chiefly in violent words ; and Eugène Sue in his "Mysteries of Paris" introduces an atrocious female, "la Chouette," said to be drawn from life, who wreaked her instincts of savagery by deliberately maiming cats and dogs. Mrs. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall was not more soft-hearted than her husband, and who shall tell what martyrdom school-children may still be suffering at this

hour in cheap schools from termagants of her sort ? Commend us to a woman for rough processes of physicking, for viciously pulling a child's hair, or for rubbing his face with a towel until the skin is grazed under pretence of washing him ! Are not these things seen every day ?

And women will fight among themselves too. In the fishing ports of the North one may see determined battles between jealous fish-fags who have to be separated by force ; and the agricultural women of the shires at times also come to blows, as do the yelling Irish residents in the slums of large cities. When once a woman does fight she never gives in from pain ; and she knows thoroughly well how to inflict maddening blows. It was a maxim among the mediæval torturers that you may exhaust the patience and overcome the obstinacy of a man, but never of a woman.

To this one may add that it is possible to obtain forgiveness from a man even after a long quarrel ; but scarcely ever from a woman who has been once aroused. A man's equilibrium is stable, as mechanics say : he may cross a certain line and right himself again ; but let a woman once lose her balance, and over she goes without a chance of recovery. For this reason it is perilous to be assaulted by an angry woman, for she will always try to inflict an injury which will leave a mark for life.

Women do fearful things at times of popular commotion. In bread riots, market tumults, insurrections,

they are always the first to defy authority and to clamour for violent lynch law. It stands on record that in the gladiatorial fights at Rome, the feminine spectators always decreed the death of the fallen champion by turning their thumbs down; and one may witness something of this spirit in the modern Spanish bull-fights where women hiss the "toreador" who seems to be afraid of the bull, while by waving their handkerchiefs and fans they urge on the more courageous "matador" to encounter one danger after another. The Terror of 1793 saw the reign of the "tricoteuses" who sat knitting in the tribunes of the Courts of Justice and hallooed execrations upon the prisoners who were being tried for their lives. Again the Commune of 1871 gave us the "pétroleuses" who burned houses and joined in the massacre of gendarmes. It was not in vain that the ancients made their furies women, and artists who have allegorically portrayed the cruel aspects of war, or revolution, have always a brawny and dishevelled virago to impersonate violence. Auguste Barbier describing 'Liberty' in his Iambes, says that she is not a Countess of the Faubourg St. Germain, who faints at a cry and paints her face with white and carmine—

"C'est une femme forte aux puissantes mamelles,
À la voix rauque, aux durs appas,
Qui, agile et marchant à grands pas,
Se plait aux cris du peuple."

This is a graphic description of Théroigne de Méricourt, who was for a while leader of the

“tricoteuses” under the Revolution of 1789, until her sister-viragos growing tired of her excesses, scourged her in public—a disgrace which drove her mad. It might also apply to Louise Michel, who converted the church of St. Eustache in Paris into a club for Women’s Rights under the Commune, and preached amongst other things the massacre of the hostages.

Let it be noted, by the way, what an indication of innate roughness there is in that tendency of certain women to demand admission to the prerogatives of the stronger sex. They all seem to keep the constitution of the Amazon kingdom in view as their ideal. They would not object to wear men’s clothes and to fight in the army, if it were not that a remnant of decent feeling towards the milder members of their own sex debarred them from saying so. The Women’s Rights she-apostle is usually a hybrid creature who has vices of both sexes, without the redeeming virtues of either. She is turbulent and combative, and though she professes to inveigh against the brute force of men, which keeps her sex in subjection, she is always ready to advocate force for the attainment of her own ends. If she does not raise the standard of open revolt, it is because she cannot coax adherents enough from the enemy’s camp to join her; such few males as champion her cause being mostly nerveless, spineless persons, destitute of all spirits save the spirit of stump oratory.

That imitative faculty which women share in com-

mon with children and monkeys, has produced the horsey woman and the fast woman who strive to be mannish, not because they like it but because they think men do. We are not speaking of the fast young lady of good family who wears an ulster, travels alone, rides to hounds, and talks slang—these being little affectations which may wear off when the girl is married, and which, at all events, do not constitute a Rough. The Rough hoyden we are alluding to is a different creature altogether. She drinks, swears, bandies the argot of Newmarket with grooms, and uses her riding-whip with great freedom upon the persons of men who cross her.

Some men do like this beyond any doubt. If they did not, the women in question would be the poorest and most neglected of their class: whereas they are generally the richest. Miss Simplicia Merrytricks may get pearls, flowers, and an Evangel Grove Villa; but it is Miss Flaminia, with the red hair and square jaw, who comes in for



the diamonds, the thousand-guinea barouche horses and the rent-roll.

Miss Flaminia may have begun life as a pot-house wench in the country, where she served beer over the counter, looked after the skittle alley, and lent a hand to saddling her master's cob now and then. Her first lover was the ostler who taught her how to ride a bare-backed colt, and how to force open the mouth of a restive horse to examine his teeth. He sometimes struck her in his cups, and she hit him back—not puny cuffs, but terrific blows, which resounded through the stable-yard like the thumps of a kitchen-roller on dough. The thought of this made him laugh when he was sober. He called her a “good plucked 'un,” and his uncouth homage taught her that men, like women, are very much disposed to kiss the hand that strikes them.

Philosophers have hitherto regarded this as a special characteristic of feminine nature, but this is a fallacy. Men take beatings on the whole better than women.

Flaminia's second lover was a jockey; and after this she had a trainer, then a bookmaker, until at last she dropped under the notice of a gentleman. She had left the pot-house by that time, and was serving as barmaid, in the hotel of a country town in the neighbourhood of which there was a good deal of hunting and racing. Her employer catered for the refreshment bar at the grand stand on the race-course, and it was there that her gentlemanly admirer first met her,

having come to slake his thirst after an exciting race, in which he had won a "pot of money." The girl's fleshy beauty, scarlet ribbons and roughish ways pleased him. When she laughed, she showed strong teeth white as milk; and hers was a blunt laugh, as free and loud as if she had been in open field. A few days later she had relinquished her situation and was accompanying her lover to other race-courses. As she could ride he gave



her a mount, and mightily well she looked in her habit and sitting erect on her tall chestnut, with a dogged air of being able to keep her seat in all emergencies.

Her first lover's lessons in rough-riding stood her in good stead then, for her prowess in the saddle enabled her to charm other admirers wealthier than the one who had given her her first "leg-up." No sooner had she removed to London, and begun to show herself in

Rotten Row, than she became the rage. Jilting her sporting protector for a baronet, she jilted the latter for a banker, and this one again for a peer. Soon there was no counting the number of her lovers. She got her sobriquet of Flaminia from a wit; had her portrait taken by an R.A.; came out on the stage in a burlesque, where her diamonds and her plastic graces set the town agape; and thus by a swift series of flights, rose to the position of a popular character, whose carte figured in shop windows between those of the Premier and the latest Society lion. When a rough hoyden becomes famous in the *demi-monde*, she is prompt to understand what are the charms that men chiefly admire in her; and she begins to pose, as the French say, exaggerating her characteristics as if she were playing a part. Rough by nature, she becomes rougher on system. Capricious, domineering, peevish as a spoilt child, she flies into furious rages on the slightest provocation. Her language is appalling, and she passes from words to blows with the recklessness of a Sultana who has none but slaves around her. Sometimes a number of men, spending the afternoon of Sunday in her house, will "rile" her just for the fun of it, and sprawl on the ottomans in fits of laughter, when she begins belabouring them with her fists and smashing the furniture.

But they cease to laugh so heartily when she catches up her riding-whip; for the whistling cuts

which she deals with this instrument, are things to remember. She will as lief thrash a Duke as a commoner, and her servants fare no better at her hands than her rich friends. Her maid, her groom, her page, who are generally family connections of her own, whom she has summoned from the country to share her good fortune, know, that at the least remission of duty, they will be made to tingle; but the situation is too good to be thrown away about a broken skin, for Flaminia is as generous with her gold as with her blows.

A policeman accosts her in Rotten Row about her furious riding, she hits him a slash over the hand; but, her groom cantering behind, tells the man to call at St. John's Wood, and "it will be all right" to the tune of a fiver; a tradesman calls upon her, and begins to prevaricate about some order which has been delayed; she stops him with a cuff on the ears, but he adds ten per cent. to his bill, and she laughs her assent to this arrangement. Men look so ridiculous if they complain of having been assaulted by a pretty woman, that Flaminia generally goes on with perfect impunity, never getting into any scrape but what she can extricate herself from by paying.

However, her fits of passion end by acting on her nerves more than she suspects, and, as they lead to dram-drinking, Flaminia is not long lived. She generally succumbs to the first serious illness which assails her towards the age of thirty-five or so; and

dying, leaves the place she occupied to be competed for by new aspirants, who, having heard of her luck, try to court it by emulating her example as a blatant hard-hitting termagant.



THE END.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

PCN 319



Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 018 423 470

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

--	--

